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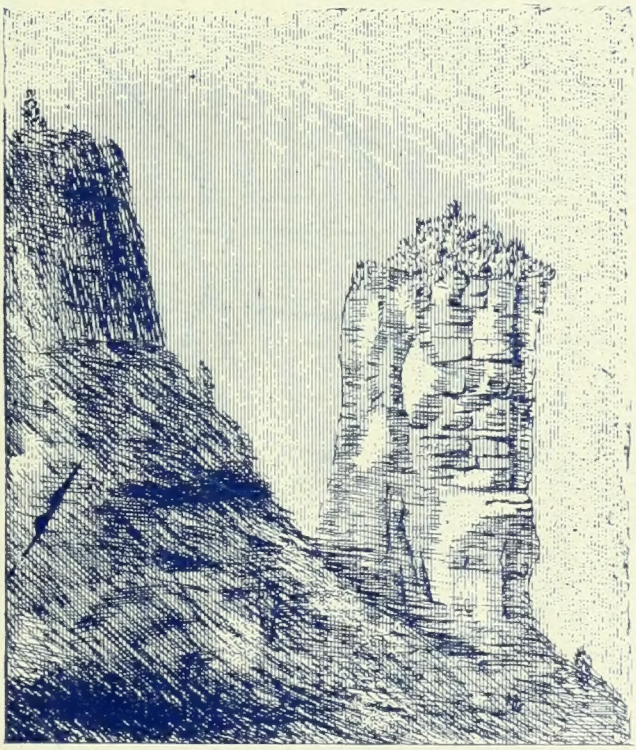

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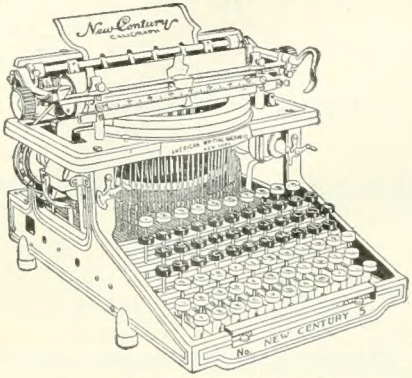

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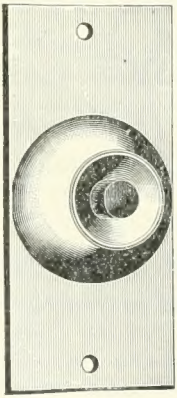

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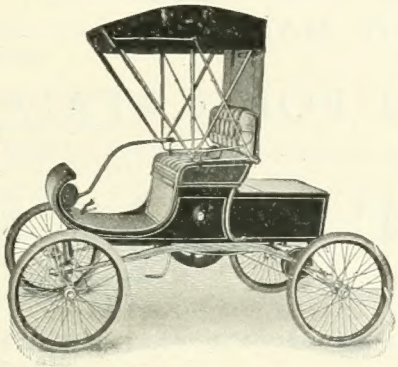

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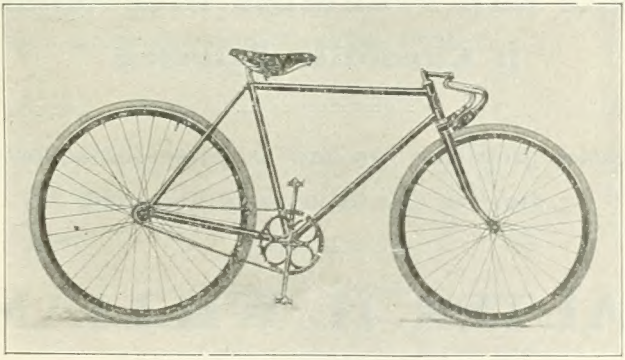

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CECIL RHODES

THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

VOL. I, NO. 1 JUNE, 1902 $2.00 PER YEAR

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

THROUGHOUT England and, indeed, the whole British Empire, the most absorbing topic at present is the prospect for peace in South Africa. After two and a half years of persistent fighting, including a long series of skirmishes during the past winter, the war situation gave promise, in the early part of April, of a speedy termination, and rumors to that effect, received first with diffidence, have since gained in strength and have inspired confidence among the British people.

The Peace Conferences

On the 10th of April, Acting President Schalkburger, Mr. Steyn, and Generals Botha, De Wet, and Delarey, with other Boer leaders, gathered at Klerksdorp, near the scene of the Hart's River engagement in which the Canadian soldiers distinguished themselves, to confer on peace terms with the British authorities. Later sessions were held at Pretoria. Chief among the demands made by the Boer leaders were independence, remuneration for property, complete amnesty, and withdrawal of the banishment proclamation. They consented to surrender, but they asked very handsome terms. On the first of these points they were willing to compromise, but they insisted upon the two last, which the British quite as firmly declined to grant. The Boer chiefs, thus brought to realize that Britain meant to stand firm, and that they would receive no better terms—realizing also that the ultimate defeat of the rebel cause was certain, finally accepted the situation, and when promised by Lord Milner one or two seats in the Legislative Council, they practically agreed to the British terms. It is a precept of the Boers, however, that all peace treaties must be referred to the Volksraad, and this body being now non-existent the delegates were obliged to "go to the country" and put before their commandoes, for their approval, the decision which had been thus reached by the leaders. The delegates then visited each district of the Transvaal and Orange Free State in rotation, the burghers having previously been summoned to meet them. After this appeal to the people had been completed, there was a conference on May 15th at Vereeniging, near Pretoria, when a final decision was to be made. It is confidently expected that this decision will be for peace, and at the present writing a cessation of hostilities is looked for early in June. The burghers are hardly likely to seriously oppose their leaders, and the prospect for peace is much more certain than at any previous time in the war.

Britain's Plans and Methods

Meanwhile there has been no cessation of military activity. The British Government had already made arrangements for

a vigorous winter campaign. New troops will be sent to Africa, among them a fourth contingent from Canada, numbering 2,000 men, and ordered to sail on May 8-20. New Zealand, which has already sent ten contingents, will make up another, also of 2,000. Should the efforts to secure peace prove happily successful, these colonial regiments will be allowed to relieve the worn-out Imperial troops now on service. Great Britian's good intentions for South Africa have not, however, been confined to plans for ending the war. She has been protecting, feeding, and educating her foes. At an enormous cost hospitals have been established, relief camps organized, and schools opened. There are now twice as many children in the schools of Orange River Colony as in the palmiest days of President Steyn. Skilled women teachers are being brought from the colonies, forty young women having sailed from Canada, under engagement for one year.

Other African Troubles

The importance of recent events in the south has somewhat overshadowed another African trouble with which Britain is having to grapple in Somaliland, where Mahomet, a Mullah who is both mad and bad, is attacking the British possessions. He has been repeatedly defeated, but being as nimble as General De Wet himself, he has escaped capture. Troops have been sent down from Aden, and active operations will be maintained during the next few months. The Mullah claims to be divine, and so long as he is at large, with the determination and the ability to make trouble for the British, Somaliland, a district of no little importance, can not have assurance of rest. Troops are also being held in readiness to proceed to the Soudan, where trouble is threatening. Britain's occupation of Egypt is likely to some day draw a protest from France-Russia. The Congo Free State, which was organized to resist the slave trade in the heart of Africa, is reported to be itself a centre of frightful atrocities. The administration of the State will be investigated by a European Congress.

British Politics

The Budget, which is now occupying the attention of all England, shows a net deficit of £45,324,000, which, of course, will be considerably reduced if the war is brought to an end. The greater portion of this deficit—some two-thirds of the total amount—will be covered by an additional loan, financed as usual by the Bank of England. The balance will be made up chiefly by new taxes: an increase of a penny a pound in the income tax; two-penny stamps on checks instead of one-penny; and, most important of all, a duty of three pence per hundredweight on wheat and grain, and five pence on flour and meal. The income tax and the corn duty passed the Commons with votes, respectively, of 297 to 67, and 283 to 197. A fifth source of revenue will be the suspension of the sinking fund.

England and Free Trade

It is apparent that a new departure is being taken in British economics. For nearly sixty years England has been a free trade country, and would seem to have got a long way from the old Corn Laws. Of recent years, however, the signs of the times have been pointing more and more to a revival of the protectionist policy—and this from national rather than political necessity. Clearest of all such evidences is this new duty on breadstuffs. The Chancellor claims that it is not a violation of free trade principles, and that the tax is so very small that the working-people will not find it in any way burdensome, although as a first result the price of bread has been temporarily advanced. But there is another influence which is tending to make England protectionist. The logical outcome of her new Imperialism is that her colonies shall be given a system of preferential tariffs; a closer attachment of these colonies to the mother country can hardly be accomplished unless a more favorable commercial treatment be given them than to the rest of the world; and so not only is the necessity of home finances forcing England to adopt protectionist measures, but the logic of Imperial feder-

ation is tending in the same direction. A preference will probably be given to Canadian wheat; and half a million pounds will be granted to the West Indies to tide them over the period of depression until the German and French sugar bounties are abolished.

Other Matters

A firmer policy is to be adopted in Irish affairs, and stringent means taken to abolish the Land League. Ten battalions of English and Scotch militia are to be sent to Ireland at once. The Nationalists have been causing trouble in several counties, and the Crimes Act has been put in force. The Irish temper resents this measure, and, in the person of Mr. John Redmond, sends back the reply that the Irish people will meet the English face to face and give blow for blow.

It is thought that Lord Salisbury will retire from the premiership soon after the coronation. Mr. Chamberlain will likely succeed him.

Lord Rosebery's attempt on the Liberal leadership has quite fallen through, for the time being. There is no doubt, however, that when the Liberal party rises to its future opportunity Lord Rosebery will be the man at the helm.

The plague is increasing in India, especially in the Punjaub, where there is also famine.

Australia's revenue for the first half year of the new tariff imposed by the Commonwealth has been unexpectedly buoyant, and it is likely that some reductions will be made. Australia has adopted penny postage.

EUROPE AND THE EAST

On the Continent matters are, more than ever, big with meaning and serious in their possibilities. Severe depression is upon Germany, Italy, Austria, Spain, and in a less degree upon France also. The French elections were held on April 27th. In Paris the Waldeck-Rosseau ministry was overwhelmingly defeated, but was well sustained in the country.—Uprisings have taken place in various parts of Spain, and the Government has been obliged to resort to reconstruction.—In Italy a general rising of the Socialist forces was prevented only by calling out the troops.—Turkey was never in quite so bad a condition as now. Her finances are deplorable, and the Sultan is in such daily fear of treachery that he has become quite crazed, being guarded by a hundred police. That he is nevertheless planning some remarkable *coup de main* is believed by those who know most of Turkish affairs. Turkey's near neighbors in the Balkan peninsula are also on the verge of serious outbreak. Yet the outbreaks may not come; south-eastern Europe has been unsettled for many years.

A Gigantic Labor Strike

A labor strike of unusual significance began in Belgium early in April. Under the inspiration of the Socialists serious riots took place, in which both lives and property were lost. Brussels was turned into a second Paris of the Revolution, and mobs howled with rage and fury. These riots were aimed at the Government. In Belgium practically only the upper and middle classes have voting privileges, and the working people, in their demands for manhood suffrage, played into the hands of rabid Socialists who plainly seek the dethronement of the present power and the triumph of revolution. The Government debated on the revision of the constitution and decided that universal franchise was not expedient. The Socialists were silenced for the time being, and the striking labormen have in most cases gone back to work.

Germany and Her Neighbors

The Triple Alliance, the parties to which are Germany, Italy, and Austria-Hungary, will be renewed. Fresh terms of agreement have been drawn up, Germany making some concessions to Italy and Austria in matters of trade. The good-will of these two countries is of value to Germany, and she doubtless does well to renew the compact. Germany is anxious to get possession of Holland, and has some prospects of ultimate success. Why should

not France, then, have Belgium, which she wants? Thus the partition of Europe is quite as live a problem as ever, and is at least among the possibilities. Away up in the north-west a land-grabbing movement is already in sight. Russia is trying to Russianize the Finlanders, resorting to means fair and foul in the effort; and Norway, Sweden and Denmark are alarmed. The shadow of the Bear is creeping out and up.

Russia's Unkept Promises

Late in March Russia made another move in her game in the East by sending ten thousand fresh troops to Port Arthur. They apparently are there for a purpose. War between Russia and Japan, over Corea, is not an immediate probability; it is likely, rather, that Japan will wait until China has rebuilt her army, and that the two nations will unite to drive out their common foe. China has a new statesman now in the person of Prince Ching, of whom much is expected. His attitude toward Russia is bold and firm, and he insists upon the evacuation of Manchuria, a demand which Russia partially acknowledges and tacitly ignores. She has promised to leave Manchuria within eighteen months, but evidently with no purpose of keeping her promises. She professes, however, to approve of the Anglo-Japanese alliance.

It would be doubly a misfortune should hostilities break out now between Russia and Japan, for it is thought that only an opportunity, such as this would be, is wanted for the renewal of Chinese outrages, there being still a strong feeling in official circles against foreigners. Recent despatches speak of the Dowager Empress as "not having yet ceased to dream of a bloody revenge." The Chinese rebellion, too, has within the past few weeks broken out afresh, and is spreading. It aims at the ultimate overthrow of the Manchu dynasty, Canton being the objective point. The end of the Chinese trouble is still afar off, but vigorous effort will be made from within and without to maintain the integrity of the yellow kingdom.

A National Problem

Russia has a problem at her own door. Side by side with the gigantic enterprises with which the name of Russia is nowadays associated, is the stern, inevitable fact that her affairs at home are in a very bad way. Famines in the great interior districts have become chronic, and in some places the peasants have risen in sheer desperation, and are ravaging the country. In the Altai region scurvy and typhoid are devastating the peasantry, who have even devoured the grain reserved for the spring sowing. The centre proper of Russia, the rich Black Earth belt, is impoverished, and agriculture is almost hopelessly crippled. Only in the border country, where she touches other nations, is Russia in any way prosperous, and it is there that the big fortunes are being made while the peasantry is starving. To cope with this problem the Government has from time to time devised various measures of relief, and is now said to be considering a number of remarkable engineering projects, which will be expensive, but may prove of lasting benefit. One is a canal to connect the Duna and Dnieper rivers, thus providing a channel for trade right through the middle of Russia and connecting the Baltic and the Black Sea. This would open up the centre of the country for further development. Another project is a great system of irrigation, utilizing the northern rivers and turning their water supply into a vast inland sea from which the surrounding steppes might be fertilized.

THE UNITED STATES

From the 20th of May the administration of Cuban affairs rests with the Cubans themselves, the American officials having transferred all shore property and the reins of government to a native ministry. Whether Cuba is really fitted for independence remains to be seen. Estrada Palma will be president. It is understood that the American policy will be favored by the new president and his government, and the American flag will be "morally dominant." A bill has been before Congress providing for the freer entry of Cuban

sugar. A reduction of twenty per cent. was finally passed, though opposed by the beet-sugar interests.

Congress defeated a bill to exclude the Chinese from the United States. The present law will be continued, restricting Chinese immigration by head tax.

A complete system of civil government has been framed for the Phillipines, to take effect when the war is at an end.

The purchase by the United States of the Danish West Indies is under final discussion by the Denmark legislature.

The American navy will number, when those now building are completed, 138 ships. Six new ships were determined upon last month, two of which will be the largest in the navy and among the largest afloat.

Wireless telegraphy will be adopted in Alaska. Competitive trials will be made of the Marconi and Slaby-Arco systems.

A combination of the leading Atlantic steamship lines, financed by American capitalists with J. Pierpont Morgan at their head, for the immediate purpose of steadying ocean rates and regulating competition, has given rise to a widespread satisfaction in the United States and a corresponding alarm in England over the increasing influence of American enterprise. Several British lines have been purchased and options secured on others, whose future business will be managed under the general combine. For the present and until existing contracts with the British Admiralty shall have expired, the ships will continue to fly the British flag, it being contrary to the United States law to fly the American flag on foreign ships. The promoters of the merger claim to have no ulterior purpose, such as the Americanization of Britain's sea trade, and assert that the combine will have rather a beneficial international effect, but the British people are fearing a general transfer of their commercial and naval auxiliary fleet when the Admiralty contracts have expired, within three or four years, believing that Congress will change the existing law to provide for the expansion of American interests. Germany is equally alarmed at the sudden enterprise being shown by United States capitalists.

The prospects for the wheat crop west of the Missouri are not encouraging. The spring has been a dry one, and it is feared that not more than fifty per cent. of last year's crop will be realized.

Irrigation is one of the great questions in the West. It is estimated that an expenditure of $40,000,000 would provide support for 30,000,000 people by opening up arid lands. It is not yet settled whether this work properly belongs to the state or federal government.

Preparations are beginning for the Congressional elections next November. The chief grounds of the Democrats *versus* the Republicans will be the conduct of affairs in and concerning Cuba and the Phillipines, and the ship subsidies. Generally speaking, the people seem to be satisfied with President Roosevelt and his Government.

OUR OWN COUNTRY

THE WIDE DOMINION

THAT the prosperity of Canada is no delusion is shown by the figures of the Dominion revenue for the nine months ending March 31, which reached $41,351,818, an increase of nearly three and a half millions over the same period last year. Another evidence of commercial activity is the recent development of the stock market. The two leading cities, Montreal and Toronto, have become strong stock centres, and the transactions of the past three months have exceeded those of previous years both in volume and enthusiasm. Among the deals have been a large number of native enterprises, while Canadian capital is finding its way also to

some of the best securities in the United States. The growth of the money market has been taken advantage of by four new banking institutions, which have secured incorporation during the past session of parliament. These will be known as the Sovereign, the Metropolitan, the Securities and the Crown, the first-named having already commenced business.

A new loan of not more than $15,000,000 will be raised to pay the floating debt and current expenditures.

The Canadian exhibit at the St. Louis exhibition in 1903 has been decided on as Dominion rather than provincial. The various exhibits will be amalgamated under a general classification.

Canada's agreement with Marconi, by which the inventor is given a cis-Atlantic base of operations in Cape Breton, is spoken of by the English press with warm commendation. The wireless telegraph system is held to be of great importance to the future of the Empire.

A contingent of Canadian soldiers will be organized and sent to England for the Coronation ceremonies. The appropriation is $80,000.

It is thought that the trustees of Cecil Rhodes' great educational scheme will remedy the oversight by which so few scholarships were apportioned to Canada, and that provision will be made for all the provinces. As the will stands now, only Ontario and Quebec are mentioned.

The Labor Movement

A somewhat remarkable commotion in labor circles has been evident this spring in various parts of the Dominion. In Halifax nearly a thousand longshoremen were on strike for several weeks, and in the West there was reported dissatisfaction among the railway employees. The labor movement has had its centre, however, in Toronto and Montreal, where it assumed unusual proportions in some ten or twelve distinct trades. In Montreal the iron moulders, tinsmiths, plumbers, stonemasons, and electrical mechanics demanded increased wages and a new time schedule; in Toronto the same demand was made by the painters, wood-workers, carriage-builders, lathers, bricklayers, printers, and street-car mechanics. In some cases these demands were met or compromised, and settlement of others is still pending. The workmen are claiming a fuller share of the general prosperity, and in some cases, under their new schedules, are receiving higher wages than have ever been paid before by Canadian employers. A parallel demand has been for the recognition of the labor unions, which have now become so fully organized that they are a force that must be reckoned with. So far as the railways are concerned, a measure was before the House to provide for compulsory settlement of strikes by arbitration.

The Tide of Immigration

It is expected that nearly 70,000 will be added to the population of Western Canada this year by immigration, an increase of 20,000 over last year. Some eight or ten steamers, already arrived or due at Halifax, will bring 10,000 from Europe. These include Galicians, Italians, Russians, and Germans, and thus far are a better-looking class of people than those of former years. While the chief distributing point is the North-West, a number of the Europeans have gone to Sydney and Sault Ste. Marie, having promise of employment in the great industries located there. A desire is being expressed among the French-Canadians now settled in the New England States to take up lands in the West, and a number have already gone to Prince Albert. Thousands more are said to be ready to follow, and some of the priests are at present inspecting the lands offered for sale, with a view to further repatriation of their French-Canadian parishioners. Still another source of new population is South Africa. The Colonial Office and the Government were said to have been in correspondence as to the disposal of the Boer prisoners, and these being considered a desirable class of settlers, the Government offers to give a homestead of 160 acres to every male over twenty-one and to admit to full civil liberty. While thus encouraging desirable immigrants, the Government will use increased vigilance in

keeping out aliens. There is a strong feeling against the Chinese.

The Beef Market

There is a general scarcity of marketable beef throughout Canada, and the high prices which have been ruling this spring form an interesting illustration of the extent to which conditions in one country sympathize with those in another. The droughts in the American West last summer so impoverished the grazing fields that the number of stock animals was very materially diminished, and the beef market suffered in consequence. At the same time United States shippers are under contract to supply large quantities of live stock for use in England. Thus to supply the deficiency at home, and also to make up the regular shipments to England, recourse was necessary to Canada, and as a result nearly all the marketable surplus of Canadian stock has been purchased for export. But to a lesser extent the same conditions have prevailed in Canada; local droughts and the high price of feed-stuffs operated in much the same way in the case of our own farmers and grazers, and fewer animals than usual were kept through the winter. Prices of beef accordingly went up in common with the general advance in the United States, where the situation, however, was aggravated by the oppressions of a beef trust operating from Chicago. The admission into England of Argentine stock, and the new grass crop at home in July, will relieve the situation. Meanwhile the unusual advance of price in meats has seriously affected the resources of the working people, and has been one of the reasons justly urged for increase of wages.

ONTARIO

The provincial elections are down for May 29. In the platform of both parties the development of New Ontario plays an important part.

The prohibition referendum will be voted on next December.

St. Joseph Lake and Lake Huron will be connected by a canal.

A new drill hall was opened in Brockville on May 5.

The buildings and development of the water power of the new pulp works at Sturgeon Falls will represent an outlay of $100,000,000. The contract has been let to a Montreal firm.

A charter has been given to Boston capitalists to build an electric line between Toronto and Ottawa, with branch to Brockville, to cost about $8,000,000.

Windsor will probably have new shipyards.

Business telephones at $15 and house telephones at $10 is the proposition made to the Ottawa authorities by a local promoter who contemplates a rival system to the Bell monopoly.

Galt and Thorold will have Carnegie libraries.

The local Government will investigate the causes of inferiority in the cheese product. Two model districts, comprising twenty factories in Leeds and Lanark and an equal number in Lambton, have been selected, where careful tests will be made and a system of expert inspection maintained.

The tax rate in Toronto goes down a quarter of a mill.

A comprehensive system of city improvement will be adopted in Ottawa, the Civic Parks Committee uniting with the federal commissioners. The Ottawa Improvement Act provides for an annual outlay of $60,000.

The Clergue industries at Sault Ste Marie will be added to by immense locomotive and engine works.

QUEBEC

Sir William McDonald has offered to build a sanitarium in the neighborhood of Montreal.

The Canadian Pacific Railway acquires the Ottawa and Western Railway at a price of $4,000,000.

An elevator to hold 900,000 bushels is to be built in Montreal.

It is proposed to construct a tunnel under the St. Lawrence River at Montreal, connecting the city with the south shore. Plans have been submitted to the Railway

Committee. It will be the largest tunnel in the world, and will cost between four and six millions.

The fortifications at Quebec will be strengthened at a cost of $35,000.

THE MARITIME PROVINCES

It is expected that the Marconi station at Table Head, Cape Breton, will be completed and in working order by Coronation Day.

A bridge across Canso Strait, to cost $5,000,000, is a bit of engineering soon to be commenced.

Prince Edward Island will have an industrial exhibition next autumn.

The citizens of Halifax have voted a bonus of $100,000 towards a ship-building plant in Halifax harbor. The facilities are exceptional.

A million and a half acres of land in New Brunswick have been secured by a Montreal syndicate.

The fruit growers of Nova Scotia are being given the advantage of expert demonstrations in tree-spraying and orcharding. The Government is seeking thus to encourage the provincial apple industry.

MANITOBA AND THE WEST

A majority vote of over 6,000 was polled on April 2 against prohibition, which was put before the people of Manitoba on the referendum principle.

Sites for seventy-five elevators have been asked for along the route of the C.P.R. A number of these applications are from American companies.

The newly tilled lands in the North-West will, if the crops are good, furnish a million bushels of wheat in excess of last year.

To handle the increasing summer traffic to and from the West the C.P.R. has placed orders for additional rolling stock to the value of $5,000,000.

The North-West Legislature has been dissolved, and the new elections named for May 21.

There is disagreement among the leading Manitoba millers on the price of flour.

There is an enormous increase in the sales of Western lands. Since the first of the year 570,918 acres have been sold, at an average of about $3.00 per acre.

A syndicate to control the salmon supply of the world, operating in British Columbia, is spoken as a possibility.

The sealing catch off the Pacific coast has been almost a total failure.

THE YUKON

A railway connecting Dawson City and Duluth, Minn., is projected, a company under name of the Great Northern of Canada having been incorporated in New Jersey. A vast area of new territory will thus be opened up, and the North put in connection with the Great Lakes. The road will cost a hundred millions. The C.P.R. is one of its backers.

A living allowance of $5,000 per year, beside salary, has been granted to the Yukon judges.

The Yukon will soon have a representative in the House of Commons, and in the local Assembly will have five members instead of three.

An appropriation of $84,000 has been made for public buildings.

The royalty on the gold output will be cut, and collected as an export tax. The present rate is five per cent.

The Tundra Plains, which skirt the Behring coast, are reported to contain millions of dollars' worth of gold dust.

NEWFOUNDLAND

The seal catch has been a success, totalling a value of $450,000.

In proroguing the Legislature Governor Boyle congratuated the island colony on the present favorable industrial outlook and the general prosperity.

A party pledged to the idea of confederation with Canada is said to be forming under the leadership of Judge Morrison, who is now visiting Canada with a view to ascertaining the opinion of this country.

St. John's is to have a new system of civic government. The wards will be abolished, and the city will elect directly a mayor and six councillors.

CECIL RHODES, THE EMPIRE BUILDER

By E. F. MURPHY

Cecil John Rhodes, the fifth son of the Rev. F. W. Rhodes, was born July 5th, 1853, at Bishop Stratford, England, and received his early education at the grammar school in that place. In June, 1870, he was sent to Africa that his shattered health might be restored. In 1871 he worked his first diamond claim. Two years later he returned to England and matriculated at Oxford, and in 1881 took his M.A. degree. The chief events of his South African career may be summed up under the headings of his entrance into Parliament, northern expansion scheme, consolidation of the mining interests, founding of Rhodesia, war with the Matabele, trans-African Railway scheme, the Raid, his trial, and his besiegement at Kimberley. He died March 26th, 1902. The bulk of his estate has been left to a vast Imperial scheme of education.

PHILOSOPHERS tell us that the history of civilization is the history of great men. Granting this premise to be true and just, we may say that when the perspective of Time has told its tale, the unique figure of the Right Hon. Cecil John Rhodes will occupy the position of the greatest Anglo-Saxon of his day. The history of his life will strengthen the generations that are to come after. In his name are embalmed some of the most stirring and dramatic episodes that have been chronicled in modern times. He died occupying no governmental or military position, and yet he bulks larger on the horizon than any other figure.

The Anglo-Saxon hungers for heroes, but heroes are rare. This is why the big heart of the world has spoken out its sense of irreparable loss in the passing away of the African Colossus. Had he cared for the trappings of power, he might have been buried in our Temple of Fame at Westminster, but he bade them carry him back to the lonely Matoppo Hills and lay him in a tomb hewn out of the living rock. This quiet kopje where he elected to be laid is called "The View of the World." It is a notable spot, for it has been fabled as the scene of King Solomon's Mines. It is notable, too, because it overlooks the jungle where in the Matabele war, Major Wilson and his thirty-three brave fellows held out against three thousand warriors till every white man fell and every cartridge had been fired. Then, staggering to their feet, the little handful still remaining alive stood shoulder to shoulder in a circle, with their faces to the foe. Raising their hats they held them aloft and joined in singing an old song, and while they sang the Africans swept down upon them like a black river and speared them to death. The song of our men in that supreme moment was the British National Anthem.

This burial place of Rhodes is famous too, because within sight of it, he himself ventured unarmed into the rebel stronghold, among the savages whose hands were yet red with the blood of his kin, and talked with them till they surrendered.

It is a thrilling story. Carrying nothing but a little riding-whip, he threaded his way through the gloomy recesses of the Matoppos till he reached the camp of his enemies. To hesitate meant instant death, and so he moved quickly and as one having authority, till he stood face to face with the leaders. He urged them tell all their troubles, for he had come to them with peace in his heart. When he had promised redress for their grievances, he turned on his foes with the suddenness of an electric bolt and fiercely upbraided them for their base murder of English women and children, till the blacks cowered like whipped dogs. He was answered by an old chief, who advanced to Rhodes and said, "See, this is my rifle—I cast it at your feet; and this is my spear, which I likewise cast at your feet;" and all the chiefs shouted in assent. The rebellion was at an end.

And now wise men are asking where were the hidings of this man's power?

What was his Master-Passion?

His life is the story of a man with an ideal. Rhodes was a supreme idealist and at the same time a supreme realist. Like Moses, through the sight of the invisible

he achieved the impossible. Brooding long years in African deserts he saw the great plan; all his work was the filling-in of this plan.

We are inclined to underestimate the ideals, plans, and dreams that come to us in our luminous hours. Men cavil at them, but it is these that win battles before they are fought. Napoleon believed that every battle was won by imagination, and so while others slept, the great Corsican marshalled his forces and hurled them on his foes, achieving the victory in his dreams.

Now the dreams of the great Afrikander were ones that disturbed his ease and led him to obloquy, odium, and bitter hatred, for they were the stuff out of which an empire was built. He swept his hand down the map of Africa from top to bottom and said, "All red!" for so the English territories are colored. He realized that the scattered republics which went to make up South Africa must be welded into one coherent whole if the continent was to take its place among the first in the world. It was evident that the aborigines were not capable of self-government, and must inevitably give way before the advances of the white man—that the fittest must survive.

Now Mr. Rhodes contended that every nation aiming at a high standard should rest upon the three corner-stones of Justice, Liberty, and Peace; and as it was manifest that these three had reached their high-water mark in the Anglo-Saxon race, his far-stretching plan of "All red!" was justifiable, and must indubitably result in the greatest good for the greatest number. This plan of England's paramountcy in Africa was a large one, but the Great Colonist pursued it unflinchingly. In our ultra-sensitive times, it was a grim work he had to do. It meant, too, the load of calumny which is the burden of fame, for "What is Fame in life but half dis-fame?"

The red glare of war still hung on the horizon when

The Duel, Rhodes *versus* Kruger

began its long and momentous history. At this time the English troops had scuttled and run before the Transvaalers. The Burghers had been victorious at Laing's Nek and Majuba, and so it was a very small figure indeed that England cut in their eyes.

Now, it happened that Paul Kruger had dreamed the same dream as Cecil Rhodes, except that it carried him only as far north as Zambesi. There was another difference too, for while the Englishman would allow equal rights to all, the Dutchman desired to assume the position of sole master of this territory, treating the Uitlanders and blacks as vassals, without any rights or liberties.

The First Trouble

arose over Bechuanaland, the trade-route to the interior. Rhodes urged the Imperial authorities to take this territory under British protection for it was the key to paramountcy in South Africa. Already the Dutch were trekking in and forming small colonies preparatory to annexing it to the Transvaal. In all his varied career, greater disappointment never came to Rhodes than the announcement from Downing Street, that no action would be taken in this matter. Immediately following this decision, Germany annexed a large territory to the north. This move caused anxiety in England, and the result was the proclamation of the British protectorate over Bechuanaland, for which Rhodes had fought so earnestly. The Boer colonists openly defied the proclamation and Rhodes was sent to interview Delarey. With apparent nonchalance, he walked into the tent of the Boer commandant and invited himself to breakfast. In describing his visit afterwards he said, "I stayed with Delarey a week; I became godfather to his grandchild and in the end we made a settlement."

But the wily old Doper, President Kruger, was not to be so baffled, and he at once took the bit in his own teeth by issuing a proclamation annexing Bechuanaland to the Transvaal. Now by this he not only ignored the British protectorate, but deliberately cast under foot the agreement made at the famous London Convention, whereby the Transvaal was not to extend her boundaries without the consent of the British Government.

An expedition of 4,000 men was sent against the Burghers under the command of Sir Charles Warren. Kruger, seeing his mistake, urged peace, and Rhodes was sent to the village of Fourteen Streams, near the frontier, to make terms. He was met by Leyds, then a young man, and Kruger. The upshot was that Kruger gave up all claims to the disputed territory and recalled the proclamation. Thus, without a drop of blood being shed, England won Bechuanaland and the Key to the North.

Score one, Mr. Rhodes !

It was after the close of this interview that Kruger said to Leyds, " That young man will cause me trouble if he does not leave politics alone and turn to something else. Well, the racehorse is swifter than the ox, but the ox can draw greater loads. We shall see."

The second round of the duel was on

The Question of Railways.

Rhodes foresaw that if the country was to be opened up for the development of its mineral wealth, and for white colonization, the railroad must be an important factor in the work. Transcontinental telegraph lines were also a necessity in order to lessen the chances of rebellion among the natives, and that the settlers might not be entirely shut off from civilization. Against these innovations, Kruger set his face like a flint and would have none of them. It is doubtful if he would have ever allowed a track to be laid in the Transvaal had it not been for the discovery of the Rand gold-fields. Even then he stoutly resisted its construction, but was eventually forced to capitulate by the members of his own Raad.

The population in the gold-fields had increased so enormously that a famine was imminent owing to the fact that the ox-waggons could not bring supplies quickly enough. Kruger saw that his position as president was decidedly insecure, unless he acceded to the demands of his supporters, and so in 1890 the line from Delegoa Bay entered the Transvaal on its way to Pretoria, which it reached five years later. In the meantime, Rhodes had opened an opposition line through Bechuanaland which beat its rival by three years. Owing to Rhodes' line being more expeditious and better managed, it captured nearly all the trade. But, not to be out-manœuvred, Kruger made a fresh tilt at Rhodes. Forty miles of the British railway, between Viljoen's Drift and the Rand, belonged to the Netherlands Company, and on this section Kruger raised the rates to such an enormous height, and so hindered traffic by delays, that no one could afford to send goods over the line, and so trade was paralyzed.

Rhodes parried the tilt by organizing a fast and regular service of ox-waggons over this forty miles known as " The Drift," thus entirely preventing vexatious hindrances and prohibitive charges. But this round was not yet fought out. Furious at being so cleverly outwitted, Kruger made a savage lunge. His heated action was what is known as the memorable " closing of the drifts," which almost precipitated a war between the British and the Boers. His envy, hatred, and malice had carried him a step too far, for England declared his action to be a direct breach of the " free admission clause " of the London Convention. Acting on advice and information from Rhodes, Mr. Chamberlain informed Kruger that the continued closure of the drifts would be accepted as a declaration of war. The Dutchman was thus forced from his untenable position, and the drifts were once more open.

Score two, Mr. Rhodes !

The Jameson Raid

The Reform Committee at Johannesburg, of which Dr. Jameson was a member, was made up of the leading Uitlanders who found the restrictions of the Boer Government unjust and intolerable. Petitions and appeals to Kruger were worse than useless. " Yes," he said, " you will get your rights, over my dead body." It was then that the appeal to arms was first thought of, and with Rhodes' consent, weapons and ammunition were smuggled into the diamond mines at Kimberley. Mr. Rhodes' defence before the Raid Committee in London explains the position. " After long efforts they

despaired of obtaining redress by constitutional means, and were resolved to seek by extra-constitutional means such a change in government of the South African Republic as would give to the majority of the population, possessing more than half the land, nine-tenths of the wealth, and paying nineteen-twentieths of the taxes in the country, a due share in its administration." Mr. Rhodes believed that Kruger would prove more amenable to reason if an armed rebellion were threatened, and that England would be stirred up to inquire into the grievances of her subjects in South Africa.

Cecil Rhodes was at the time Premier of Cape Colony, and in his official position ordered the police of the British South Africa Company to be stationed on the Transvaal borders in the eventuality of the Staals Artillerie being called out to attack the British insurgents. His action can in no way be justified, and it is quite possible that he did not realize the gravity of the step he was taking. However, as it has been pointed out, he fell into odium simply because his plan miscarried. Certain it is, Dr. Jameson precipitated matters in a foolhardy manner and made the attack without the consent of Rhodes. The defeat, Dr. Jameson's capture and imprisonment, Rhodes' resignation of the premiership, his trial and rebuff from the British Government, are all too well known to require more than a passing notice. These were black days in Rhodes' history, and for once it seemed that Mr. Kruger was pre-eminently victorious, but looking at the Jameson Raid from the standpoint of to-day, we must umpire fairly and say once more:

Score three, Mr. Rhodes!

And What About the Duellists?

Had the Dutch president exercised after this raid even a minimum of common-sense, and allowed some slight modification to take place in his stringent treatment of the Uitlanders, the Jameson Raid would not have succeeded. But Fate had decreed otherwise, and so "Doctor Jim's" headlong ride was but the bugle-call that ushered in Kruger's entire and irretrievable defeat.

To-day, twenty-four of Kruger's sons and grandsons have sworn allegiance to the hated British; others of them have fallen by British bullets. His faithful old wife died of a broken heart and lies under the British flag, while he, an old man, exiled from home, forsaken by friends and execrated by foes, awaits the grim coming of death. It is a sad picture.

The other duellist, with Africa in his grasp, fell like Wolfe and Lincoln, at the moment of victory. Is it tragedy? Was it best? "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity. What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?"

In the ebb-tide of his encounters with the Dutch, Mr. Rhodes found time to devote himself to

Parliamentary Matters.

In 1881, at the age of 27, he entered the House of Assembly at Cape Town. His auditors were not long in recognizing the fact that he would rapidly make his way to the front. As a speaker he expressed himself in pithy, but at the same time, plain, unvarnished Saxon. Someone, describing his style, said, "He doesn't make a speech at all. He gets up and has a sort of a confidential chat with the chairman for the benefit of those who happen to be listening."

One of the first affairs to which Rhodes gave his attention and opposition was the proposal to introduce Dutch into the House as the official language, side by side with the English.

His dealings with the native question showed him to have the acute perceptions of one who has bold and original ideas. He introduced a notable act, since called the Glen Grey Act, which secured a survey of the Kaffir reservations in eight-acre allotments. Each individual was given a title to one allotment which was secured him by the law of entail. This land could not be sub-let, but in case any native declined to cultivate it, the government resumed possession. This act also provided a labor bureau for the natives, and if a man refused to work, he was taxed ten shillings. In this way the "high rollers" of the tribes were made to have an object in life. The tax thus accruing was devoted to the erection of native schools in each district which

ROUTE OF THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.

were under government supervision. One important clause in the act was the regulation by stern repressive measures, of the sale of intoxicating liquors to the natives. Adventurers were amassing fortunes by selling them vile whiskey. Six months after this bill became law, the jails were absolutely without occupants, and crime was almost unknown among the natives in the districts where the act was in force.

Shortly after his entrance into the House, Rhodes was appointed a member of the Commission to Basutoland to decide what compensation should be paid to the natives who had remained loyal to the Cape during the revolt, and had suffered in consequence. While serving on this commission he met General Gordon, and this was the beginning of a deep and lasting friendship. When Gordon was about to start for Khartoum in 1884, he sent Rhodes a telegram to accompany him. Rhodes was then Treasurer of Cape Colony and had to decline. Had it been otherwise, the recent history of Africa, both North and South, would have to be re-written, for the death of Gordon and the life of Rhodes are the two great agencies which to-day rule over the fate of Africa.

Rhodes' detractors have represented him

as an unscrupulous intriguer in Imperial politics, but events have shown that such assertions were not well-founded, but that a sound Imperialism dominated all the actions of the great Empire-builder. His idea was, that in proportion to its revenue, every colony should contribute a sum towards the defence and maintenance of the Empire, and should be represented in the Imperial House of Commons by a varying number of representatives, according to the amount contributed. It was on these grounds that he at first favored Home Rule for Ireland and contributed $50,000 to its furtherance. Mr. Gladstone's bill, however, caused him to alter his opinions on Irish matters. He believed the bill as it stood would be to Ireland's hurt, for under it they became a taxed republic paying twenty million dollars a year without a single vote in its distribution or control.

In 1894, at the early age of 37, Mr. Rhodes became the Prime Minister of the Colony, which office he held until his resignation after the Jameson Raid.

Rhodes as a Financier

He was born to achieve riches. He had the "cool head, cool heart, and calm hand," that Browning declared to be the essentials of the great financier. His career as a diamond digger began in 1871. He had been sent out from England, a mere lad, in hopes that the dry climate of Africa would heal his diseased lungs. His best hopes were realized.

Rhodes' first months were spent on his brother's cotton-plantation at Natal, but before long he had a "claim" of thirty-one feet square. During six months of the year he washed the diamondiferous clay, and the other six were spent in England at Oriel College, Oxford, till he took his B.A. and M.A. degrees. This incident shows the dogged pertinacity of the youth, the imperiousness of will that afterwards led him to become a multi-millionaire. Everything he touched seemed to turn out well. Thirteen years after he had worked his first claim saw him in control of the whole diamond fields under the title of the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited. The disappointments, the hard-fought battles, far-reaching policies, deadlocks, and tactics through which he beat his way to success is one of the most interesting histories in modern finance. His long-drawn-out struggle with "Barney" Barnato and final victory are as thrilling as any fiction. Now, the annual output of diamonds by this company averaged over fifteen million dollars, one-third of which was clear profit. In the DeBeers' charter Rhodes inserted a proviso authorising the directors to appropriate, from time to time, such funds as they deemed advisable to set apart out of the profits for political or Imperial purposes. By this act he showed that the nickname of "State Socialist" was not inappropriately applied to him by the Afrikanders. His fortunes were only stepping stones to nobler things. It has been said that he handled his money as Cæsar did his legions, or Cortes his sword, to give his country an Empire. He spent his wealth with princely lavishness on the needs of Africa. He said he would be ungrateful indeed, if he were not devoted to that land, because he had gone there without lungs, money, or power and now he possessed them all. Personally, Rhodes had no extravagant tastes, for it is said that $3,000 represented the amount he spent yearly. The dross of things that glitter had not eaten into his soul. Ostentation and display he loathed. His enemies have told us over and over that he was a mere money-grabber and that self-aggrandizement was his sole motive. Not so! The Diamond King realized that his dreams would remain dreams unless he had the hard cash to materialize them and hence his remark to Gordon, that if he had been in Gordon's place when he was offered a roomful of gold in China, he would have taken that room and as many more as he could get, because, "it is no use having big ideas if one has not the money to carry them out."

That these affirmations of his ignoble greed were calumnious has been amply demonstrated by

His Last Will and Testament

wherein he bequeaths his fortunes to a vast Imperial scheme of education. It

is as Cæsar's will, for even his foes are his heirs. The whole tenor of this unique document is eminently characteristic of the testator. It is ultra-modern and strikingly original. While all the world applauds, many and varied have been the expressions regarding it. William Waldorf Astor says that the will has "a touch of greatness that bewilders." The President of Chicago University writes: "It will set a good example to the whole world on the proper use of large fortunes." "A step to the federal council of peace within the race," says Andrew Carnegie.

The will disposes of thirty million dollars, half a million of which is bequeathed to his *Alma Mater*, Oriel College, Oxford. He leaves a sum that may be roughly bulked at ten million dollars for the establishment of scholarships, tenable at Oxford, for three years. The beneficiaries are to be from all the colonies, from each of the States and Territories of the United States, and from Germany.

That the African magnate set no store on the mere bookworm, and believed that education should include a great deal more than scholastic attainment is shown by the standard he laid down for awards. In analyzing his conception of character, it is best first to present the four groups of qualities in the testator's own way.

(1) "Literary and scholastic attainments," (intellectual): 3 parts; (2) "Fondness for the success in outdoor sports," (physical): 2 parts; (3) "Manhood, truth, courage, devotion of duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness, and fellowship," (social): 3 parts; (4) "Moral force of character, and instincts to lead and take an interest in his schoolmates, attributes which will be likely in after life to guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim," (moral): 2 parts.

From this it will be seen that literary attainment only counts three parts in the allotment of the scholarships. To educationalists this is a startling novel standard. It might appear, at first glance, that in his apportionment of human qualities to the ideal youth, Mr. Rhodes would scrimp his moral traits. But upon a closer examination it will be seen that under the group called "social," many characteristics have been included which may be more correctly classed as moral, so that the third and fourth groups really overlap and constitute one-half of the whole.

Regarding the American scholarships Mr. Rhodes says: "*Whereas I desire to encourage and desire to foster an appreciation of the advantages which I implicitly believe will result from a union of English-speaking peoples throughout the world, and to encourage the students from the United States who will benefit by these scholarships an attachment to the country from which they have sprung, but, without, I hope, withdrawing them or their sympathies from the land of their adoption or birth.*" He especially provides that no student shall be qualified or disqualified for election to a scholarship on account of race or religious opinion.

Much amazement is expressed that the will gives Canada but nine scholarships and completely ignores British Columbia and other provinces. As considerable latitude is given to the seven executors, this oversight will likely be amended. The editor of *The Toronto World*, in commenting on this fact, has very properly remarked that it is not necessary for Canada's young men to go to Oxford to become inspired with the British idea, nor is it necessary for them to learn the American for Canadians are the most typical Anglo-Saxons in the world. They are British in nationality and American in business and social life, thus combining the best qualities of both nations.

Much speculation is rife in journalism as to the effect the change will have on the two countries, for the results will be more felt in the political and social world than in the educational. Will a hundred young Americans pitting their abilities and instincts against England's caste-stiffened aristocracy, lead to more democratic tendencies in England or more conservative ones in the United States? It cannot but work both ways. If young Americans are to be the new wine in old bottles they must be prepared to take the flavor of the bottle. Yet it is probable that England will feel the change most for there can be no guarantee that the Colonial or American student when he has completed his university course will return home. He is

likely to remain and make his influence felt in the business and professional career of England. This was not Rhodes' intention and is perhaps the weak point in the plan. Coming, however, to speak of the ultimate results, we are on firm ground when we say that the will of Cecil Rhodes makes for the peace of the world. His conception was that patriotism of race should supplant national patriotism. His legacy will perpetuate it. Surely it can be said that he lived up to the wisdom of using his money to carry out his "big ideas."

His Make-up and Some Incidents

Nearly four years ago, we saw Cecil Rhodes in the Cannon Street Hotel in London and had the opportunity of observing him closely. In figure he was well-knit and massive, with a tendency to be broad at the belt like the typical John Bull in Teniel's pictures. Deep lines that were like scars, prominent perspectives over heavy eyebrows, a rather cynical mouth, and steel-colored eyes, went to make up a countenance upon which "deliberation sat and public care." Without the loose mass of wavy hair and unmistakably dimpled chin, it had been a cold, masterful, almost stolid face.

When we come to study his character from the various sidelights thrown upon it, we are struck by its strange complexity. Headstrong at times, Rhodes was again politic and diplomatic. Strict reserve was his attitude to all but a few intimate friends. Much of his success depended upon his secrecy. He did not confide his plans to others. Yet he could be candor personified. After the Raid fiasco, he was summoned to England to stand his trial before a committee of legal and political experts, among whom were the Honorable Edward Blake, Sir Richard Webster (the Attorney-General of England), Mr. Chamberlain, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Labourchere, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Classes and masses awaited the trial with intense interest. It was to take place in Westminster Hall, the scene of many notable trials. Baxter was arraigned before the infamous Judge Jeffreys, and Charles I. received his death sentence in this venerable Hall. Guy Fawkes, Archbishop Laud, Warren Hastings, Sir Thomas More, the seven Bishops, and scores of others had here heard dread judgment, and now comes the troubler, Cecil Rhodes. Surely it will take all the astuteness and diplomacy of the judges to wring the story from this man of flint. They looked for equivocation, dodging, twisting, expediency, shirking, and moral reservations. "Will he answer?" "Will they tangle him?" were the questions on every lip.

On the 16th of February he took his stand in the witness-box and in a perfectly calm, dignified, and statesman-like manner told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It was the last thing expected, and completely disarmed his judges and undermined the foundations of their well-planned tactics. He had decided the "right or wrong" of his action long months before and was not afraid of the truth.

The great Afrikander was a man given to reasoning much on the eternal verities. He did not believe in a hell. He was an evolutionist. He was an agnostic. That he knew his Bible and could quote it upon occasion was, however, quite evident, for when with only one thousand men at his disposal Dr. Jameson began a war against the Matabele hordes, Rhodes telegraphed him the laconic message: "Read Luke xiv: 31." Jameson turned it up and read as follows: "Or what king, going to war against another king sitteth not down first and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?"

Some one has called him "a splendid pagan," for he derived his intellectual stimulus very largely from Plato, Pliny, Horace, Homer, and Tacitus. He had many foes who anathematized him as the very apogee of rascality, but in an age like ours to have no enemies is to be eternally disgraced. A wise man has said that to be famous is to be slandered by people who do not know you. Those who were intimately acquainted with Rhodes loved him. They described him as possessing that rare gift of personal charm which was

due to his directness of speech and frank simplicity of manner. The key-note of his whole history was unconventionality. His life was full of daring, unfettered action. People never knew what to expect next. Yesterday he was at Cairo, to-day over the sea, to-morrow he will be at Cape Town. "What," they ask "is Cecil John up to now?"—for so he was familiarly called.

Above everything else, Rhodes was an opportunist and had the divine spark of genius that enabled him to seize the tide at its flood. He was resourceful, tireless, unafraid. Difficulties only tempered his sword. Defeat but paved the way for victory. To-day's triumph was only an incitement to renewed struggle to-morrow.

His capacity for work was enormous. None but a man with stupendous mentality could grapple with the multifarious and arduous duties that daily confronted him. Idleness of life was in his eyes the unpardonable sin. "Employ humanity," he argued, "and at the same time civilize. Build a railroad in South America or machine shops in China. There is an immense population, whole continents living in barbaric surroundings. Have at them! Make the Anglo-Saxon race predominant from Spitzbergen to Cape Horn and around the globe!" Nothing annoyed him more than a languorous, emasculated manhood. Yet he did not neglect

The Recreative Side of Life.

His diversions are thus recorded: "Kept a drag at Oxford, rides daily for two hours at 6 a.m.; reads chiefly the classics, of which he has a fine collection, with a separate library of type-written translations executed specially for him; Froude and Carlyle he admires universally; favorite reading biography and history; knows Gibbon almost by heart; favorite fiction "Vanity Fair," which he admires more than any single work in literature; collects old furniture and china and curios generally, *with a preference for anything* Dutch; has a Sir Joshua Reynolds; fond of nearly all old things, particularly of old oak chests; goes in greatly for gardening, especially rose culture; good pyramid player; a fair shot; has a menagerie on Table Mountain, and visits his lions there every day when he can; his zebras, ostriches and buck of all kinds are not caged but run wild in huge inclosed tracts of the mountain side."

Rhodes was keenly alive to the power of the press and subsidized a prominent daily to boom Rhodesia. However, being a man of action rather than of words, he made it a point not to affirm what he was going to do. He preferred to accomplish and then tell about it.

It was a strange trait in his make-up that he was a woman hater. A story is told of a young lieutenant in his employ who got married while he was away on his holidays, and as he was about to leave Cape Town for Buluwayo with his bride, a telegram was handed him at the depot where his friends had gathered to see him off. The message was from Rhodes simply stating that the climate up there was ruinous to a woman's complexion—all understood its meaning.

Not less strange was his entire

Inability to Brook Control.

Perhaps at no time in his career was this more manifest than at Kimberley throughout the siege. He reached there by the last train before the town was surrounded and narrowly escaped capture at the hands of the enemy who in their vindictive hatred had built an iron cage in which to imprison the former Prime Minister of Cape Colony, in order that they might exhibit him publically through the Boer States. Kimberley was in charge of Colonel Kekewich and it was not long before he and Cecil Rhodes came into open conflict. This was most unfortunate, and Rhodes should have learned to play second fiddle for once. So strained were their relations, that Kitchener heliographed to Colonel Kekewich, "Put Cecil Rhodes in irons if necessary." From this it would seem that he was in danger of irons from both friends and foes. But apparently oblivious of it all, Rhodes got to work and organized a new force of 300 men which he called the Kimberley Light Horse, for the regulars were only 700 strong. He paid all the expenses out of

his own pocket. He also equipped a corps of 400 men which were named the Kimberley Rifles, and as a last defence called upon every able-bodied man to enroll himself in the town-guard, which totalled up a roll of three thousand men.

Much to the anxiety and distress of his friends he rode daily in and out of the barricades in peril of being "sniped" by the Boer sharpshooters. Strangely too, the exploding shells fell more often in his vicinity than elsewhere, but he seemed to bear a charmed life.

The Kaffirs who had worked in the diamond mines caused much anxiety in Kimberley during the siege, for their occupation was gone and they had no money. Rhodes organized relief works for them by setting them to build roads in the new parts of the town, the chief one of which was appropriately called "Siege Avenue." Nor did this represent the total of his energies. At Mr. Rhodes' initiation the famous gun, "Long Cecil" was turned out by the workmen in the De Beers' factory. None of them had any experience in manufacturing artillery, but by the aid of text-books on gunnery they began the task and completed it after twenty-four days of incessant labor. The gun had a range of 8,000 yards and its first shot was a tremendous surprise to the Boers who had no idea where the weapon of large calibre had come from.

Each shell was stamped with the words, "With C. J. R.'s compliments," for he felt he owed them a retort for their threats about the cage. In all 255 shells were fired from the gun but the carriage had not done all its work then, for it was destined to bear the body of its designer to its long, last resting-place.

Yes! it was a queer amalgamation that went to make up Cecil Rhodes. He was slow to anger, but slower to forgive. The strong wine of adulation did not turn his head, for he was impervious to people's opinions. His outlook into the world of men was keen and far-sighted. Stead has said some men think in parishes, others in nations, but Rhodes thought in continents. Sometimes he was abstractedly morose, other times carelessly gay. A thoughtful student and a philosopher, yet he possessed broad-minded tolerance. Faults he had not a few, for he was human—very human. But now the bold heart is stilled and there is none to step into his place. He is the man who could best have brought Boer and British together. He understood them both.

Of late he suffered much physically. People said he was killing himself drinking champagne. On the other hand the physicians said it was the one thing that kept him alive.

"So little done; so much to do," were his words as he passed out of time. Africa was not "All red" except in blood. Is this what he meant? or did he look out over the wide field of the world? Who knows?

And they draped his coffin with the torn and stained banners which had led the English to victory in South Africa, and carried the dead man to his rock-hewn tomb on the mountain-top, there to rest "till the vision he foresaw splendid and whole arise." And when the night fell and the Christians had gone home, and the camp-fires were lighted in the lonely Matoppo Hills, the black men who loved well the great white chief, performed the rites of their Afana. Fifteen oxen were sacrificed to his spirit that it might rest in peace. For

> "Living he was the land, and dead
> His soul shall be her soul."

BLUNDERS IN ADVERTISING CANADA

By A. T. HUNTER

IT has sometimes been a subject of mild wonder to travellers and even to Canadians to see a country highly-developed and peopled by over seventy millions, and just alongside that country to see another country of at least equal natural resources but scantily developed and merely pegged down by a bare five millions of people. The same thing may be observed on a smaller scale on any business street in any city, where we may see one store almost deserted of customers, while its neighbor's counters and aisles are blocked with a confused and struggling mass of humanity. The explanation usually given in the business world, and which seems to fully cover the case may be summed up in one word—Advertising. Just as there is the advertising of a merchant, there is also the advertising of a nation, with precisely similar penalties for insufficient advertising, careless advertising, and bad advertising. During practically the whole of the nineteenth century, Canada persistently and deliberately practised nearly every possible form of injurious advertising. With their eyes fully open and yet not seeing, Canadians have joyously done everything within the limits of human folly to advertise to emigrants that this will be no land for them.

Instance No. 1.—Our Climate.

It is surely one of the first principles of all good advertising not to direct attention to what either is a blemish or is difficult of satisfactory explanation. Now the climate of Canada is to those who have learned to love it by no means a blemish. But our climate is simply something that can not be explained in a comfortable way to a man who has never experienced it. The average emigrant who is a poor man and associates winter frosts with discomfort and even hardship, will when told of our minimum temperatures simply feel that his old discomfort will be multiplied so many fold by our winter. We lose him as an emigrant and blame on his ignorance what is due to our own stupidity.

It would be no doubt, interesting to make a complete catalogue of the long list of literary men and travellers who have for purposes of saying striking things and making readable matter, injuriously advertised our climate. We might start with Voltaire whose historic reference to the loss of Canada as merely the loss of some thousands of leagues of snow, has demonstrated for all time that it is quite possible to be at once a very great philosopher and yet approximate to being a gigantic fool. We might go on through the list of learned and titled observers, such as Sir Francis B. Head, who in his "Emigrant," narrates with a gleeful chattering of the teeth that at his fireside in Toronto "several times while my mind was very warmly occupied in writing my dispatches I found my pen full of a lump of stuff that appeared to be honey, but which proved to be frozen ink." We have had hundreds of these picturesque, idle and disproportioned caricaturists of our land. But they are not the people who have done the mischief, and they are not the men I am after.

Why is it that Canadians abroad, (evidently observing the principle that up on Georgian Bay the man who tells the *first* fish story has no chance), must in competitive lying win laurels at the expense of our climate and therefore of our population? I have read the recent utterances of an eloquent Canadian statesman delivered in Australia, and if he did not succeed in persuading every hearer and reader in all Australia that this country possesses one of the most horribly frigid and austere climates in the universe, it would not be from any lack of effort or ability on his part.

Why is it that at the time of sending the first contingent (which in itself was material for good advertising), our papers must give Colonel Otter's portrait *taken in furs?* Why is it that the battery we sent to do such good service in South Africa by their horses' sweat and their own endurance, must inevitably be pictured in winter costume of furs?

It is needless to go further in this matter, except that I should quote from a very able and up-to-date English paper, *The Sketch*, issue of January 1st, 1902. Read the following advertisement, for it acts as an advertisement, and is made worse by six illustrations that would freeze your blood. Then tell yourself who is to blame for such cruel, ridiculous, and monstrous nonsense.

WINTER WITH THE CANADIANS.

Canada is seen at its best in winter. It is then that all the sports which are typical of the country and the people take place. Nowhere else in the world can one enjoy so varied and at the same time healthy and exhilarating exercises out-of-doors as in the realms of the "Lady of the Snows," as Kipling very rightly designated our Colony beyond the Sea in his famous poem.

Tobogganing is by far the favorite sport. The moment the Ice King commences his reign, chutes are erected in the principal parks and open spaces, *and all day long the "swish" of the toboggan may be heard* as it flies down the steep gradient at almost lightning speed. Not only grown-up persons of both sexes enter into the sport with the greatest of delight, but the children simply revel in it. An ordinary toboggan holds about five or six persons, and, with such a combined weight, the sledge simply flies down the chute.

Although Canada is very cold in winter, the air is dry, crisp, and invigorating. *The Canadians dress in fur and picturesque woollen garments*, and the scene on a Saturday afternoon at a large chute is a very animated one. *For swift travelling over the snow, snow-shoes are resorted to.* In design these latter very much resemble a tennis-bat. They are about five feet in length and twelve inches in width and made of wood. The boot is strapped to the centre. *Equipped with these curious shoes, the Canadians travel long distances without much fatigue.*

Every Canadian town boasts of its Snow-Shoeing Club, the foremost in Canada being the St. George's, with its headquarters at Montreal and associated Clubs scattered throughout the country. By the novice who dons the shoes for the first time they are regarded as very unwieldy contrivances, but with a little practice eight to twelve miles an hour can be covered with ease. Occasionally the St. George's Snow-shoeing Club give a fancy-dress ball on the ice, to which all members of the affiliated Clubs are invited. *To attend these festivals the members often travel on their snow-shoes for a hundred miles or more.*

An interesting winter pastime which our Canadian cousins indulge in to their hearts' content is that of ice-castle building. These creations of ice are not run up in a hurry, as many suppose, but occupy the services of quite an army of men from six to eight weeks before they are finished. The ice is cut from the river with saws into rectangular blocks and carted to the scene of operation on sledges. The palaces are built under the superintendence of an architect, who is responsible for their stability. Block after block of translucent ice is swung into position by cranes, until the building is completed.

During the day, the castles or palaces shine in the winter sunlight like glittering crystal, while at night they are illuminated with strong electric arc-lamps, giving the structures the appearance of some enchanted fairyland. On the last night of the carnival, the palaces are destroyed in a befitting manner. A mock battle is arranged, in which the building falls into the hands of the attackers. The latter are *generally dressed as Indians, to make the scene more picturesque.* A display of fireworks and colored lights terminates the happy proceedings.

But the grandest and most exciting of all sports in this land of snow is ice-yachting. The great charm of the sport is the speed of the boats. They skim over the frozen lakes faster than the swiftest swallow. Sixty, seventy and eighty miles an hour are common performances *on the Hudson River* and the great fresh-water lakes of North America every year.

INSTANCE NO. 2.—THE BRAG OF LOYALTY.

Perhaps no more flagrant and idiotic blunder in advertising Canada has been made than by the continuous, systematic, but not disinterested brag of loyalty to the Mother Country. I am not referring to the recent sending of contingents to Africa. For in the first place, actual, as opposed to pretended, virtue is always respectable; and, in the second place the contingents have advertised the courage, endurance, and intelligence of Canadians, which in itself is good advertising. I refer not to applied loyalty but to the post-prandial, literary, and political loyalty that has disfigured our annals from the very earliest times. Following the excited (and not unrighteously excited) state of mind that the inhabitants of Canada have been in consequent on this succession of events, namely the persecution of the U. E. Loyalists, the War of 1812, the Rebellion of 1837, the Fenian Raid of 1866, and some other more local troubles, it has nearly always been *good politics* in Canada to be furiously loyal to England. It has also been *bad statesmanship.* It has won votes and lost population.

We have only to consider the guiding spirit of the average emigrant from Europe. This spirit is the spirit of discontent. Here then for over a hundred years we have had two countries side by side in the

continent to which the emigrant ever turns his eyes in the hope of bettering his material and social conditions. On the one hand we have had a nation boasting its freedom,—almost its license,—scorning Europe, deriding the customs of the old world as effete and unworthy of a free man, proclaiming new institutions and the unlimited liberty to rise above poverty or social caste. Such until recently was the spirit in which the United States offered its shelter to the European Emigrant. On the other hand we have had Canada, whose chief statesmen vied with one another in proclaiming the incessant desire "to shed our last drop of blood and spend our last dollar" in the service of the Mother Country. England's institutions, her social customs, her aristocracy, her militarism have been represented, —quite unnecessarily and quite untruthfully,—as the models of perfection that we are struggling to achieve. Instead of telling the truth, that there are no freer, more democratic people on earth than the Canadians, that no people spend so little for gunpowder and no people more sincerely despise empty ceremonial and bombastic nonsense than the Canadians, we have done our best to frighten away the German, the Scandinavian, the Irishman, the Scotchman and the Englishman who sick unto death of the lord, the war-lord, the and-lord, and the lordlings, are not to be attracted to a country which is represented as a would-be England without its conveniences.

The result is the difference between seventy millions and five millions. They have had the multitude, we have had the remittance-man. "Modesty," saith Homer, "is not good for a beggar," and loyalty is not good advertising for a country that wants emigrants. Loyalty is a stay-at-home, not prompting the removal of one's household to strange lands, but keeping a man quiet in his own country. In proportion as we proclaim our superiority to England and all other countries so shall we appear desirable to the emigrant (alias the discontented man). The greater our national arrogance and the louder our contempt for the old world, the more will we be blessed with increase.

REMEDY.

I could give many other flagrant and indefensible instances of our bad advertising, but I think I have brought forward sufficient to make applicable the rule that "a wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse."

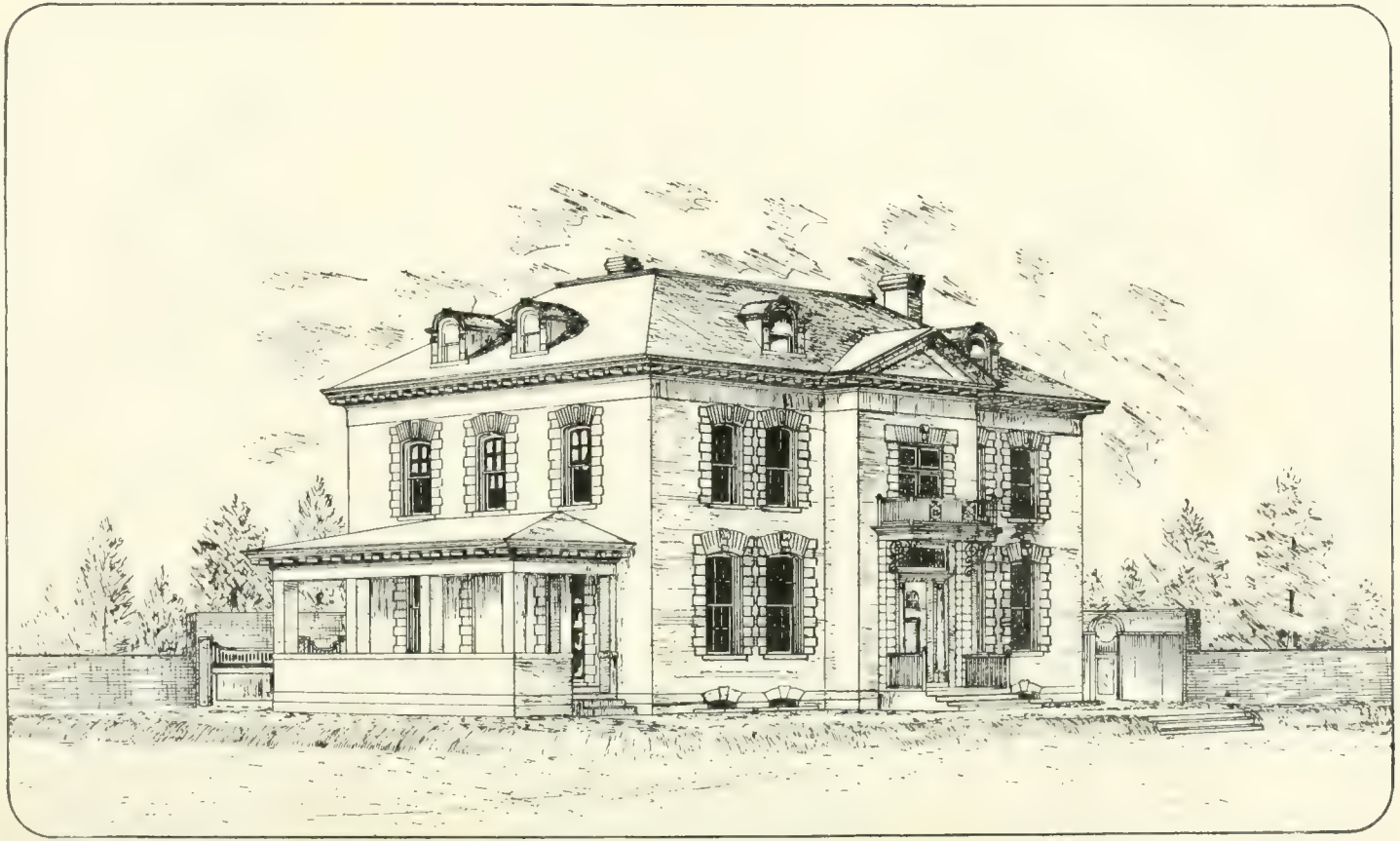
The true remedy is a moral reformation beginning in the hearts and minds of Canadians and looking towards the increase of our national pride and a greater solicitude for our national dignity.

A RESIDENCE AT TORONTO

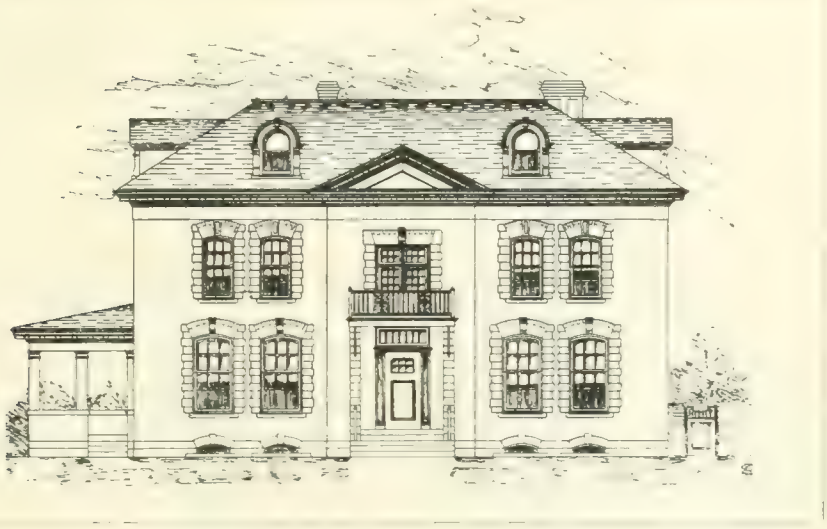
HERBERT GEORGE, ARCHITECT

THIS handsome Colonial residence, now under construction, is situated near one of the main entrances to High Park, Toronto.

The foundation is the best that could be built, having limestone footings three feet eight inches high and six inches thick. These footings are covered with a coating of cement, upon which a thickness of tar-paper is placed. The double walls are each nine inches thick, between which there is an air space of two inches. The outside basement walls are first coated with cement, then with tar, making them absolutely frost and damp proof. Large windows, having areas, give abundance of light to the basement. A peculiarly checkered effect is produced in the brick-work by laying them Flemish bond, the old style of laying brick, having a dark header and a light stretcher. This process is much longer, but it makes a very solid wall, and has an attractive appearance. The roof is black slate, and the outside wood-work is



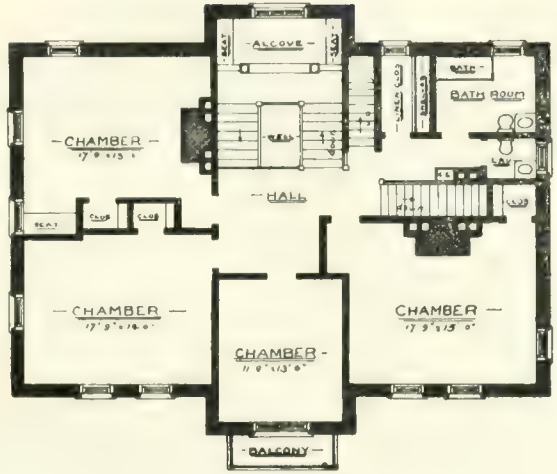
A RESIDENCE AT TORONTO



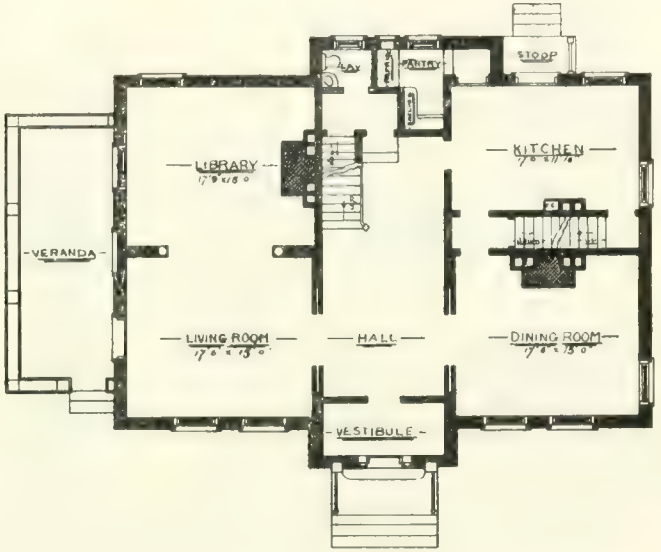
NORTH ELEVATION

painted white, in keeping with the Colonial style of the house. The entrance is through a tiled vestibule having panelled wainscoting. The reception hall is spacious; in fact one of the chief characteristics of the house is its large rooms not cut up by nooks and bay windows. The staircase is of handsome design, having a newel post formed of a cluster of balusters with a rail sweeping down around same and forming a cap. A nook provided with panelled seats and a large window, reached by two steps and separated from the landing by an open partition and columns gives a very cosy appearance to this part. The living room, panelled and finished in dark oak is separated from the hall by sliding doors, and from the library by an open partition and columns. A French window gives access from this room to the spacious verandah on the east. The library is finished in oak and provided with an open fire-place. The dining-room is finished in whitewood, and the kitchen is finished in Georgian pine and fitted up in a most complete manner. The second floor, as shown by the plan, contains four large bedrooms with ample closets, a bathroom provided with usual fixtures and exposed nickel-plated plumbing, and on the third floor three bedrooms with closets, a trunk room and a bathroom. The cemented basement contains a laundry, furnace room, and a den finished in Flemish oak and provided with a stone fireplace. The general impression of the house is one of solidity and comfort.

EAST ELEVATION



SECOND FLOOR



FIRST FLOOR

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD.

By EMILY FERGUSON.

CHAPTER I.

OUTWARD BOUND.

HAVE you ever noticed the abominable selfishness that distinguishes nearly all tourists in the first excitement of getting settled? Bustling groups vie as to which shall prematurely kill the most stewards. In travelling, one's virtues become physical rather than mental, and in spite of your most altruistic principles, it is astonishing how disastrously contagious becomes this low-minded, every-man-for-himself spirit.

We interested ourselves in the partings: "When shall I see you again?" How often is it repeated! and I think it is Kipling who says this is a question that lies very near to the hearts of the world.

* * * * * * * *

At six, on the morning of July 5th, we awoke to realize that we were steaming down the St. Lawrence, "*The Gallia*" having crept away from Montreal some time in the night. Quebec was reached early that afternoon, and looking out on the ancient capital, I found myself peopling it with the charmingly drawn characters of Gilbert Parker's *Seats of the Mighty;* with "Master Devil" Doltaire, Captain Moray, Mathilde, Alixe Duvarney and François Bigot.

It has been said that Quebec is the one *finished* city in the world, and Henry Ward Beecher declared that it was a bit of mediæval Europe perched on a rock and dried for keeping. This gaunt, grey rock is the centre milestone of Canadian history. Around its war-scarred heights, how many storms of history have broken! The blood of the stolid English and versatile French that blended on that dull September morn so long agone, was the good seed from which has sprung this passionate young Canuck, with his far-stretching arms, his mighty thews and sinews, and all his abounding vitality. No page in our nation's story is so riveting and dramatic as this.

Further on, we come to where a veritable Minnehaha, the Falls of Montmorenci, leap madly down a lofty precipice, and beyond, in his little white-washed hamlet, lives the *habitant* with his "plaintee good healt' what de monee can't give"; his "good trotter horse an' nice famme Canadienne."

The Island of Orleans is passed; Baie St. Paul and Isle Aux Coudres come into view, and at Murray Bay the "first day out" is ended, and we turn to the study of life aboard ship. We try not to be homesick when we think of the rapidly "lengthening chain" that separates us from home and love; we even make half-tearful jokes about our berths calling them "wooden overcoats," but are glad to turn in and whisper our "Now I lay me"; for after all it is our first trip across the ocean, and we have not exhausted the simple, homely emotions of life.

Labrador, that tract which Jacques Cartier brands as the land given to Cain, has been passed, and we begin to feel the swing of the sea. We watch the fast receding shores of the bleak and sterile Newfoundland, until it is like a view from the big end of an opera glass, and then settle down to realize that the happiness of a sea voyage is a mixed one; that under the name of pleasure, we are prone to afflict ourselves with much misery.

O the dolours of the sea! I become cognizant of the fact the inner woman can take no Turkish bath comparable with an ordinary dose of sea-sickness. The steamer groans, sighs, and grumbles in unison with me. I have nothing more to anticipate in this life. My utter lassitude, my complete collapse of body and soul indicate that the limits of human endurance have been reached. The "large, airy stateroom" becomes a maddening cubicle and I strangle for air. I am in a floating hospital and there are dismal sounds of retching and wailing, of gasping and gurgling, notes of appalling mortal woe that are distressing in the extreme to hear. After a while the "contrary winds" abate and I get a sharp appetite, but the very superior stewardess insists on the discipline of renunciation. It saves her trouble; nevertheless it is a good axiom in travel to eat when you can. There is a fortune in store for the person who will write a practical book on "How to be Happy though Travelling."

To a certain extent, there is an unavoidable familiarity on a big liner. You drop your city-bred suspicions of every accidental acquaintance, and the company falls into parties. Natural selection is unconsciously established, and you find yourself more intimate with those whose tastes are congenial. The Padre says it is the old division of the bores and the bored. I do not think he means anything personal, but I must say he has an aggravating way of letting his chair back to the remotest angle, or of scowling at me as his natural enemy. It doubtless secures him from troublesome intrusion and gives him time to be idle—very idle, or to think "long, long thoughts" about sermons and things.

Early in the voyage we suffered much from the hoarse, anguished bellow of the fog-horn, and presently found ourselves surrounded by gigantic icebergs. They are intensely interesting studies of polar architecture. The ultra-nautical called them "bergs." These shy, spectral apparitions, pallid and luminous as opals, with their indescribable, palpitating hues and polar breath, were strangely and irresistibly attractive. This proximity to "Greenland's Icy Mountains" was overwhelmingly oppressive, and the realization of our human smallness and incapacity was humiliating and entire.

Wishing to see something of the vitals of the ship, the Padre and I climbed down to where the stunning uproar and pulsing thuds of the ship's naked heart upset any preconceived ideas we had on descending. It was a submarine inferno. The engine "buzz'd and bang'd and clackt," and the regular, never-ceasing plunge of the pumps was dizzying in the utmost degree. The engineer told me about the governors, piston, cranks, and valves; about eccentrics and rockers, with a glibness born of long practice, and I pretended to understand it all. I understood the furnaces, however, those huge volcanoes with their white glare and never-satiate throats. Swarthy, half-naked men, with blood-shot eyes, demonstrated the burden of the primal curse that by the sweat of their brow they should eat bread. These stokers work four hours and sleep eight, and their wages are $20 a month. They regard visitors as their lawful prey, and accordingly, one of them chalked the door-step and we had to pay our footing. When the Padre handed him the money, the man, with a ludicrous air of grandissimo, made a profound bow and shouted a song for our entertainment.

"Oh what care we when on the sea,
For weather fair or fine?
For toil we must, in smoke and dust,
Below the water line."

For those who go down to the sea in ships there are "paths in the great waters," and in one of these, fifteen hundred miles from land, we met a steamer of the Dominion Line. It was the first vessel we had sighted, and as the ships passed on, we "spake to each other in passing."

* * * * * * *

Till you have seen the coming of daylight across the sea in the soft blending of moonlight and dawn, you have not tasted the sweetest draught Nature has to proffer

her lovers. The slow-widening dawn opens a vista of loveliness that is only hindered by clouds so delicate that they might be angels' robes. There is no horizon, for the sky and sea are one.

The disquietude and pain, the grisly terrors of death and disease that hold their earth-born clods in morbid thrall, are all fallen into this "sea of glass mingled with fire." It is a vision that overawes your pettiness. It means that you sit as lightly to the material as you may ever hope to, 'til this mortal shall have put on immortality.

It is the quickening of the soul.

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There were a score of English people aboard, and they talked of Canada, not quite as "the blawsted colony," but rather as believing Mrs. Jameson's statement that Canada is "a small community of fourth-rate, half-educated people, where local politics of the meanest kind engross the men, and petty gossip and household affairs the women." They spoke of our gruffness and bad manners. Perhaps it is so. I have not seen enough of the world to institute comparisons, and it may be that we Canadians need the warmth of a more genial atmosphere to soften our brusquerie.

They look upon us as more akin to the Americans than the British. One gentleman pressed the matter rather far when he said that we had the same nasal monotone and the tiresome habit of braggadocio. In the future he will have absolutely no doubts as to Canadian bluntness, for I told him that Mrs. Bird-Bishop, his countrywoman, had given as the result of many years' travel, the interesting decision that while the Americans were *nationally* assumptive, the English were *personally* so.

The stewards know the character, habits and idiosyncrasies of all the passengers. It is wise to be good to them. The chief steward is the major-domo of the vessel. He is all-puissant; he has an itching palm; he is the incarnation of the "nickel-in-the-slot" machine.

The eminently haughty stewardess took her "tip" with the patient air of a Christian martyr. I was much honored by her gracious acceptance of my poor offering.

The deck-steward is the fountain-head from which much creature-comfort springs. Does Madam wish to air her body and soul? He will find her chair; he will tuck her rugs about her and deftly arrange the pillows; he will bring biscuits and hot bouillon, and will support her head and save her back hair in moments of unutterable human woe.

If you are extremely anxious about it, and are not overly modest, you may have a hot salt bath in the morning, but otherwise, when the angel prepares the water, like the man at the Pool of Bethesda, you will be pushed aside and another will step down before you.

"Time" is "made" each day at noon and remains stationary for the next twenty-four hours. An active pool is operated, the subject being the run *per diem*.

Off the coast of Ireland, we were surrounded by black duck and wheeling flights of strong-winged gulls that shrieked in the very tones of the sea. With weird, yelping cries they dipped after the ship's offal. Their graceful, curving movements were like those of girls skating on our own lakes.

The brown, precipitous banks of "the Scoundrel Isle" loomed up vaguely in a lilac haze. At dusk great curtains of umber clouds hid it from our view.

Early next morning we skirted the Isle of Man and someone quoted Wordsworth's lines:

"Bold words affirmed in days when faith was strong,
That no adventurer's bark had power to gain
These shores if he approached them bent on wrong;
For suddenly up-conjured from the main,
Mists rose to hide the Land—that searched, though long
And eager, might be still pursued in vain."

An upstanding rock with a hole through it is "the eye of Man," and as the vessel

proceeded on its way, the Man shut his eye after the manner of a doll that goes to sleep. It was too deliberate to be construed into a wink.

The softest of the silken waters is the Irish sea, and acutely green, like an ocean of melted emeralds.

Steaming down the Mersey, we passed through New Brighton, where the lands were thronged with children, and on into Liverpool. There are no "Sky Scrapers" in this wonderful city and all the houses appear uniform in height.

A tender was sent out to bring us ashore. We were transported with an ill-smelling crowd of steerage passengers and quickly landed at some place—I could not just say where; all I knew was that the gangway slid out, we were crushed down it by the crowd, and stood for the first time on the shores of England. The trip from Montreal had occupied ten days and fourteen hours.

The process of removing the luggage was long and tiresome, and we passed the time in watching a confused heap of towzle-headed, uncared-for youngsters, balancing on an iron rail which edged the dock. They kept us in a state of nervousness and trepidation, and then, considering their acrobatic feats worthy of monetary reward, extended grubby little digits for pennies and followed us with a fire of appeals.

Our trunks having received a cursory glance and green bilious-looking labels, we resigned ourselves to the mercy of the cabman. I was fairly frightened till the Padre whispered, "Codlin's your friend — not Short."

Being so advised, we went to a large Temperance Hotel. We had "a candle to light us to bed." How delightful! In Canada it is exotic; here it is indigenous: it is at home.

CHAPTER II.

ALONG THE YELLOW MERSEY.

LIVERPOOL, July 23rd, 1898.

We were outrageously fleeced at the Temperance Hotel. The landlord was a rapacious Shylock. Conscience made no coward of him. We were glad to escape such a raving wolf and move our party of five into lodgings where we are now living *à l'Anglaise*.

For the rent of two bedrooms and a sitting room, with "attendance" we pay three guineas a week. We purchase our own food which the landlady cooks and serves; this, with the care of the rooms, is what is meant by "attendance." Coal, gas, the washing of bed linen, and cleaning of boots are extras; indeed, the extras become the bill.

It is more expensive than our system of boarding, and I find it decidedly inconvenient to thus assume the responsibility of catering to a family when I am travel-tired and a stranger in the city.

A dinner deferred maketh the heart sick, but there was no help for it. I had to sally out and forage for provisions. This meant visits to the butcher, baker, grocer, and dairyman. Still the system has its advantages: We can consult our tastes and purse in the matter of food, and have as much privacy as possible outside our own home.

Our landlady has a strident voice. She daily pours out the whole Commination service on the little, work-stained slavey, overwhelmingly cumbered with much serving. She frequently came into my room to tell me that our little girls were too noisy, and finally that she really disapproved of children altogether. I could only express my profound regret and assure her that had we known a few years sooner, it might have been different.

My shopping expeditions were carried out in a state of bewilderment, not only because of the maddening currency but by

reason of the names of articles that hitherto I thought I knew. How was I to know that a "pottle" was a peck, that corn-starch was "corn-flour," or that potatoes and apples were sold by the pound, and that a layer-cake was a "jam-sandwich." Neither could I say whether I wanted a "quartern" or "half-quartern" loaf of bread, or whether I preferred malt or date vinegar.

I paid 30 cents a pound for steak, and then my landlady with an irritating sniff told me that it was "only trashy foreign meat." Tinned tomatoes were entirely beyond her comprehension: she declared they were "mashed-up stuff," and quite unfit for food.

Wishing to test some of the national comestibles in the way of vegetables, we tried sea-kale, chicory, scarlet-runners, endives, and Brussels sprouts. The cucumbers are long, smooth and of such delicious flavor that I can understand *Sairey Gamp's* ecstasy. On the whole the edibles of England, while more expensive than in Canada, are infinitely greater in variety and of better quality.

The Padre left us to paddle our own canoe in Liverpool and went to Keswick to attend the great annual convention.

My first impressions of England have not been entirely happy ones. Everywhere, I noticed flashily-dressed women who are avowedly and unblushingly disreputable. Their sidelong glints and encouraging smirks to all male-comers are their offers of sale—their allurements to sin. Occasionally one of these pleasant-mannered Delilahs is attired in widow's weeds, but is by no means as mournful as she is dressed. This life with its vile wage must be a great temptation to kitchen drudges, who see only the fine clothes and not the sad finish of "the crimson trail."

The mendicant and criminal poor are painfully in evidence. Poverty-distorted children with extended hands dog your foot-steps with appalling persistency. If you are heedless, they call you a "toff," which is the Liverpool equivalent for a "dude." Indeed, these young gamins do their best to fulfil their baptismal vow by using a great deal of "the vulgar tongue."

Bare-headed drabs, clad only in shawls and draggled skirts, reeled foul-mouthed and beer-besodden from the low groggeries. The men looked positively oozy, and reminded you of a beer-soaked sponge that you have only to touch to make the fluid come out.

The saloons seem to be innumerable. Over their entrances are the words "Shades" or "Vaults," and who shall say inappropriately? It is not the odor of sanctity that one gets whiffs of in passing their foul and sloppy bars.

If environment moulds a people, one needs to be endowed with a large hopefulness to predict a bright future for the poorer classes of Liverpool. Their condition cannot be contemplated without moral and intellectual dismay. With the lean wolf of hunger always crouching at the door; sleeping in squalid homes where cleanliness and decency are impossible, and living in foul streets with so many tempting facilities to vice, the deterioration of mankind, both spiritually and physically, is inevitable.

I was much struck by the solidity and finish of the city itself. The buildings are of massive strength and durability: they are built for eternity. The abominable bituminous smoke, that grimy incense of half a million chimneys, gives the city a gloomy, brown atmosphere and dirties the blue skies themselves.

Riding on omnibuses is a source of unflagging pleasure to me. The drivers have graduated in the rough college of practical experience, and were veritable Doctors in Philosophy. They are sitting encyclopedias, and are able to post you in all the "wrinkles" of sight-seeing, where to go, what to see, and how much to pay. The omnibus horses mostly come from Canada, as do the heavy draught horses. Staid,

magnificent, sober-minded, incapable of surprises, with their glossy hides and well-padded contours, they are a credit to our young colony.

Liverpool, being the greatest port in the world, the "sight" of the city is the docks. In order to see them, I took a trip on the overhead Railway, starting at Dingle Station and going to their terminus at Seaforth Sands. I entered a noisy little juggernaut and was at once plunged into "a horror of great darkness," from which I emerged to find myself speeding breathlessly past the interminable shipping and turmoil of the city's front. For miles along the yellow Mersey the docks extend in one line of grey granite, broken only by huge gates which are opened when the tide is at its flow to admit vessels to the basins. When the tide begins to ebb the gates are closed, and so the vessels within float at sea level. Each dock exists for a specific object. In one place are berthed vessels that are in need of repairs. Further on is the Herculaneum Dock, which was blasted out of the rock, and is used for the storage of paraffine. At Prince's Dock liners are tethered, for it is the "Landing Stage" at which ocean steamers arrive and depart. There is a dock for the life-boat service and one for the police; in others, cargo boats are lading. These docks are flanked by imposing warehouses, some of which cost as much as a million dollars. Into their capacious rooms, stevedores were carrying grain, tobacco, cotton, and other merchandise.

The resinous odour of the squared pines that lay in huge straw-colored heaps in the Canada Dock, the largest of all the docks, was a sudden and subtle elixir. Just now the newspapers are complaining of a pest of ruthless mosquitoes, and claim that these tiny annoyers with their tremendous thirst, had a free passage to England in this very Canadian timber. My brain was bewildered by the maze of shipping that made a continuous scratchy etching nine miles in length, against an ashen sky. I was glad to shut my eyes on the return trip and listen to the conversation of my neighbors in the coach.

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My varied peregrinations led me to St. James' Cemetery, which is a pocket sunk a great depth into the rock. It was at one time a stone-squarry, and there are tiers of graves reaching up many feet in the rock. On the graves were wreaths of black beads, or of plaster-of-Paris under glass cases—atrocities of taste intended to be highly decorative. On many of the slabs the inscriptions were indecipherable; on others the unprofessional muse and the "monumental liar" have been at work. Untroubled by the trammels of rhyme and metre, the epitaphs are often fulsome and extravagant. Among the stones, I looked for the one described by Nathaniel Hawthorne when he visited this cemetery in 1853. On it were the words, "Here rests in *pease* a virtuous wife." Sarah Biffin, the celebrated miniaturist, is buried here. She was born without hands or arms, and painted by her mouth. The Corporation of Liverpool are about to have this cemetery filled in with clay.

I went twice to hear Dr. John Watson, better known as *Ian Maclaren.* His church was densely packed on both occasions. The creator of *Drumsheugh, Doctor MacLure* and *Jamie Soutar* did not disappoint me. In his own words they were "rael bonnie sermons" that I heard. Dr. Watson has suffered persecutions long drawn out, because forsooth, his novels are not doctrinal. His flaw-picking brethren have been pouring out vitriolized tirades on this theological Prodigal, but as he is a man of strong convictions, and I should judge as unyielding as an axiom in Euclid, it is not likely he will be frightened or bow-wowed out of his opinions. Before the sermon, he offered a short extempore prayer which was an entreaty for blessing on those who had lost their reason; a benediction for all near to death; mercies for any name that might be repeated. His subject was "Successful Life," and his text, "Behold this dreamer." He said had Joseph lived in the Victorian era a

book for young men entitled "From a Jail to a Throne" would have been written, and his life held up as a model of a successful career. This spirit has been satirized by Matthew Arnold, and we are apt to sneer at Smiles' worthies, but if material success be not always honorable, neither is material failure; "Wherefore," he said, "without a blush, I shall proceed to preach on the excellency of success."

This great divine spoke from notes and the sermon showed thorough preparation. His rhetoric was copious and elegant. His tongue is the pen of a ready writer. Dr. Watson has the power to stir the spirit to its depths. He has an elusive, indefinable something we call personal magnetism, and puts his auditors under the spell of this mesmeric influence. They surrendered unconditionally, now leaning forward to catch every word with highly-wrought tension, and then as he finished a point, leaning back in their seats only to repeat the process a little later. With his pathos, sublimity, and cynical humor he touched the cords of every heart. He is versatile, passionate, sympathetic, and intellectually, a giant.

Dr. Watson is one of the speakers whose listeners never wonder what o'clock it is, for he talks *to* people,—not *before* them. He uses cunning, penetrative words: they are his "nimble and airy servitors"—indeed, I can only say of him what Emerson said of Whitman, "I find incomparable things said incomparably well."

I had the great pleasure too, of hearing the Bishop of Liverpool, the venerable Dr. Ryle, one of the famous champions of Evangelical religion in the world. He is prodigiously tall but in spite of his age and feebleness, preserves an erect and stately carriage: his handsome scholarly face is deep-bitten with wrinkles. Although the Bishop's voice is weak, he speaks with the snap and spirit of youth: his style is direct, terse, and pungent. The sermon was live matter; chiefly

> "n'oration
> About High Church innovation an' a-driftin' back to Rome."

They were no soft words he used in his scathing protests against the "heretical and damnable" doctrines that are undermining the Established Church. His uncompromising hostility to ritualism did not permit his palliating or glossing over the situation. He hit straight out, and hard.

I went to a Ritualistic Church also, to see celebrated what is termed "High Mass." In the vestibule was a holy-water stoup for the use of the faithful. No imprudent commingling of males and females is allowed in this church, for the sexes are seated on opposite sides, the sheep from the goats. To overstep the line of demarcation would be too bold an act to even contemplate. There was an altar to the Virgin Mary, so that *Oxenham's* words about the Spaniards in *Westward Ho;* "They pray to a woman—the idolatrous rascals," would apply to these worshippers. Each altar had candles of "unbleached wax" and other importations of Roman materialism. "Matins" were "said" at half-past ten, the service lasting twenty-five minutes. There was no singing. So miserably mumbled were the lessons, that I was quite unable to glean the faintest idea of what the clergyman was reading. It sounded like a theorem.

Much to my surprise, the clergy retired at the close of the morning prayer and as the congregation did not move, I sat on quietly. This service was merely prefatory, a necessary inconvenience, to the Communion service which followed. A few minutes later, a person of ambiguous sex, dressed in a cassock, surplice, and red girdle, entered and lit the candles. He bowed to the altar with that shame-faced air a ritualist adopts as compared with a Roman Catholic, "frightened," like Johnson, "at his own temerity." Another pause, when the doors of the vestry were thrown open and a magnificent individual with trimmings of scarlet and lace, entered swinging a censer. In his wake came the Crucifer and the choristers with banners, two Clergymen, the Gospeller and Epistoler, and lastly a most ornate person with his hands clasped as in prayer and showing the whites of his eyes.

His pose smacked of "professional piety," or what is more vulgarly called clap-trap. His white satin robe was stiff with embroidery, and he wore something (I cannot say what) on his back: it was more like an inverted tea-cosy than anything else. Two attendants bore his voluminous skirts: this was the celebrant attired for mass.

Up and down the aisle the procession moved, the choristers singing "Through the night of doubt and sorrow." Arrived at the altar, the stiff robe and tea-cosy were lifted off the celebrant and carried to the vestry. This left him dressed in a white robe, on the back of which was embroidered a large cross. I was unable to follow the service intelligibly, but eventually learned that all were kneeling for the epistle, which the Clergyman intoned to the measure of a swinging censer. He seemed to be utterly unable to turn the pages of the prayer book himself, which necessitated an attendant performing that office for him. The Gospel finished, the Priest kissed the book. At intervals the Roman Missal was read in a droning monotone. I could not understand the tricks of scenic devotion or the minutiæ of ritual, for the service throughout was a succession of tableaux and burlesques; it was playing at religion. Still I could not but admire the skill of muscular movement involved in the sinuous and sensuous manœuvres of their strange and intricate quadrille. The priests would bow their heads almost to the floor, till I got alarmed lest their blood-vessels burst. Absolute prostrations on the stone pavement of the chancel were followed by numerous posturings and gesticulatory embellishments. It was highly theatric, and without the clouds of incense, had been entirely trivial and vulgar.

If outward ceremony constitutes religion, then here is truly religion. Well may men's hearts fail them for fear, for this service formerly called a holy one, is not even dignified. Dean Farrar has written; "The ceremonies of such churches are but as spangles upon their funeral pall." The sermonette which lasted as long as fourteen minutes, was prosy and soporific, it being delivered in a wooden, soulless manner without the slightest attempt at oratory. By way of spiritual pabulum the preacher instructed us as to when, and under what conditions, we might eat meat. We took the wine and wafer by proxy, none of us having an opportunity given us to partake of it. This church was showered by stones on the next Sunday, by the Evangelical pugilists of the Church Militant and the clergy roughly handled, for it would appear that the dogs of war are loose, and the end is not yet. Their rage, as exhibited on this occasion is, however, neither dignified nor discreet, and it is to be hoped these tactics will be discontinued. Such "zeal is not according to knowledge." The rough goblin of public opinion as voiced in the newspaper contends, that the Established Church is hopelessly entangled in the meshes of traditional absurdity; is burning out the dregs of the oil in her cruse—is singing her swan-song. We prefer rather to believe that Miller is right when he says: "The present admiration for the mediæval cannot be other than a transitory streak of fashion, for the shadow on the great dial of human destiny cannot move backward."

CHAPTER III.

ON THE WING.

WEDNESDAY, August 10th.

It was raining with dreary persistency when we left Liverpool. The soot or "blacks" dirtied our faces and linen, and hurt our eyes. For the superfluous services of opening the cab door, a loafer asked a half-penny, but one soon grows impassive to the wheedling whine of the charity seeker.

We travelled in a corridor car which looked extremely small. A narrow passage runs down one side of the coach, off which the compartments open. The engine seemed unfinished without our indispensable "cow catcher." The conductor is called a "guard." You can only see him at the stations, for it is impossible to pass from one car to another. We were near the end of the train, and as the engine's

loose-jointed vertebra swung its tail round the curves, we kept our seats with difficulty. We had read of English trains as "cushioned bullets," but as our suffering increased, we felt that Ruskin had described them better as "carriages of damned souls on the ridges of their own graves." We counted thirty tunnels and then grew tired. Their monstrous gloom is oppressive. It is good advice "never to go under ground until you are put there."

At Derbe, tea-baskets were passed through the window; we put them off at Leicester. A basket has four compartments in which are held the tea-pot, cup and saucer, cream and sugar, and buttered bread; it cost a shilling. We were able to supplement our tea by purchasing baskets of strawberries. This is an improvement on our system of insanely bolting at some junction, indigestible chunks of water-logged pie, and parboiling your throat with hot tea.

The landscapes are full of interest. The fields partitioned by hedges of box and hawthorne; the yards and the truck-gardens free from litter; the park-like character of the woods, and the tiny farm houses with red tiles and deep-pitched, time-warped roofs, were pleasing novelties to us. There are smooth-turfed lawns too, and gardens wherein all sweet things blossom. The English do not gather into barns, but the grain is piled into stacks or ricks, which are thatched. The pasture-lands are mottled with sheep, usually penned behind fences of basket-work made from split hazels. The fences are built in sections (called sheep-hurdles) so as to be easily moved when one spot is grazed clean.

The graveyards seem to hold "the great majority," for they are more populous than the villages.

We are surprised at the scarcity of orchards and streams, which are so important features in our Canadian scenery. The fences of warm-colored brick are tapestried with lichens and tender parasites. Ivy, fern and myrtle grow in their chinks and add an air of softness to the harsh rock-masses. No stray blots of ugliness disfigure the country: even along the railway the waste places have been made beautiful.

It has been pithily remarked that England is thoroughly groomed, for here Brute Nature has long been subject to the hand of man. The fields appear to be perfected by a hairdresser rather than a ploughman. They are combed, and brushed, and pomatumed, and coiffured. They are as formal and precise as stage scenery.

It was a mean view of London we got on our way through to the sea. The train passed underground most of the way, only emerging occasionally to run on a level with the housetops. It left an impression of mediocre streets, congested brick and mortar, chimney-pots, red-tiled roofs, grime and sordidness.

Being the day before Bank Holiday, that we arrived at Southend-on-Sea, we had great difficulty in getting a place wherein to stow ourselves. Finally, we secured three rooms at Westcliff, a pretty suburb away from the noise of the "trippers," who were already pouring into the Town in thousands. On Bank Holiday, the trains brought one hundred and fifty thousand of the laboring class from London, and so we made the acquaintance of a "'Arry," and "'Arriet." 'Arry, who is always crop-headed, is attired in a Derby hat and bell-mouthed trousers; 'Arriet in wide-leaved headgear, an enormous structure trimmed with an elaboration of velveteen, feathers, and flowers. This pretentious hat, she wears jauntily cocked on the side of her head, and let me parenthetically observe, that her millinery is usually rented at so much a week, or paid for on the instalment plan. Large, pendant ear-rings and a fringe are her absolute essentials. None of her class are good-looking; they are all vulgar and coarse: they are London's brown-bread. 'Arriet is slatternly: she has half-closed, animal-like eyes and what Du Maurier describes as "a frolicsome spirit of camaraderie." She probably has her virtues but they do not lie on the

surface. High-kicking and dancing, when she is not heavily *enceinte*, appear to be her favorite amusements. She gets drunk before dinner. Her price is by no means "far above rubies." She is considerably lower than the angels.

'Arry, like David's enemy grins like a dog and runs about the city. He sings too, and harmony is not his strongest point. To the strains of the detestable accordion, he dances with 'Arriet, but his performance in the saltatory way is neither light nor fantastic. He bashfully attitudinises before the camera on the beach. 'Arry rejoices in the day of his youth.

It is a queer conglomeration that goes to make up the sweltering swarm of this holiday. Among them you will find respectable mechanics and their families, who stretch themselves on the sands to enjoy the draughts of air from the life-bringing sea. They are quiet people, and if you talk with them, they are glad to tell you about their friends who have gone to Canada, and how they were going too, but their brother who settled at Barrie wrote of the many wolves in that district, so they decided it was safer to remain in England. They ask you about the buffaloes and "revolver fights," and you answer them in a "Big Injun" way, which if not entirely reliable, is at least exciting and original.

In the color-splashed throngs there are scores of swaggering "lads in red" busily engaged in "chawfing" 'Arriet; sea-flushed sailors too, with flapping breeches, bandy-legs, and rolling gait; bovine women whose faces are marked with evil passions; red-jerseyed Salvationists; rascally-looking sharps with unpleasant leers; and multitudinous children, for Mrs. John Bull has brought her hapless progeny for a day's outing. We wander idly to and fro with the crowds in the bazaars and look at the whimsical merchandise, the lithographic views, ha'-penny toys, trumpery jewels, knick-knacks, and "things wherein is no profit." We inspect illuminated pictures through peep-holes and find them not particularly edifying, or take a turn on the "roundabout" and thus solicit qualmishness for a mere song. "Oh! if you will only walk into my parlor," cries the man of the camera-obscura, and being simple, we turn in thither and try to understand the opticalness of it.

The limitations of poverty need deter no one, for in England, you learn the purchasing ability of a farthing. For this tiny bit of money you may buy a toy trumpet, an apple, or even a doll. Being females, we could not throw straight, and so did not waste our substance on the riotous man who dodged cricket balls thrown at his head. His motions were a revelation in dexterity, for no one secured a prize. We pottered around the raree shows and expressed our superlative admiration in copper coin. A gypsy told me "all the things that ever I did." We were merry with swarthy ragamuffins and their monkeys; with harlequins and burnt-cork comedians. The penny-in-the-slot machines wrote us love-letters, told our characters, fortunes, strength, our weight (in stones), the names of our second husbands, and showed us the photographs of our first babies. No need to take anxious thought for the morrow, it is all explained to-day.

An entertainment of the "variety" order was in full blast, and as Sairey Gamp would express it, we happened in quite "permiscuous." The principle feature seemed to be the dancing of a young woman whose garments suggested difficulties in the way of getting into them, and still greater difficulties in the way of getting out of them. They were eminently calculated to display the shapeliness of her nether limbs. She was a living, moving picture, sportive, lithesome and sinewy as a tiger. She was sandal-shod. "The blush was fixed upon her cheek." It was fortunate that her male companion was not seven feet high, else she might have kicked his head off. Her hip-play, bodily contortions, and bacchantic leaps were of such a character that most girls would hesitate before taking their mother to see this young wanton. After a little rest, she performed a rhythmic, gypsy dance to a

guitar accompaniment in slow *tempo*. The *danseuse* was habited this time in voluminous drapery to correspond to the charm of "woven paces and waving hands" in the trailing, dreamy measure. Her performance was the elaboration of what is sometimes called "Love," and was well marked with the suppressed, tantalized sensuousness and the ecstatic tremors that belong to dances of the Oriental origin.

Outside, the Salvation Army were holding a service, for in this way only "the poor have the gospel preached to them." A young soldier from Gibraltar was telling his "experiences." As one looked at the drunken throngs, and then at this little band endeavoring to follow in the steps of the manger-born, work-stained, thorn-crowned Carpenter, you wondered if things were not reversed nowadays, for it would appear that the ninety-and-nine are without the fold, and the one sheep inside.

Towards evening, the people became either quarrelsome or roysteringly happy. It could hardly have been otherwise, for all day they had taken long and strong draughts from the barrels of beer which had been rolled into the streets. One man felled his female companion with a blow like a sledge-hammer on an anvil. She was stunned, and after some little time a policeman was found in a "pub" and induced to take them into his protecting care. The police are not a terror to a holiday crowd, as they must perforce be lenient on these occasions, for the jails would be totally inadequate for the thousands of drunks and disorderlies. Besides, it may be said of these guardians of the peace, what Rudyard Kipling makes an Indian to say of the agent on the Reservation: "Melican officer good man—Heap good man—Drink me, Drink he, Drink *he*, me blind—*Heap* good man."

The mad whirling night with its garish glitter and boisterous conviviality, took on the nature of a Saturnalia. It was a lively demonstration of "midnight shout and revelry, tipsy dance and jollity," and all else that goes to make an English holiday.

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We are having sultry dog-days at the sea but the evening air is divinely soft. I do little the live-long day but lie supine on the beach in dreamy indolence. I have learned to forget the busy bee whose shining example was held up before my young eyes and have learned to emulate the poor sluggard—and what a world it is to rest and dream in. I am learning a charming variety of ways of doing nothing. I can do nothing by watching in lazily contented fashion, the efforts of the bairnies in amateur canal engineering: or perhaps it is a house of sand which they have built on driftage, and set it about with slimy seaweeds, rosy-lipped shells and sea-litter, but the cruel ermined waves have attacked its flanks, have undermined its walls, and have brushed it aside, and so my little Babel-builders are sad for their "Palace Beautiful." They have not dreamed as yet how the fierce surges of Time wash away other and bigger castles. I can do nothing very pleasantly by loitering out to consider the lilies of the fields, "How they idle, how they grow," or resting in the shade of some sweet-scented hayrick, I make idle predictions about the weather which are never established. I can do nothing in the way that has a dash of adventure in it, by crossing to Prittlewell for tea and coming back for supper. I can do nothing by gazing—and this is a most fascinating exercise—at the Sheerness forts and deciding to sail there the day after to-morrow. Indeed the study of the *dolce far niente* is not the least important in the world. Just now, I feel that there is no life so happy as that of a thorough-going loafer.

CITY HALL, TORONTO E. J. LENNOX, Architect

LITERATURE

THE POWER OF THE MAGAZINE

TO those of us who have held that fiction is the most popular form of reading to-day, the article by John Cotton Dana in the March number of *The World's Work*, comes as a startling revelation. Mr. Dana is librarian of the Newark, N.J., Free Library. The article is statistical.

He points out that about ten million copies of new books are published in the United States every year, but these are not the intellectual food of the mass of people in comparison with newspapers and periodicals. About four billion separate copies of periodicals are printed every year, which is a ratio of one hundred to every possible reader.

Mr. Dana calculates that the number of daily, weekly, and monthly copies of periodicals published in the United States is :— Dailies, 2,865,466,000 ; Weeklies, 1,208,190,000 ; Monthlies, 263,452,000 ; total, 4,337,108,000. He analyzes and tabulates the contents of a few typical periodicals and newspapers, making due allowance for space taken by illustrations, and display headings, with the following result :

SPACE DEVOTED TO VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

	Per cent. of space Approx	Space in terms of a book the size of "David Harum," copies
1. Commercial and financial : including market and manufacturing reports, real estate, etc.	14	270,600,000
2. Health and pleasure resorts ; general gossip ; trivial town news	8	160,200,000
3. Advertisements : dry goods, clothing, department stores, etc.	8	159,200,000
4. Political : domestic, army and navy, Congress, Philippine war, etc.	8	156,600,000
5. Sports : athletics, etc.	7	132,000,000
6. Legal : trials, colonial questions, notices, etc.	6	119,000,000
7. Criminal	4	86,200,000
8. Personal : not trivial	3½	71,400,000

SPACE DEVOTED TO VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

	Per cent. of space Approx	Space in terms of a book the size of "David Harum," copies
9. Advertisements : personal, marriages, deaths, employment wanted	3½	69,600,000
10. Advertisements : medical	3	61,200,000
11. Advertisements : railroads, shipping, telephone, telegraph, hotels, etc.	3	60,000,000
12. Advertisements : wants	3	58,000,000
13. Advertisements : real estate, lodging, resorts	3	56,400,000
14. Literature : essays, stories, poetry, book reviews, drawing, music and art	2½	51,000,000
15. Social Science : strikes, union, reform work, etc.	2½	49,400,000
16. Advertisements : financial, stocks, etc.	2½	49,400,400
17. Religion : churches and church work	2¼	47,600,000
18. Political : foreign, including wars	2½	46,400,000
19. Railroads : Shipping news ; trolley lines, etc.	2¼	45,000,000
20. Disasters	2	41,000,000
21. "Society"	2	41,000,000
22. Science	2	40,000,000
23. Political : international, Chinese crisis, Nicaragua Canal, etc.	1½	30,200,000
24. Advertisements : Theatre, opera and other entertainments	1	21,200,000
25. Educational : schools and colleges	1	18,800,000
26. Advertisements : food and mineral waters	¾	15,000,000
27. Theatrical : Actual stage news	½	13,400,000
28. Musical	½	12,600,000
29. Advertisements : books	½	9,000,000
30. Advertisements : Fine arts, schools, etc.	¼	3,900,000
31. Historical	¼	3,600,000
32. Advertisements : liquors	⅙	3,200,000

[illegible] 28 per cent., or 566,000,000 volumes.

The obvious lesson to be learned from this table is the enormous influence of the magazine on the life, activities, and culture

of the reading public. In commenting on Mr. Dana's figures, the *Times Saturday Review* of New York observes, "In all this striking movement, we see as in most other phases of civilization, a constant rise to better things. May we not anticipate further and constant advances? From popular and ephemeral fiction, readers are certain to turn in time, to books having the more vital and lasting qualities. Already there are signs of wider interest in biography and history, for which historical fiction obviously prepared the way. Here exists a vast, and to the majority of readers, probably an unexplored domain, rich beyond any dreams of literary avarice. No man will be accused of undue optimism who predicts that the next ten years will find for books in these two classes a larger demand than ever before was known."

WHERE THE SUGAR MAPLE GROWS

IN her idylls of village life, Adelina Tesky has performed the most successful office of bringing us into living touch with the unminted gold of village society. This is a field comparatively uncultivated in Canadian literature, and the authoress has opened a very wide view of its possibilities.

Her style is a model of clearness, and strongly reminds us of that of Mary E. Wilkins, with the advantage to Miss Tesky of an entire freedom from pessimism. Her portraitures are true, with no tendency towards caricature. A healthy interest in commonplace people, genuine good sense, easy natural dialogue, and acute observation, mark every page of these spirited and graceful sketches. She makes us to love her rural folk, not merely for their modest virtues, but for their faults and foibles as well.

There is a virile sketch of the village "Deespensation," Cordelia Nixon, whose craggy corners were so well rounded by hard-fisted Sickness, that she becomes known as "A Muracle of Grace." Not less interesting is the racy delineation of Jerry McClosky, an uncombed Irishman, who apologized for his bulbous head by the explanation, "There was so much time shpent in the makin' av me heart, me head got the go-by."

"The village helper" who "laid out" the dead is a type known and recognizable by any one familiar with Canadian village life. We may call her "Granny Rogers," or perhaps "Mother Gilpin," but true it is that each of us has such a masterful angel of mercy in our mind's eye.

Miss Tesky's best work, however, is given us in the story of "Kirsty McAlister." Its local color, pathos, incident, and concise, musical language stamp the authoress as a woman of rare ability.

Miss Tesky is an ardent student of physiognomy and never fails to conjure up for us a mental picture of her subject just as Scott made us to see things in color.

We are persuaded that the volume will be widely read—at least, it deserves to be. —*The Musson Book Co.*

THE RIGHT OF WAY

WHEN you are surcharged with a subject it is a relief to flow over into writing. This is why it is pleasurable to review Gilbert Parker's new book.

The reader fares sumptuously on every page. The rapid, dramatic movement, as it carries the reader breathlessly along, would be almost painful in its tenseness were it not for the surprise power which the author possesses in so abundant a degree. I mean the power of sudden transitions of thought from the point anticipated by the reader to another point remote but apposite. In this respect, he is a master of style. His versatility too, is remarkable. It is quite certain that he has the make-up for a play-wright, you would like to read an essay from his pen, and his poetic genius is unmistakable.

The book is full of strong character drawing, the central figure of which is a young lawyer, Charlie Steele,—"Beauty Steele," they called him. He is introduced to us as an agnostic lost in the mists and marshes of negativism, a *poseur*, an unutterable cad, a self-conceited fop, an arsenic eater, a drunkard, but possessing great mental powers withal. His character is summed up by different people, and variously.

He is described by his wife as "a cold-blooded, selfish coward." "Something of a fool," thought *Billy*, his brother-in-law. *Finn*, the groom looks after him and says, "Well, if he ain't a queer dick! a reg'lar 'centric—but a reg'lar brick, cutting a wide swath as he goes! He's a tip-topper; and he's a sort of a tough, too—a sort of a a kind of a tough." *Jack Hough*, the Frenchman, referring to his monocle, characterized him as "a hell-of-a-fellow with a pane of glass in his eye;" "the odd soul of Beauty Steele," writes the author.

It is out of the dense white ashes of this heart consumed by evil passions that the author builds up a character that is truly noble. We follow Beauty Steele through the blood-tracked way of anguish and self-abnegation till we almost love him. Every nerve of his quivering soul is exposed to view in an absorbing portrayal of two natures fighting for supremacy, the animal nature ever grappling at the throat of the higher and spiritual.

The portraiture of *Rosalie Evanturel* is well-drawn. It is said that Miss Reed, of Reading, Pa., whom Parker visited, is the original of this character, but he has denied this report as a newspaper canard.

The author understands the "true inwardness" of French character, and his delineation of it is irresistibly entertaining. The whole book is a virile and strong piece of literary workmanship.—*The Copp, Clark Co.*

THE BOOK BAROMETER

IT must be gratifying to Canadians to observe in the booksellers' and librarians' reports for the months ending February 1st, that the "Right of Way," by Gilbert Parker, and "The Man from Glengarry," by Ralph Connor, head the list. The appended lists are taken from *The World's Work* (March):

1. The Right of Way. (Parker.)
2. The Man from Glengarry. (Connor.)
3. Lazarre. (Catherwood.)
4. The Cavalier. (Cable.)
5. Marietta. (Crawford.)
6. The Crisis. (Churchill.)
7. Kim. (Kipling.)
8. The History of Sir Richard Calmandy. (Malet.)

LIBRARIANS' REPORTS.

1. The Right of Way. (Parker.)
2. The Crisis. (Churchill.)
3. Lazarre. (Catherwood.)
4. D'ri and I. (Bacheller.)
5. The Eternal City. (Caine.)
6. The Man from Glengarry. (Connor.)
7. Blennerhasset. (Pidgin.)
8. Up from Slavery. (Washington.)

The six most popular books of the month, as given in the list compiled by *The Bookman* (March), are as follows:

1. The Right of Way. (Parker.)
2. The Cavalier. (Cable.)
3. The Man from Glengarry. (Connor.)
4. Lazarre. (Catherwood.)
5. Sir Richard Calmandy. (Malet.)
6. The Crisis. (Churchill.)

THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY

A NEW book by Ralph Connor is an event in thousands of Canadian homes and is sure of an eager welcome. "The Man From Glengarry" is worthy the author's reputation. Read the first couple of pages, the rest is a matter of course. The book is a series of vivid pictures of life on the Ottawa, and is full of the charm of faithful rendering. It is devoid of complicated plot and of the morbid themes so common in current novels. On the contrary, it is a strong, absorbing, wholesome story that makes us sorry we sneered so often at "the merely fictional." From start to finish it has a bracing atmosphere and must have a tonic effect on all readers.

Ralph Connor is a close and wide observer of the ways of men, and portrays them with the charm of broad human sympathy. Two characters stand out with especial prominence—*Mrs. Murray* and *Ranald*, the Man from Glengarry. The former is said by some to have her prototype in the author's mother. Let that be as it may, he has given us a woman of fine mental poise—a woman who although keenly sympathetic, could be silent at any time or on any subject. What more can we say?

The heroine, *Mamie St. Clair*, is an interesting young jilt with a heart no bigger than the proverbial grain of mustard-seed. True, we can sympathize with her chagrin when her lover comes to her dinner-party in shantyman's attire, for

even Carlyle has confessed, "There is safety in a swallow-tail."

Ralph Connor has done much to preserve for posterity the early habits, customs and language of the Canadian pioneers. Nowhere are there more graphic descriptions of the logging-bee, the sugaring-off, the work of the shantymen, or of seeding-time. More than once, you drop the book to look at the picture of the thoughtful, sedate face of the author, and to marvel that under so grave an exterior lurks such a subtle understanding of the hot blood that maddens. In his portrayals of love and war, there is no escaping its throbbing and passionate intensity, and so you quiver, and fight, and suffer with these vigorous men of Glengarry.

Presbyterian novelists find it hard to get through a book without a tussle at "Justification by faith," and it was over this topic that *Ian Maclaren* came his "cropper" in circles theological. When *Mack Cameron* dies, Ralph Connor engages the elders and the sharp-witted *Yankee* in a discussion as to whether he was in hell or no. It was true *Mack* had given up his life to save another, and that *Yankee* described him as "the straightest, whitest man I ever seen," but the elders contended that he had not undergone the process of being "Born again." It almost seemed as if they had the best of the argument till *Yankee* summed up his opinions in the retort, "If a fellow like Mack goes to hell, then there ain't any—at least none to scare me."

The old Presbyterians were (to use the author's words) "grand on the attributes, and terrible fine on the Law," but judging from the views of the younger preachers as presented in their novels, there is a strong swing from outworn metaphysical aridities to the wider conception of Religion as a living force in the individual man. It is brain-work and soul-work. According to the teachings of this new school, Religion has its most perfect emblem in the words, "Ye are the light of the world." It is a thing seen, not heard; it shines but makes no sound; not often found on their lips, but always in their lives.

"The Man From Glengarry" is not a "goody-goody" book, but a good book. If it has a moral, it is that the gold is more than the guinea's stamp.—*The Westminster Co., Ltd., Toronto.*

THE HOME

THE BIRTH-RATE IN ONTARIO

THE literature of the subject is becoming large. Philanthropists and socialists sharply remonstrate; preachers, in fine frenzy, pour out pulpit broadsides, but in spite of all the woman is ominously silent. None has spoken. Question her, and with a shrug that dismisses the topic, she will quote the paradox of controversy laid down years ago by Dr. Holmes, "Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way—and the fools know it." Or perhaps she raises the old query, "Why trouble about posterity? What has posterity done for us?" It is useless to argue —"If she will, she will, and there's an end on't. If she won't, she won't, depend on't."

Yet the subject is great, dangerous, intricate, and not one to be summarily set aside. Our national and social life is based on the family. Many ancient civilized states came to an end, not by invasion or war, but solely by cessation of the birth-rate. Moreover, the nations which artificially limit their fecundity arrive at such bestial corruptions as would alarm any tolerant spirit. Vice, organic degeneration, and slow debility are the inevitable results. It is no wonder then, if in the face of statistics, we ask ourselves the vitally important question, "Is woman preparing a second and greater Fall for man?"

Entering upon the analysis of the subject, it is well to observe it first from the woman's standpoint. She holds that if a woman has a right to decide on any question, it certainly is as to how many children she shall bear. She claims to be

mistress of her own body. With Jean Paul Richter she believes that before or after being a mother, one is a human being, and neither the motherly nor wifely destination can over-balance or replace the human, but must become its means, not its end. To be more concise, she holds herself to be a *human being of the mother-sex*. Enforced maternity, she contends, is a moral and physical outrage which results in the production of puny, distorted, short-lived children.

In second and minor argument she sets forth the unequal conditions which exact so much from the mother and permit so much to the father. On the former falls all the irksome task of baby-rearing. It often means the sacrifice of beauty, grace, and health to the duties of maternity. She becomes work-worn and tired—"A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair"—only to be neglected by her husband for some fresh-faced woman of wayward spirit, with no principles to speak of. She holds with Tolstoi that men are polygamous, polyandrous, and have the inestimable privilege of being born without a reputation.

Perhaps the strongest argument adduced by her is that which deals with heredity. A woman should know how to regulate her offspring, for many fathers are consumptive or scrofulous. In a paper on "Heredity," read at the annual meeting of the American Social Science Association, forty per cent. of drunkenness was attributed directly to inebriate ancestry, and twenty per cent. to insane and mentally diseased tendencies.

The Mosaic dispensation, recognizing that it is impossible to gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles, provided for the isolation of the "unfit," but in our days science has given woman protection by other means and she claims the right to use such, rather than entail upon her children any weakness either of body or mind

But alas! there are other women—brazen braggarts who boast of their iniquity—whose only excuse can be the rage for enjoyment and luxury, and the love of ostentation. They feel the duties of maternity very slightly or not at all. The incumbrance of a family would be a clog in their whirl through life. They obey no wand but pleasure's. Their only prayer is, "Suffer NOT little children to come unto me."

Nor are women entirely to blame, for though often unnoted by themselves, they are still the victims of wrong standards. Poets, comic writers, and novelists delight in laughing at large families. Five or six children are supposed to be an affliction. What wonder, then, if women learn the lesson.

Nor is art entirely free from the onus, for does it not hold up a wrong ideal of "the female form divine"? The painters of the Middle Ages handed down figures of strong, healthy women in whose naked bosoms ran sound and vigorous blood. Even the Madonnas were for the most part, mothers with robust bodies, with a baby on their arm or around their neck. Rubens, Rembrandt, and even Raphael left no other type, but now we have as ideals raw-boned, gaunt-muscled women of the Gibson creation—women with arms like mummies and distorted bodies incapable of children, and compared with which, a china doll would be spiritual and artistic.

But sweeping aside this dust-cloud of arguments and sophistries, and looking at the matter from an ethical standpoint, we would emphasize the mere truism, but at the same time profound truth, "It can never be right to do wrong." Dr. Napheys in "Physical Life of Woman" says, "From the moment of conception a new life commences, a new individual exists, another child is added to the family. The mother who deliberately sets about to destroy this life, either by want of care, or by taking drugs, or using instruments, commits as great a crime, is just as guilty as if she strangled her new-born infant, or if she snatched from her breast her six months' darling and dashed out its brains against the wall." We would like to ascribe such sins to ignorance, to thoughtlessness, to bad counsels, but it is not always possible to take this charitable view.

We cannot but think that there is some mental astigmatism, something awry in the sensibilities of a healthy wife, who

deliberately elects never to bear children. It may be that they have not been taught to expect the exceeding great reward of motherhood; taught that a babe is the outward shape of love in nature, that husband will be dearer, and the world wider and more full. A child wisely desired, intelligently prepared for, properly cultivated in embryo, and at length joyfully welcomed to loving arms, is an object of interest and joy to all humanity.

It is time the women of Ontario should clear their reputation of the foul imputations of criminal practices that have been laid upon them. With our liberal governments, unrivalled educational systems, easy access to wide culture, our far-stretching country with its bracing climate and wealth of produce, no women are more favorably placed or better prepared to occupy the proud position of mothers to a brood of young giants, who should lead the world both mentally and physically. Well may they listen, like one of old, for the whisper of the shining visitant, "Hail thou that are highly favored! Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb."

GENTLEMEN ALL

THE Buffalo moth has a reputation supremely malodorous. He has a use, I suppose. They say everything was created for a purpose, but it is not easy to guess the *raison d'être* of this headlong blackguard. Yet his mission is so very definite, it is not possible to ignore his infamous personality.

It is not generally known that the dear little lady-birds, that we so innocently order to "fly away home," are only beatified Buffalo moths. Nature has garbed them up in scarlet and gay polka-dots, and has sent them out to seek matrimonial felicity.

Now I would digress here for a short space to acquaint the reader that it is my opinion that the so-called lady-birds are not ladies at all, but belong to the male sex. Their horrid lust for food and inordinate craving for variety is to my mind an irrefragible argument in support of this theory. When Dolly Winthorpe offered Master Marner some lard-cakes she said, "Men's stomicks is made so comical, they want a change; they do, I know, God help 'em." And what was it made trouble in Eden?—man and his food. I am not unmindful of the fact that learned commentators and preachers have ever laid the evil at the door of the woman, but, nevertheless, it is a true, if not generally understood fact, that the serpent who tempted our mother Eve with the lure of the forbidden, is spoken of in holy writ as a male.

Now these marauding male beetles are sacred to the Virgin Mary, which, in the widest stretch of charity, can hardly be considered a compliment to our holy Lady. We should change all that.

In his "infernal wriggle of maturity" known as the larva-state, nothing is half so wily as the lady-bird, or as we should more properly call him, the Buffalo moth. He is sure to out-manœuvre the best laid plans of attack. You note well the outward and visible signs of his inward and unspiritual tunnelling, and resolutely track him through the labyrinths of your crumbling blanket, only to find that the free-booter has gone engineering, or on a trip of geographical discovery in the carpet. Such underhanded villainy is enough to wear out the stoutest heart.

Nothing can turn him from the evil tenor of his way. He has none of the conscious deference of a trespasser, but treats you as a subdued enemy. To quote the foreword of Aurifaber in one of Luther's books, "his gorged paunch is puffed up with uncivil pride."

Linnæus calculated that the flesh flies and their immediate progeny would eat up the carcass of a horse sooner than a lion would do it. A foraging party of Buffalo moths are even harder to board. So generously uncritical are their appetites, that they can live solely on insect powder, and indeed find it highly nutritive above all other diet. They do not even wait for grace. The fumes of sulphur or of deadly acids are only as the sweet savors of Araby the blest to them—just a mere tang and freshness that stimulates them to renewed

efforts. Ah! there is no sinner as bad as the tedious one.

The Buffalo moths are hydras. Turn them inside out and they will get along just as well. Trembley, the French naturalist, cut hydras in slices, and each in a few days became a full-grown animal. He grafted them and produced monsters with six mouths and only one body. He divided them longitudinally and produced a cluster of hydras. He found this creature superior even to decomposition, for when a part of a hydra's body decays, it throws it off and replaces it as a matter of course.

How then are we to retaliate on this household hydra for his rapine? I will tell you. Pick up his bulgy, plethoric person in your finger and thumb. It will send horrible little chills down your spine, but be brave. Do not flinch or all is lost. Take him down to the kitchen and burn the brazen interloper in the fire. Just one word—*Carefully gather the ashes and wash them down the drain pipe*, else Phœnix-like, he will rise from them to life immortal.

I could say more about him—but, to be candid—he is not worth it.

OPEN

A little hand is knocking at my heart,
And I have closed the door.
"I pray thee, for the love of God, depart:
Thou shalt come in no more."

"Open, for I am weary of the way,
The night is very black,
I have been wandering many a night and day;
Open, I have come back."

The little hand is knocking patiently;
I listen dumb with pain,
"Wilt thou not open any more to me?
I have come back again."

"I will not open any more. Depart.
I, that once lived am dead."
The hand that had been knocking at my heart
Was still. "And I?" She said.

There is no sound in the winter air
The sound of wind and rain.
All that I loved in all the world stands there,
And will not knock again.

FINANCE

A VERY gratifying feature in the business situation is the marked industrial development that is to be noted almost from one end of the Dominion of Canada to the other. Not only is this the case in regard to new industries that are being established, but older manufacturers and merchants, feeling the impetus of more active and healthy trade conditions, are, in many instances, enlarging their plants and increasing their outputs, showing in this manner their faith in the continuance of present prosperity. The opening up of new territory, particularly in north and west Ontario, is resulting in a steadily increasing market for the product and manufactures of the older portion of the Province.

It is to the West, however, that eastern Canada is looking to at this time. Manitoba and the Territories are enjoying a period of prosperity unexampled in their history. Settlers are flocking in by the thousands, and best of all, they are not foreigners with no money, but principally substantial farmers from the western States, with capital to purchase lands and stock the farms, so that they will almost immediately become producers and consequently consumers. The effect of this upon eastern trade can be readily seen. Last month alone saw over ten thousand settlers pass through Winnipeg, and it is estimated by the Canadian Commissioner of Immigration that 200,000 settlers will go into Manitoba and the North-West this year. This is about one immigrant to every twenty-five of the inhabitants of Canada. The phenomenal crop of last year of course has a great deal to do with attracting attention to the country. There are, it is said, 18,000,000 bushels of wheat still in the west, with about 117 days

before the next harvest. To remove this wheat the Canadian Pacific would have to take about 155 carloads a day.

This state of things is naturally reflected in the earnings of the Canadian national railway, whose financial year is now drawing to a close. The company last year earned 6.70 per cent. on its stock, but this year for the nine months ending March 31st the net earnings showed an increase of $1,983,000. A similar increase during the three months ending June 30th would mean a further increase of $660,000, or earnings of 10.76 per cent. Receipts from land sales also are large, and it is stated that after paying off the five per cent. land grant bonds, the company will have at least $6,000,000 of deferred payments on lands already sold, equal to nine per cent. on the capital stock, or with the earnings from traffic of 19.76 per cent. This probably accounts for the rapid rise in the price of the stock.

The greater abundance of money in the country has led to what might almost be termed a stock speculation fever, which at one time approached the dangerous point. Indeed there are those who do not hesitate to say that had it not been for the conservative action of the banks in demanding margins in some cases as much as 60 per cent., and thus restricting the tendency to stock gambling, there would have been a panic on the market. Canadian people who could not be tempted to put their money in a safe investment company, about which they could obtain the fullest information, were gambling in securities the value of which they were entirely ignorant. A painful instance of this, in which no inconsiderable amount of Canadian money was invested, is given, that of the alleged Webb syndicate, the Dominion Securities Company, with a capital of $1,500,000, for the financing of railway enterprises in Canada. They took hold of the Cape Breton Railway Company, which had a subsidy of $8,000 a mile, and were said to have $950,000 stock and $2,500,000 bonds in the company, also large interests in the Manhattan Contracting Company and the South Shore Railway. First was paid a 2½ per cent. half-yearly dividend, which ran the stock of the company up from 87 to 118. The North American Lumber and Pulp Company operating lumber and land properties in Nova Scotia was also acquired, the shares rising from $30 to $40. A circular of the company, showing its alleged great wealth in Canadian subsidies, was brought to the Minister of Railways in the House of Commons, and the statements it contained declared to be false. Then the downfall commenced, the company collapsed, several broking houses were forced to suspend, and one of the partners is now under arrest in New York charged with fraud. The public, who went in without sufficient information, have lost their money. The collapse of this syndicate, it is thought, may prevent the sale of the Canada Atlantic Railway for $11,200,000 to Mr. Stewart Webb, who was supposed to be interested in the Dominion Securities Company.

A significant event in Canada was the rolling of the first steel rail ever made in this country, on May 5th, at the Clergue mills at Sault Ste. Marie. When it is considered that Canada has 18,000 miles of railway, and that the life of a steel rail is from four to five years, the importance of the market here can be appreciated. The time is undoubtedly coming when the whole of our requirements will be supplied from Canadian mills. As far east as Nova Scotia, too, a steel rail plant is being equipped by the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co., a concern that operates an extensive plant at New Glasgow. It is reported of this latter company, too, that it is contemplating an extension of its works with a view to entering into the construction of steel cars.

With coal and iron in close proximity in Nova Scotia, steel can be turned out there in competition with the largest plants in the world. The coal output of the Cape Breton mines for last year was 2,618,934 tons, and of this 2,353,567 tons were produced by the Dominion Coal Company.

The latter Company now finds it necessary to look far afield for a market for its output and recently made large contracts for shipments to Cuba. The other day, too, a steamer sailed from Sydney, Cape Breton, for Norway with coal, and several other steamers are to follow. In all, the Dominion Coal Company exported over 50,000 tons of coal to Europe last year, and there is evidently a steadily increasing market across the Atlantic.

The vast enterprises which have been established at Sault Ste. Marie since Mr. F. H. Clergue first erected his pulp mill there, and with all of which Mr. Clergue is associated, are brought into prominence by the listing on the Toronto Stock Exchange of the Consolidated Lake Superior Company, with $82,000,000 authorized capital stock. The company absorbed and combined the Lake Superior Power Company, the Sault Ste. Marie Pulp and Paper Company, the Tagona Water and Light Company, the Michigan and Lake Superior Power Company, and the Algoma Steel Company, Limited. By the absorption of the Ontario and Lake Superior Company, the enterprises under its control were also combined under the same management. These were the Algoma Central Railway Company, the Algoma Central Steamship Company, The Manitoulin and North Shore Railway Company, The Algoma Commercial Company, the British American Express Company, Limited, and the Algoma Central Telegraph Company. The enterprises thus united under a single combination include mining and exploring, manufacturing, transportation by land and water, water-power development, the operation of public franchises, and the administration of an extensive grant of land. The manufacturing enterprises include the production of wood pulp, sulphide pulp, and ferro-nickel, also the iron and steel works, the charcoal blast furnaces, the coke blast furnaces, and the works for producing fuel and coke.

The fire insurance business in Canada does not appear to have been very profitable in the past thirty-three years, judging from the government returns, from 1869 to 1901, the period covered by the returns. The net premiums received in the thirty-three years amount to $166,456,406, the net losses paid amount to $116,184,804, and the expenses (estimated at 30 p.c.) to $49,936,920, a total of $166,124,724, leaving premiums in excess of losses and expenses of $334,682, to which add the outstanding premiums at the end of 1901 (partly estimated), amounting to $815,000, making the total premiums in excess of losses and expenses $1,149,682. Against this, however, must be charged the outstanding losses at the end of the year, also the premium reserve (partly estimated), as follows: the unearned premium reserve amounting to $6,645,780, the outstanding or unpaid losses amounting to $501,465, making altogether $7,147,245. Deducting from this sum the premiums in excess of losses and expenses, as shown above, viz., $1,149,682, there remains a deficit, on premium income account, at the end of thirty-three years (1901) of $5,997,563.

Canadians are keenly interested in the great Steamship merger recently engineered by the New York capitalist, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, whereby some of the principle steamship companies of the Atlantic are combined under one powerful management, which, having agreements with the railroads both on this side of the Atlantic and in England, expects to be in a position to control both passenger and freight rates. The companies in the combination are the White Star, Dominion, Atlantic Transport, Leyland, and Richards, Mills & Co. The total capitalization of the new corporation is $170,000,000, and it is understood that the Morgan firm receive for their services $50,000,000 of debentures, $2,500,000 of preferred stock, and $25,000,000 of common stock. Where Canadians are principally interested is that our western grain trade may be secured by this combination, which has already commenced to interfere with the operations of the Canadian Immigration agents in the Old Country. The ring is seeking to control the rates for passage to Canada, and has already threatened to divert immigration from Canada

unless the work of the sub-agents appointed by the Government throughout the United Kingdom for promoting such traffic is restricted. This phase of the question has been brought to the attention of the Dominion Government, which has stated that it will protect Canadian immigration business, but just how to meet the situation has not been decided. Representatives of the different Canadian steamship and railway companies have been sounded as to their views, and one idea is that the best way to fight the Morgan combine is through a company able to operate a trans-Atlantic fleet and a trans-continental railway of its own. To this end, it is said, negotiations have opened with the Canadian Pacific Railway for the establishment of a fast Atlantic steamship and freight service, but the opponents of this point out that there is nothing to prevent the Morgan or any other combination of capital from obtaining control of the Canadian service by simply buying out the stock of the railroad. The operations of the combine, however, appear to be developed so far on a purely business basis, having in view the reduction in the cost of operation and the maintenance of permanent freight and passenger rates on a more remunerative basis than in the past, and it is argued that the proprietors of the Cunard, Allan, Anchoria, French and German lines who, it is reported, are not to be controlled by the syndicate, are too powerful to be subordinated by any competing organization.

A distinct step in favor of compulsory arbitration in labor disputes has been taken by the Dominion Government in a bill which has been laid before the House of Commons providing for compulsory arbitration in any disputes that may arise between the railroad corporations of this country and their employees. The bill, as outlined by the Hon. Mr. Blair, Minister of Railways, calls for the appointment of arbitrators who shall decide upon the issues, and penalties are provided for in case of refusal to arbitrate. The bill will not be made law this year, but was simply laid before the House with a view to having its provisions carefully studied. It has been received with favor, however, and one railroad, the Canadian Pacific, recently recognized the principle of arbitration when in its dispute with its trackmen it offered to arbitrate, an offer which was accepted by the men.

THE SOVEREIGN BANK

IT is doubtless due to the growth of banking in Canada and a realization that further banking facilities would be welcomed that has led to the establishment of the Sovereign Bank of Canada, which, on May 1st, opened its doors for business at 26 King Street West, in this city. The new institution comes before the public strongly capitalized, and, it may be added, with an exceptionally powerful Board of Directors. Bank stocks are always regarded as desirable investments, but in this particular instance for the first time in Canada the stock of a bank was offered to the public and taken up at a premium, the price realized being $125. With the stock paid up and the premium thereon, the bank's position is as follows: authorized capital, $2,000,000; paid-up capital, $1,000,000; reserve fund, less organization expenses not exceeding 2½ per cent., $250,000. With a surplus of nearly 25 per cent. of its paid-up capital, the bank has then a very handsome reserve fund and a valuable addition to its earning powers. In financial circles it is considered that a wise selection was made in the appointment of Mr. Duncan M. Stewart as General Manager of the Bank. Although a comparatively young man, Mr. Stewart has had a wide experience in banking, being lately inspector for the Royal Bank of Canada in Montreal, and formerly for many years with the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Mr. Stewart's appointment is an assurance of a vigorous policy on the part of the bank.

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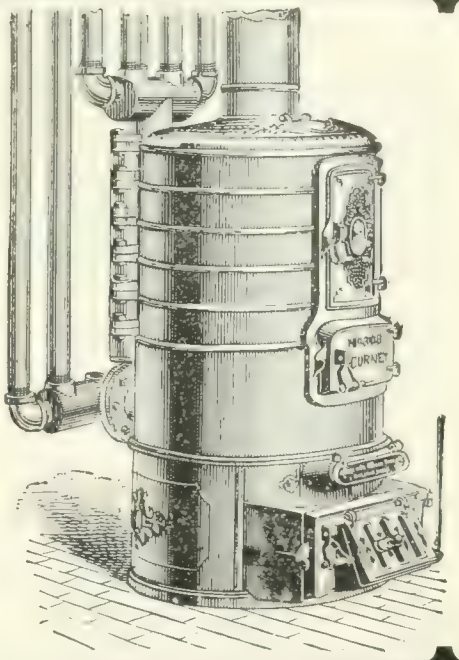

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THE ACME BINDER

which will be fully explained
next month

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1st—More Underwood Typewriters have been sold in Canada in three years than all other makes combined.

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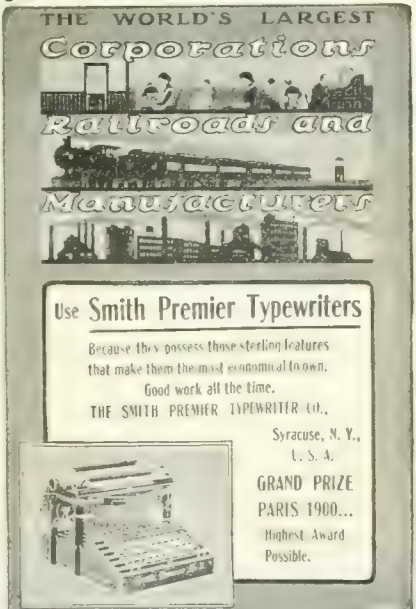
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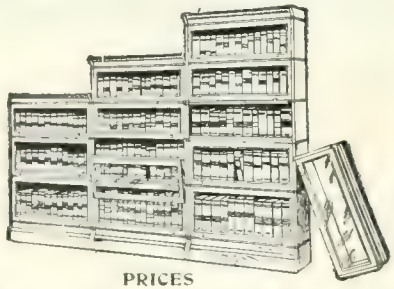

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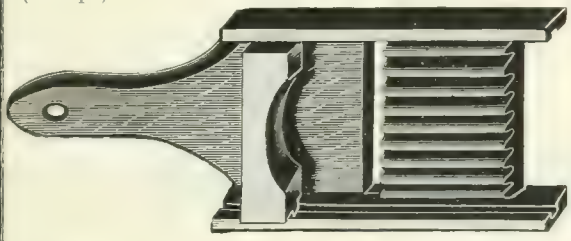

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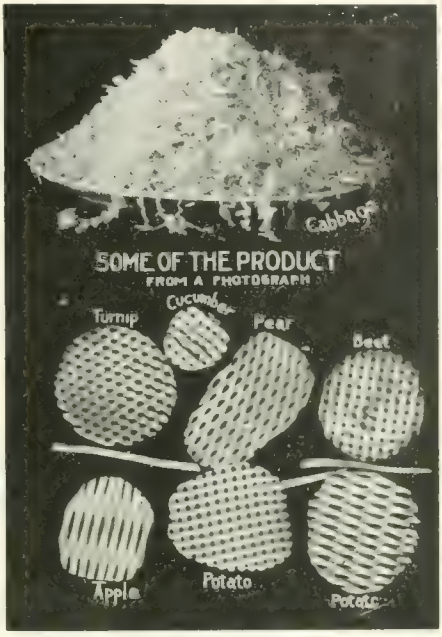

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10TH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

York County Loan and Savings Company

(INCORPORATED)

.... OF ....

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 31, 1901

Since organization, ten years ago, this Company has paid in cash to members **$1,530,311.02.** All **withdrawals** have been **paid promptly.** Every dollar paid in, with interest, being returned to the withdrawing member when the required period has been reached.

ASSETS.

Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$642,954.04
Real Estate	513,955.38
Loans on this Company's Stock	70,051.60
Accrued Interest	7,785.70
Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc.	3,136.74
Accounts Receivable	1,050.97
Furniture and Fixtures	6,690 93
The Molsons Bank	27,408.43
Cash on hand	9,774.47
Total Assets	$1,282,808.26

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock Paid in	$1,013,590.17
Dividends Credited	37,079.34
Amount Due Borrowers on Uncompleted Loans	1,771.14
Borrowers' Sinking Fund	42,675.48
Mortgages Assumed for Members	11,300.00
Reserve Fund	45,000.00
Contingent Account	131,392.13
Total Liabilities	$1,282,808.26

THOMAS G. HAND, G. A. HARPER, } Auditors.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.
A. T. HUNTER, LL.B., Vice-President.
V. ROBIN, Treasurer.
E. J. BURT, Supervisor.
R. H. SANDERSON, Building Inspector.

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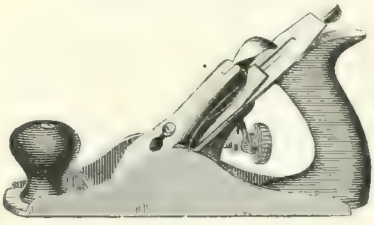

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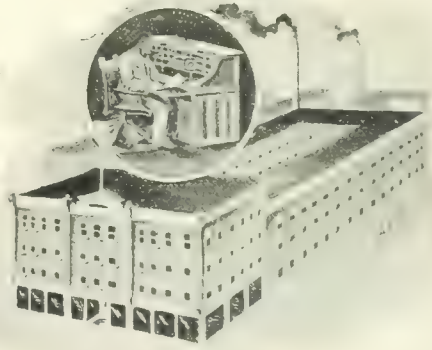

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Subscribed Capital	1,300,000
Reserve Fund	300,000

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AUGUST, 1902

THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA.

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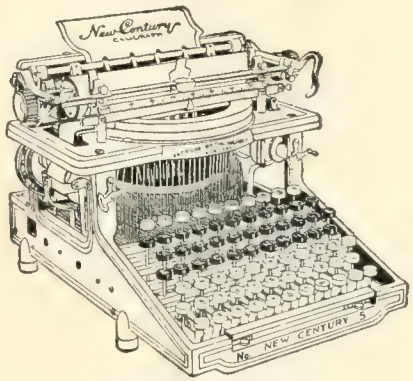

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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA.

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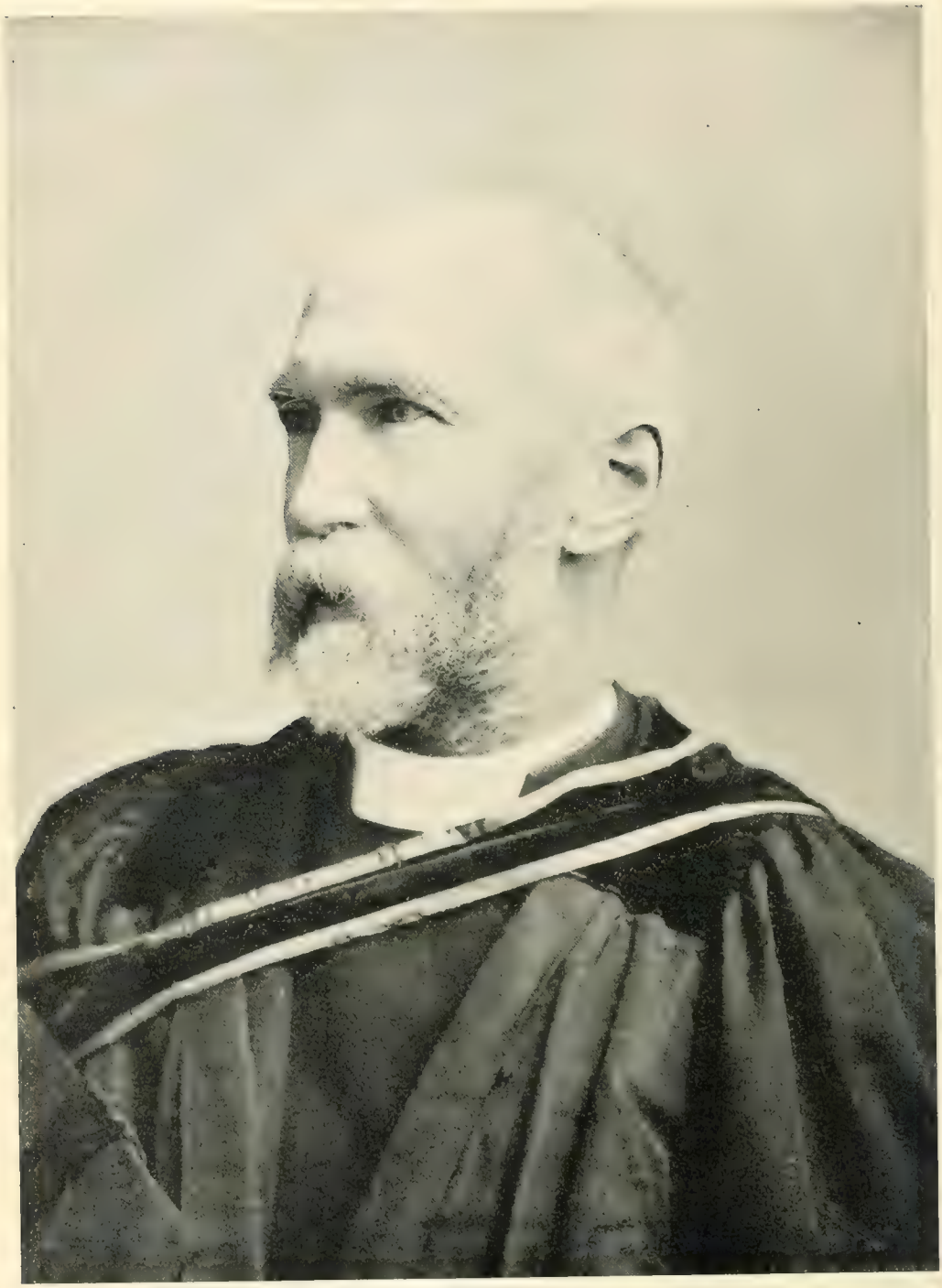


PRINCIPAL GEORGE M. GRANT

THE
NATIONAL MONTHLY
OF CANADA

VOL. I AUGUST, 1902 No. 2

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

THE coronation of King Edward VII., which was to have taken place on June 26th, was unfortunately postponed by the sudden illness of the King, necessitating an operation a few days before the great ceremony would have been observed. For a week His Majesty lay in a very serious condition, and his recovery seemed to be doubtful. His illness was due to appendicitis, aggravated somewhat by the nervous strain of the coronation preparations. The operation, however, was very successful, and the King proved a better patient than was expected. At the end of ten days he was pronounced out of danger, though his full recovery will necessarily be prolonged. The entire nation and Empire passed quickly from an expectant interest in the coronation to a dramatic dread of possible danger, and then to a great relief as the better news followed. All the coronation celebrations were cancelled at an immense loss, the foreign representatives returning home. The King being now convalescent it is planned to hold the postponed ceremonies on the ninth of this month, on a quieter and less pretentious scale.

The End of the War

Peace in South Africa was declared on June 1st. The negotiations between the British authorities and the Boer leaders at Pretoria were concluded on May 31st, when the terms were signed by both parties, the welcome news being given out the following day. The terms of peace were that the burghers should lay down their arms and acknowledge British sovereignty; prisoners of war would be repatriated and would be free from civil and criminal proceedings, except in extreme cases; a civil Government would be established in which the natives should have representation as soon as circumstances permit, leading to self-government. The terms, of which these are the most important features, were agreed to by the Boer people with much willingness, and apparently South Africa is as greatly pleased with the results as even England is. The work of surrendering began at once and in two weeks' time over 17,000 had formally laid down their arms in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony. This was the greater part of the entire forces then remaining on the field. July 10th was named as the latest date on which burghers and rebels might surrender. On June 16th Lord Kitchener handed over the South African Constabulary to the civil authorities, thus closing the military operations.

What Britain Has Done

The South African war lasted two years and eight months, the first Boer march being made on October 14th, 1899. It was the longest war in the century, as it was also the most remarkable. It cost Great Britain something over $825,000,000, and her entire

forces sent to the field numbered about 280,000 men. The total British losses by death were 21,000, while 9,500 were prisoners or missing; 71,000 were sent home as invalids. Of this grand total over 7,000 men were Canadians, sent in four contingents, of whom 230 met their death. As a result of the war the marriage and birth rate in England shows a marked decrease. At this immense cost of money and men Great Britain has established the principle of manhood liberty which she fought to defend, and has gained two colonies, which are to be known as the Orange River Colony and the Vaal River Colony in place of their former Boer names, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal.

What Britain Will Do

The task of reorganization which Britain must now take up is admittedly one of great difficulty. The prospect, however, is full of promise, and one of the most encouraging signs is the evident submission and acquiescence of the Boers themselves who, now that the war is at an end, are disposed to become law-abiding subjects of a power whose justice and generosity they at last recognize and acknowledge. As a final step in connection with the war a Royal commission will be appointed to make a general enquiry into the affairs of the campaign from its beginning to the end. The more arduous work yet to be done is the providing of an efficient system of government. The industrial conditions of the country are, as a natural result of the war, more or less chaotic. Every assistance is to be given to the burghers in the repossession of their farms and the rebuilding of their homes, a fund of $15,000,000 being provided for this purpose. Loans will also be made on very favorable terms, and it is hoped that the business of the country may be restored to its former footing at an early date. The school system has been already given some attention. The Dutch language will be recognized in common with English. The militia will be retained for some time, insurrections on the part of the few irreconcilables being quite probable; but as soon as the conditions of the country will permit gradual steps toward representative government and full civic autonomy will be taken. For some time to come progress in South Africa must continue to be at the cost of constant vigilance, but there is no doubt that better days have dawned for the new colonies and that under British rule they will have increased content and prosperity.

Ireland's Indifference

Practically the whole world, from sister nations and governments to church courts, congratulated England and the King upon the termination of the war. Even the Boers at Pretoria cheered the King and sang the national anthem. Ireland remained stolidly silent. Such interest as was shown was on the other side; a monument was erected at Armagh in honor of an Irishman who fought in South Africa in the Boer army, but for British heroes there was no praise. The attitude of the Irish people is most unfortunate. A large proportion of them would seem to be absolutely irreconcilable, though of course there is a saving element of loyalty here and there. Politically the situation is becoming more and more difficult; the Irish members are persistent and vehement in their opposition to the Government, and the question of the future relations of the two countries is a vexed one.

The Colonial Conference

The presence in London, for the coronation, of the Premiers of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and other British colonies was taken advantage of by holding a colonial conference, at which matters of mutual interest were considered. The main purpose of the conference was to secure an interchange of views upon trade, postal, and tariff issues, both as concerning the relations of the colonies with one another and the mother country. The premiers met with Mr. Chamberlain, who also held consultations with the ministers from the various colonies also in London at the time. At this writing the results of the conference cannot be announced, but a number of topics were to have been dis-

cussed which have a vital bearing upon the welfare of the Empire. The plan of thus conferring with the colonial representatives is an excellent one and a radical departure from the "little Englander" policy. As the representative of Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier was to be consulted especially upon the question of a fast Atlantic steamboat service, such an enterprise being felt in both countries to be a necessity for the development of the English-Canadian trade.

Two Steamship Combines

This question of the steamship business is a very live one in England, where the Morgan combine, referred to in our last issue, has wakened much alarm. It is feared, and certainly with some reason, that the control of the Atlantic carrying-trade will pass into the hands of American capitalists unless some active measures are taken to offset the remarkable aggressiveness now being manifested by Mr. Morgan and his associates. The "merger" was virtually a complete purchase of five different Atlantic lines, with the understanding that for the present the British vessels should continue under the British flag. It is impossible, however, to convince the people of England that this is not merely an entering wedge and that the ultimate purpose of the combinesters is to acquire and monopolize the carrying-trade of the Atlantic, thus endangering not only England's commercial supremacy but her naval auxiliary resources as well. Much concern and anxiety was expressed. However real or unreal these fears may be, it is certain that the combine would receive the greater portion of the freighting between Canada and England and, as alluded to in another article in this number, it was felt that the time had come for the establishment of an independent all-British line to meet this danger and also to meet an existing need regardless of the combine. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company were first mentioned as the promoters of this new enterprise, but more recently a partial arrangement has been made by the Cunard, Allan and Beaver steamship lines with the British Government, whereby a regular fast service of six boats will be maintained to Canada, subsidized by both governments. This new combination will be in a position to compete with the other and will at the same time provide a service that has been long needed. The Colonial Office warmly approves of the plan, but final arrangements were postponed until the Conference. It is this matter which the Canadian Premier will help decide.

European News in Brief

The visit of President Loubet to the Czar, in May, has been followed by expressions of very good feeling between France and Russia. It has also had results in popularizing the democratic idea in Russia and in convincing Germany that she is somewhat isolated. On M. Loubet's return the Premier, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, retired from office, and the president appointed a new ministry, with M. Combes as premier. It is the intention of the new Government to economize, making reductions in all the services.

Spain's boy-king attained his majority (sixteen years) and the throne on May 17th. He is said to be well trained, intellectual and energetic. He is in favor of the Reform party and it is believed that a period of progress is ahead for Spain. The labor troubles, however, still continue. In Portugal, the sister kingdom, King Carlos is said to be contemplating abdication because of the bankrupt condition of the country and the threatened revolution.

Italy's finances show a slight improvement, though still at a low ebb. King Victor Emmanuel, however, is possessed of great personal wealth and he has been investing some of it in America, having recently paid $8,000,000 for a tract of coal land in West Virginia. His intention is to sell coal to his Government at a profit.

Germany is taking measures to strengthen the German element in Poland. The policy of the Government is to keep the rights of the Poles restricted by maintaining a German ascendancy. This appears to be an effort chiefly aimed at the customs and manners, for a larger measure of

liberty has been gradually accorded to Poland, the Germans being recognized, however, as the masters.

The State of Russia

The famine in Siberia is spreading. The distress is great and the authorities are unable to cope with the problem of how to relieve it. In the Baltic provinces the crops are very backward. In central Russia, however, the prospect is better and conditions more satisfactory.

It is said that Czar Nicholas will soon give the Empire a reform constitution. Russia certainly needs reform, and the sooner it comes the better it will be for the suffering masses. But it is only a promise thus far, and Russian promises are uncertain.

The revolutionary movement is gaining ground in the army. Several officers are suspected of conducting an agitation against "the Czar and despotism."

In China and Japan

The Chinese Government, in order to meet Russian objections, will undertake that any railways from Pekin to the Great Wall will be built without the aid of foreign capital. Respect for Russia's wishes may prove embarrassing to China's finances.

A monopoly of the opium trade throughout the Chinese Empire was sought by a German firm, whose offer of $15,000,000 the Government refused. The scheme was opposed by the ministers and court officials.

Japan is reported to be planning an active naval expansion, to begin in 1904. The funds are not yet forthcoming, a foreign loan being looked upon with disfavor.

The Japanese Government is taking measures to regulate the banking system and provide against extreme speculation.

Disaster in the West Indies

Later investigations have shown the disaster at St. Pierre. on the French Island of Martinique, to have been the worst in recent years and in some respects the worst for twenty centuries. The ruin of St. Pierre was complete, and subsequent eruptions of Mont Pelee have buried the site of the doomed city still deeper, so that no further attempt will be made to recover bodies or to restore the city. It will be left beneath its ashes as a dreary monument to the 30,000 souls who perished on May 8th. The volcano is still active and its near vicinity will probably never be inhabited again. The panic of the people in other districts has now subsided and measures are being taken to re-populate the outlying villages. The business of the island has received, however, an almost irreparable set back, its one city being obliterated, and in a manner which makes the disaster the more terrible : an outburst of fire and gas which in twenty minutes had burned and buried the city and suffocated its entire population. Similar but less severe disaster occurred in the British Island of St. Vincent, where a large amount of property was destroyed and nearly a thousand lives lost. A chain of connected volcanoes is believed to exist in the West Indian archipelago, extending also to the mainland of Central America.

The United States

The American Government is being congratulated upon the fulfilment of its pledge to grant the Cubans the right of self-government. The island republic is beginning better days. President Palma has chosen his cabinet, and the cleansing of the cities, begun under the American occupation, will continue. There are still eight hundred American soldiers on the island, in readiness for emergency. It is not certain or even probable that the Cubans will prove themselves altogether capable of self-government, and very likely the last chapter will be their complete annexation to the United States. It were well if the Cuban experiment were possible in the Philippines.

The British ambassador at Washington, succeeding Lord Pauncefote who died on May 24th, will be the Hon. Michael H. Herbert, a capable though less distinguished statesman than his predecessor.

The purchase of the Danish West Indies has been shelved for a year, that being the proposal made by the United States and agreed to by King Christian.

The Senate has passed a bill for the construction of a dam across the St. Lawrence River from Adams Island, in Canadian territory, to Galops Island, in United States territory. This would overcome the Galops Rapids and divert navigation to the Galops canal or south of Galops Island, changing the present route of Canadian steamers very considerably. The scheme is somewhat visionary.

Negotiations with Great Britain are contemplated in connection with the regulation of the Alaskan sealing fisheries. The herds of fur seals are being ruthlessly slaughtered and strict measures will be necessary to preserve the industry. Past restrictions have failed.

Temporary relief has been given to the condition of the meat market by a Government injunction against the Beef Trust. The Trust has until August 4th to make reply to the complaints laid against them. An interesting experiment in this connection is the recent importation of frozen meat from New Zealand.

The Coal Strike

On May 13th 147,000 miners went on strike in the anthracite coal districts of Pennsylvania. The tie-up of the mines was complete, and the situation has since grown acute. In the first four weeks the total losses due to the strike were estimated to be fully $25,000,000. The number of collieries involved is 357, and 30,000 railroad men are also affected. Considerable suffering has already occurred and order has been preserved in some places with difficulty. A systematic boycott of all who favor the operators, or who have business dealings with them, has been inaugurated. Such extreme measures as a temporary sympathetic strike of all trades in the United States have been suggested. A national convention was held on July 17th at Indianapolis, to consider the calling out of all the soft coal miners as well, but this step was fortunately not decided upon by the delegates. The original demands of the miners, which still form the matter of dispute, were for higher wages, shorter hours, and change in the weighing methods. These the operators firmly refused, preferring to close their properties and stand fight, and they also refused to accept arbitration. The situation promises to be protracted and its effects are already noticeable in a shortening of the coal supply and increase of prices throughout the United States and Canada. While the summer season is the most favorable for a coal strike from the consumers' point of view, such a gigantic conflict of labor and capital as this cannot continue without great and far-reaching loss. The American Government has made an investigation.

OUR OWN COUNTRY

St. Lawrence Navigation

IMPORTANT changes are to be made in the lighting system of the St Lawrence River, by which the navigation of Canada's great waterway will be rendered much safer. The insurance rate is at present considerably higher than the American rate, and a lowering of this will be the natural consequence of the improvements, which include stronger lights and signals along the Newfoundland coast and at the danger spots from there to Montreal, changes in the present signal system, and investigation of the tides and currents. For this work an appropriation of $280,000 was made at the last session. Much satisfaction is expressed among shipping men and insurance companies that these long-needed improvements are now under way ; it is said, however, that to make the St Lawrence route the great commercial high

way which it was evidently intended to be, still greater measures will be necessary to ensure the fullest confidence of safety. It is not, generally speaking, a dangerous route, but it has its bad places, and serious accidents have occurred.

Quebec the Terminal Port

When the fast Atlantic line materializes the termini will most likely be Quebec during the open season, and in the winter Halifax for passengers and St. John for freight. As a step in readiness for the expected traffic thus created, Quebec harbor is to be improved to the extent of $100,000, one-tenth of the estimated amount which will ultimately be expended. The Louise embankment is to be extended and increased berth accommodation afforded by dredging. There is at present only a depth of twenty-five feet in the harbor. Quebec is admirably situated for a national terminal port, having rail connection east, west, and south, and the contemplated harbor improvements will greatly enhance its seaport facilities.

The Ontario Elections

The polls cast in Ontario on May 29th, returned the Liberal Government with a working majority of three members. The aggregate ballot showed some important gains for the Opposition, while in some districts the results were complicated, necessitating recounts and appeals. The comparatively even balance of the two parties will probably give rise to some close debating and hard-fought issues in the next session of the House. A legislature thus composed no doubt represents more fully the political interests of the country as a whole, but leaves the Government at the mercy of a few supporters who may sometimes hold individual conscience higher than party faith and vote on the other side. That type of politician is rare but not unknown.

A Canadian Medical Council

While the medical laws in Canada are on general principles the same in all the provinces, a system of provincial registration has heretofore operated as a barrier against that interchange of men and ideas which would seem to be of inestimable benefit in the medical profession. A bill presented in Parliament by Dr. Roddick and passed toward the close of the session, provides for the establishment of a Dominion Medical Council and an uniform standard all over Canada. This Council is to be composed of representatives from all the provinces and the colleges. Before it becomes operative, however, the consent of each provincial legislature is necessary. Some opposition is anticipated in Quebec.

The Boom in the West

The new country in the Assiniboia and Saskatchewan districts promises to be of Canada's best. Land is being rapidly bought up and settlers are coming in to take possession, while the new railroad will open up immense tracts of what will undoubtedly be the best grain-raising land in the Dominion. One of the most recent purchases on a large scale is that of an American syndicate which has secured a million acres between Regina and the Saskatchewan, with the intention of carrying out a great colonization scheme. A large number of settlers from the Western States will be brought in.

An Irrigation Scheme

The Bow River District in Alberta is in its present state unfruitful, but believing that it has great possibilities the Canadian Pacific Railway is planning to reclaim this vast territory by a great irrigation scheme, which will be an extension of the Lethbridge system already in operation. The plan is to divert the waters of the Bow River through the country and thus fructify what is naturally a dry land belt, past experiments of this kind having proved very satisfactory. The Company will ask for the necessary legislation at the next session, and both Federal and Territorial assistance is expected.

Increased Grain Acreage

All the grain crops in Manitoba show an increase of acreage over last year. The

following figures are evidence of the great proportions of the farming industry in one province alone: Wheat, 2,039,040 acres; oats, 725,060; barley, 329,790; flax, 41,200. The total increase is 223,149 acres.

Fruit as Well as Grain

That the North-West is capable of raising fruit as well as wheat is the conclusion reached by a series of experiments in apple culture in Manitoba and the Territories. Under Government direction experiments in crossing hardy Canadian varieties with the dwarfed species which grow in Siberia have produced an apple well adapted to the northern climate and of good quality. Similar experiments have been made with cherries, plums and berries. One of the chief disadvantages of the West has been its want of native fruits, and this now bids to be overcome.

A Salmon Combine

About fifty of the sixty-nine salmon canneries in British Columbia have recently come under the control of a syndicate representing American and Canadian capital. The financing was done by a Toronto broker, the price paid being $1,250,000. The combine will virtually control the salmon market and as an investment it is undoubtedly a profitable one, while it will also unify and develop the fishing industry of the Pacific coast.

Permission has been given to some American canners to build a large salmon hatchery on the Fraser River as a means of preserving the fisheries of Puget Sound. The Canadian combine will share the benefits of this hatchery.

New Ontario

Settlers are going into the Temiskaming region in such numbers that it is impossible to build colonization roads as fast as they are needed. An appropriation of $20,000 was made this year for the purpose, but it is with difficulty that sufficient laborers can be found to spare the time from their own clearings. Farm sites are being taken up by settlers from Dakota and Minnesota as well as from the older parts ot Canada.

A Canadian Immigration Office

An important move toward making Canada better known in the outside world is the establishment of a new Immigration Office in the heart of London. This office, which will be in a fine business block now under construction, will serve the purposes of an information bureau and will be headquarters for all those who wish to know about Britain's premier colony. Its location was wisely chosen, being in the central part of the city and among other establishments which will make creditable surroundings. A permanent exhibition of Canadian minerals and products will be kept there, and the office will be in charge of an expert staff who have knowledge of the country they represent. "Canada" is to be embazoned on the building by day and by night, and the best possible display made of the exhibits. This method of advertising cannot fail to attract attention, and as a recruiting agency with thoroughly up-to-date methods, the new Immigration Office will, without doubt prove of great benefit to Canada. It will serve an useful purpose if it do no more than help the English people to realize where and what Canada is.

A Way Out of Labor Troubles

The effectiveness of third-party mediation in labor difficulties was once more illustrated in the case of a strike among the employees of the Toronto Street Railway, which lasted from June 21st to 24th. The strike threatened to be serious, but the Board of Trade intervened and succeeded in effecting a compromise on both sides. The dispute between the Canadian Pacific Railway and the trackmen has also been settled. Arbitration was accepted, and the men have gained by it.

Changes in Postal Laws

Efforts have been made for some time to secure more favorable postal rates, between England and Canada, on papers and second-class matter. There is a specially strong desire to have more of the standard English magazines and periodicals circulating in Canada. At present the high rate

of postage on these brings their net price much greater than the American publications which, having the benefit of a lower rate, are carried over in immense quantities and very widely read. The desire is to put English and American literature on the same footing. At the same time the Canadian publisher is handicapped by having to pay a heavy postage on everything he sends to England. The English authorities were asked if a more favorable rate could not be arranged, but the reply was not encouraging, being to the effect that the existing rate is the lowest that the expenses of the service permit, that the service in the United States at the lower rate is a source of loss, and that if Canada desires to put English and American literature on the same footing she should raise the rate from Canada to the States, and the latter would then retaliate with a similar raise. Evidently the Canadian postmaster-general has taken a suggestion from this, for the announcement was made a few weeks ago that an increase of nearly double is to be made on all second-class matter both within and without the Dominion. Letters and newspaper or magazine publications are not included in this, their rates remaining the same. Thus, to say nothing of the increased expense which will fall upon Canadian business men, the prospect of any better postal conditions between Canada and England seems to be as remote as ever. Reform in this direction is much needed, but both governments claim that it costs too much.

Important Matters in Brief

The Marconi towers at Glace Bay, Cape Breton, are completed, and experimental work has been begun.

A municipal telephone system is still favored in Ottawa, and an effort is likely to be made in that direction in the near future.

The Dominion Government will lay a cable from Anticosti to the Magdalen Islands, a distance of 116 miles.

The crop prospects throughout Canada are on the whole excellent.

The Toronto Industrial Exhibition will be held September 1st-12th.

The Canadian route across the continent has been shortened in time to ninety-five hours, the C. P. R. Imperial Limited having been newly equipped.

Six Swiss guides have been engaged by the C. P. R. for service in the Rockies.

The catch of mackerel along the Cape Breton coast is the best for fifteen years.

One of the latest railway propositions is a double-track electric road from the borders of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, starting near the Lake of the Woods and following the Mississippi Valley. The syndicate which has conceived this scheme is composed of Mississippi capitalists.

A combine of the leading boot and shoe manufacturers in Canada is proposed. A general meeting to consider the matter will be held this summer.

The Department of Agriculture is making experiments with seed samples with a view to improving the quality and eliminating the weeds.

Messrs. Ralph Smith, M.P., and A. W. Puttee, M.P., now in England, are making a study of the Labor movement in that country, especially in such respects as will bear also upon conditions in Canada. Their investigations are expected to have some influence upon legislation likely to be proposed in the next Parliament.

On May 22nd an explosion in the Coal Creek coal mines at Fernie, B.C., caused the death of 150 miners. The disaster is something of a mystery, though the commission appointed to investigate report it to have been due to an accumulation of coal dust. A relief fund of $35,000 has been organized.

The appropriations made by the last Parliament for the Yukon district amounted to $2,804,000 of which $128,000 is to be expended on new roads.

Enforcement of the Fruit Marks Act will be supervised this year by inspectors under Government employ. Violations were frequent last season.

PROFESSORS' RESIDENCE, WHERE DR. GRANT LIVED

PRINCIPAL GRANT AND HIS WORK

AN APPRECIATION

CANADA has produced many great men. Notable among the greatest of her sons was Principal Grant; and it is Canada's loss that he is dead. His fame arose from his connection of a quarter-century with Queen's University; his merit of fame arose from the strength of his own personality. His death on May 10th has been followed by universal and unstinted expression of admiration, both for the man and for his work. That he was a nationalist in the truest sense; that he gloried in Canada's greatness and did much to build up a stronger patriotism; that he was a scholar and teacher of depth and breadth and liberal views; that he accomplished a work little short of wonderful, which lives after him as his best and most lasting monument: these are tributes such as have been recently paid him by sincere admirers, who have also recognized the sterling qualities of his manhood and the excellence of his personal character. These professional and personal qualities were recognized, at least in some measure, while he was still alive. His position was a testimony of public trust, and he was honored though he was sometimes criticized. The spirit of greatness must surely have been in this man.

The Beginning of His Career

George M. Grant was a native Canadian. He was born at Albert Mines, Nova Scotia, in 1835, of Scottish parentage. His early country life was well fitted to give a simple and healthful background to the larger life of his later years. He began his career at Pictou Academy, walking every day ten miles from his home to his

classes: he was already the master of a strong purpose. Having decided for the ministry he entered West River Seminary, and from there he went to Glasgow University, at the age of eighteen years. At Glasgow he was a brilliant student and was graduated from that famous school with honors. In 1860 he was ordained to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, resisting the temptation to remain in Scotland, where his abilities were already recognized. This was one of the first evidences of his thorough patriotism.

After a pastorate in Prince Edward Island he was called in 1863 to St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, where he was eminently

THE BUILDING IN WHICH QUEEN'S COLLEGE WAS STARTED

successful during a fourteen years' pastorate. In 1877 he left Halifax to begin the work at Queen's. He had always taken a keen interest in educational movements; and he was moreover a man of ability. It was natural, therefore, that when the governors of Queen's University were looking for a man capable of guiding and shaping the future affairs of the university, they should turn to Dr. Grant, whose attainments were now far-known. He recognized the importance of the work, resigned his charge, and went to Kingston.

As the master of Queen's Dr. Grant's career was remarkable. His policy was one of expansion, always abreast of the times and not infrequently in advance. He was a leader and an organizer. At the time he assumed the principalship, Queen's was facing a crisis because of the withdrawal of Government assistance. At that time, too, the University was a single two-storied building in which not more than two hundred students attended classes. Dr. Grant grappled manfully with the problem of finances. The crisis was met, and to-day there are six large buildings on the campus, and the student attendance is over 800. The college property is now both extensive and handsome and is still growing.

The equipment and teaching staff stood in need of enlarging and improving as well as the buildings. This was in fact the first task to which Dr. Grant addressed himself. By virtue partly of his own repute, and having a keen instinct and a full appreciation of merit in others, he drew to the college a professorial staff of marked ability. He was also able to raise the endowment, then very small, to $400,000, its present proportions.

A Great Administrator

To thus raise an institution from comparative meagreness to unquestioned greatness was a work which might well have occupied a lifetime, and must surely have made his soul burn within him. It was hard work, too. It demanded constant vigilance and untiring effort. Dr. Grant visited all parts of Canada, attended the official courts of the Church, and made journeys to the United States and England, putting forward the claims of his college at home and studying ways and means abroad. For both the endowment and building funds he raised a grand total of nearly half a million dollars, an achievement in itself. The energy which was a part of his natural life he instilled into others, and thus the remarkable development of the University in the last two decades has been due directly or indirectly to the exertion of its many-sided principal, Work like this was professionalism, business, and statesmanship combined.

The administrative department of his work occupied a great portion of Principal Grant's time and attention. It was, however, educational work of the most practical

kind, and it was in the capacity of what might be called the business manager of Queen's that he earned much of his reputation. For back of his expansion policy and his campaigns for funds was a definite idea of what he considered education to be and mean, and thus his administrative abilities formed part and parcel of his supreme talent as an educationist. He was also himself a teacher. His classes were in the theological department, and there he was an equal success, being clear, forceful and practical in his methods. As principal he had the oversight of all the faculties, and while himself more closely connected with Theology he acted as the helmsman of the entire university.

It was largely through Dr. Grant's efforts that a School of Mining was established at Kingston, now affiliated with Queen's, and adding much to the importance of Kingston as an educational centre. In such enterprises as these the great president had always a lively interest; he was one of the earliest advocates of technical or manual training.

A Prophet of the Nation

Dr. Grant was a public man. He was one who saw clearly the possibilities and opportunities which were before his country; he was indeed among the first to recognize the future greatness of the North-West. In 1872, while still living in Halifax, he accompanied Sir Sanford Fleming on a surveying tour for the proposed Canadian Pacific Railway in the then unknown West. Returning home he published an account of his travels in a book, "From Ocean to Ocean," and this book did much to reveal to the Canadian public the greatness of their country. He was also the editor of "Picturesque Canada," an extended guide-book of the whole Dominion. He was ever an Imperial Federationist and though he was not a politician he perceived with keen and statesmanlike sagacity the direction in which public affairs were tending. The nationhood he advocated in his addresses, lectures, and writings, was that sturdy, upright, energetic nationhood of which he himself was a noble type. He loved

QUEEN'S COLLEGE IN 1877, WHEN DR. GRANT FIRST CAME

Canada, and such a man as this was well fitted to inspire a like spirit in the young men who came to him as pupils. His interest in matters of public importance was maintained to the last; his ringing utterance not long ago that Canada should bear a part in the defence of the Empire will serve as an illustration. His wide acquaintance with Canada, his varied experience and his faith in the country's future as well as his point of view, are admirably and interestingly summed up in an address which he delivered in 1887 before the Canadian Club of New York and from which the following is a quotation:

> It has been my lot to live for a time in almost every one of our provinces, and to cross the whole Dominion again and again, from ocean to ocean, by steamer and canoe, by rail and buck-board, on horse-back and on foot, and I have found, in the remotest settlements, a remarkable acquaintance with public questions and much soundness of judgment and feeling with regard to them; a high average purity of individual and family life, and a steady growth of national sentiment. I have sat with the blackened toilers in the coal mines of Pictou and Cape Breton, the darkness made visible by the little lamps hanging from their sooty foreheads; have worshipped with pious Highlanders in log-huts, in fertile glens and on hillsides, where the forest gives place slowly to the plough, and preached to assembled thousands, seated on grassy hillocks and prostrate trees; have fished and sailed with the hardy mariners, who find "every harbor, from Sable to Causeau, a home"; have ridden under the willows of Evangeline's country, and gazed from north and south mountains on a sea of apple blossoms; have talked with gold miners, fishermen, farmers, merchants, students, and have learned to respect my fellow-countrymen and to sympathise with their provincial life, and to see that it was not antagonistic, but intended to be the handmaid to a true national life. Go there, not altogether in the spirit of "Baddeck and that sort of

thing." Pass from Annapolis Royal into the Bay of Fundy, and then canoe up the rivers, shaded by the great trees of New Brunswick. Live a while with the habitants of Quebec, admire their industry, frugality and courtesy; hear their carols and songs, that blend the forgotten music of Normandy and Brittany with the music of Canadian woods; music and song, as well as language and religion, rooting in them devotion to "Our Language, our Laws, our Institutions." Live in historic Quebec and experience the hospitality of Montreal. Pass through the Province of Ontario, itself possessing the resources of a kingdom. Sail on lakes great enough to be called seas, along rugged Laurentian coasts, or take the new North-West passage by land that the Canadian Pacific has opened up from the upper Ottawa through a thousand miles once declared impracticable for railways and now yielding treasures of wood and copper and silver, till you come to that great prairie ocean, that sea of green and gold whose billows extend for nigh another thousand miles to the Rocky Mountains, out of which great provinces like Minnesota and Dakota will be carved in the immediate future. And when you have reached the Pacific, and look back over all the panorama that unrolls itself before your mental vision you will not doubt that this country has a future. You will thank God that you belong to a generation to whom the duty has been assigned of laying its foundations; and knowing that the solidity of any construction is in proportion to the faith, the virtue, and the self-sacrifice that has been wrought into the foundation, you will pray that for one you may not be found wanting.

A Man of Varied Interests

Dr. Grant might have been a successful college president and taken no more than a passing interest in anything outside his college work; but not so Dr. Grant. He was not only a college man, but a

THE MEDICAL SCHOOL

preacher, writer, traveller, lecturer and a student of affairs. He was a practical man and a man whose opinions were held in respect. He did a great work in building up a Canadian institution of learning; he did perhaps a greater work in inspiring others than himself with progressive Canadianism. We need more such men.

And so Dr. Grant is not to be remembered only as a college president, although his work in that direction entitles him to honored memory, but also as a nation-builder who helped to form a wider patriotic sentiment. In this sense the whole Dominion shares the benefits of his life-work.

Dr. Grant was an honored son also of the church in which his life was spent. Canadian Presbyterians recognize that they have lost a leader. The theological faculty of Queen's University is Presbyterian; but in its other departments it is thoroughly unsectarian, its aim being to teach whomsoever will. Dr. Grant, however, labored long and diligently in the service of his church, in which he held important offices at different times.

Beside the two books already referred to Dr. Grant was the author of "Advantages of Imperial Federation," "Our National Objects and Aims," and five religious works.

Personally the Principal of Queen's was a man of simple, honest-hearted manner. His honors sat on him lightly. To all his students he was a friend, as he was also to his fellow-citizens and his colleagues, in and out of the college. He was always thorough in his methods; thoroughness and energy were in fact the controlling motives of his life and the secret of his success. He was a man of firm convictions. He was quick to make conclusions and slow to change, yet always reasonable, and willing to yield when convinced. Where he carried his point, after-events have generally shown him to have been right. Chancellor Wallace says of him: "His winning and masterful personality, his dauntless courage and conquering hopefulness, his wide, far vision and mighty purpose made him a statesman as well as an educator, a prophet of the nation and the empire, as well as a man of affairs."

THE APPROACH TO QUEEN'S

A GREAT CANADIAN SCHOOL

QUEEN'S University, where Dr. Grant's life-work as principal was done, is one of the three leading institutions of learning in Canada. It is an institution of which the country is rightly proud, being fully alive, active, hopeful, well organized, and well equipped. Its reputation is national. Canadian colleges are rapidly taking rank among the best in America, and Queen's is admittedly one of our strongest and best. The great advance which it has made in the last twenty-five years is very largely the result of one-man's work, and the name of Dr. Grant is inseparably connected with the history and development of the University which he served from 1877 to the time of his death.

The present proportions of Queen's University have been already mentioned, in brief, in the foregoing article. They are the more noteworthy in comparison with the modest beginnings in 1841, when the College was incorporated by Royal charter. The first premises occupied were in a two-storied wooden building on Colborne Street, in the days before Kingston had become the fine stone-built city that it now is. There the foundations of what has since grown to be a great educational system, were laid, meeting a need that at that early date was felt to exist in the eastern part of Ontario. The first forward step was taken some ten or twelve years later, when a movement began for a new and larger building. This was accomplished, and during the fifties and sixties what is now the professors' residence was used as the college premises, being for some time fairly adequate to the requirements. When Dr. Grant came, in 1877, he found the University housed in a third building, which is now used as the Medical School.

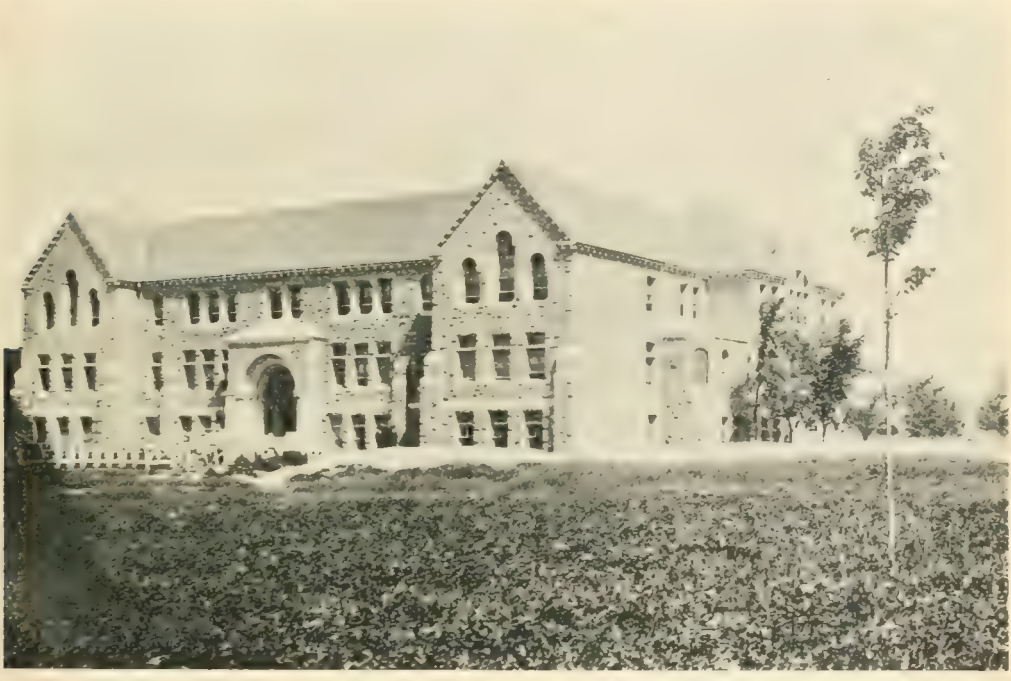
Very shortly after the new principal be-

gan work, a building campaign, greater than ever, was inaugurated. As a result, the college moved its quarters in 1880 to the present Arts building, a fine edifice in early English style, which had just been completed at a cost of $50,000. This was Dr. Grant's first achievement in college-building. The people of Kingston contributed largely to the fund, and Queen's assumed with its new quarters the aspect of an university rather than a school. Increased teaching facilities, new classes, and new professors attracted numbers of students, and Dr. Grant's expansion policy was amply justified by results.

THE MAIN BUILDING

At the present day Queen's premises give proof and promise of remarkable growth. The college grounds, which are beautifully situated on the edge of the city, have, beside the three buildings already referred to, a fine Science Hall, two mechanical laboratories, and three large structures in course of erection. A fourth is to be commenced this year. Thus Queen's is now at the very height of prosperity and outward growth. Last year a third story was added to the Medical School, at a cost of $10,000, and the movement for a new Arts building began to assume tangible shape at the same time. The building opened in 1880 had become inadequate ten years later, so greatly had the work increased. The ratepayers of Kingston were asked to vote $50,000 for a new building. They did so by a large majority, thus giving evidence of the confidence placed in Principal Grant by the people among whom he lived and worked. This structure, which is to be known as the Kingston City Arts Building, will be opened next fall, when the class-work of the Arts and Theology faculties will be divided between it and the present building, which also contains the library and offices. Adjoining the new Arts building will be the Grant Convocation Hall, not yet commenced. The funds for this have been raised by the students and graduates,

amounting to $31,000, which covers also the equipment of the two buildings. The Hall will have accommodation for 1,200, and will include also new quarters for the Astronomical Observatory. The Convocation Hall will furnish an interesting illustration of student enterprise. The County of Frontenac was asked to build the Hall, but the vote taken on the question was adverse; the students thereupon took the matter in their own hands, and have themselves assumed the responsibility of



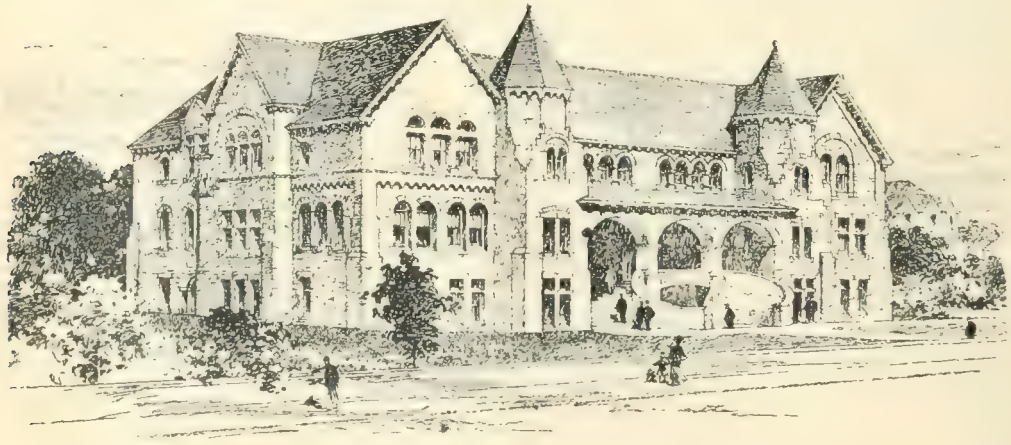
THE NEW ARTS BUILDING

the entire building and its equipment. The other two buildings now being erected are for the School of Mining. This institution is in affiliation with Queen's. Though under entirely separate management. The relations between the two institutions are very close. The Mining School is on the Queen's campus, has heretofore used Queen's buildings, and will continue to use a portion of Queen's apparatus; all degrees are also conferred by the larger institution. On the other hand, Queen's students take classes at the School of Mining, and in future the Science work of Queen's will be done entirely through the School, the laboratory and physical equipment being transferred to the new buildings. Thus they are all practically parts of one university, while formally distinct. The School of Mining is under the patronage of the Ontario Government, by whose assistance the new buildings are being erected. The grant for both is $100,000. One of these buildings, the Engineering Building, will be ready for the next college term. It will contain classrooms, engineering work-shops, and powerhouse, also furnishing light and heat for the entire group of buildings, which are to be connected for the purpose by a new underground system. The other building, only recently commenced and to be ready for the following year, will be devoted to Mineralogy, Geology and Physics.

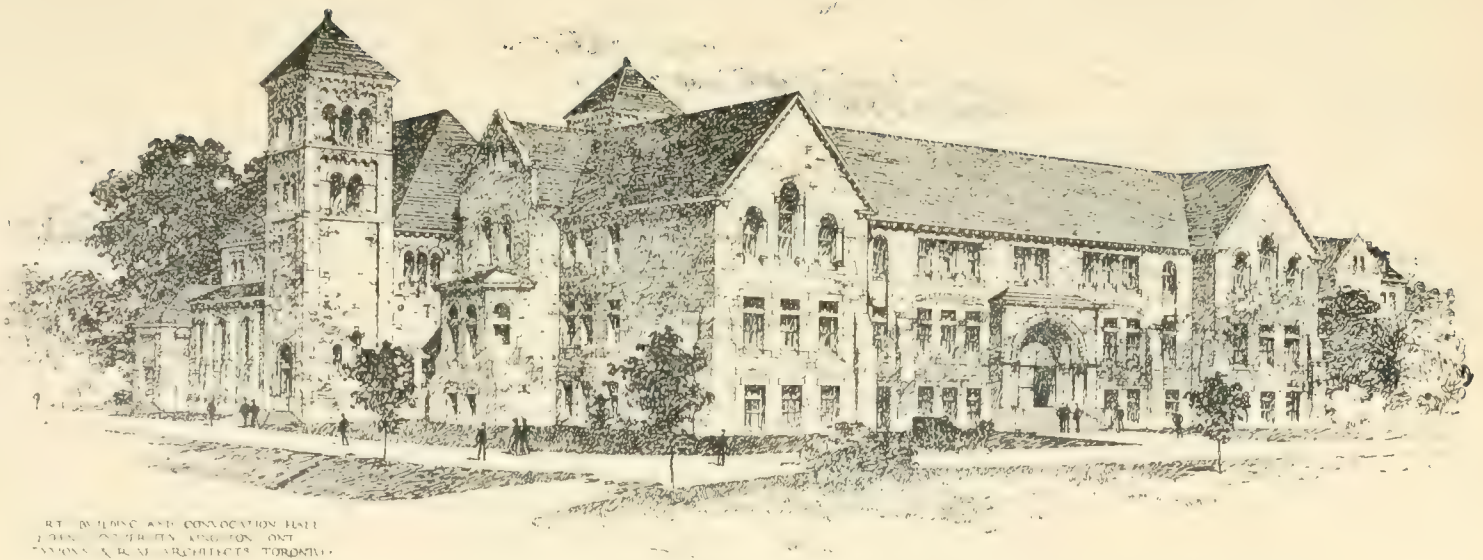
The School of Mining is one of the most important educational institutions in Can-

THE NEW ENGINEERING BUILDING AND THE CARRUTHERS SCIENCE HALL

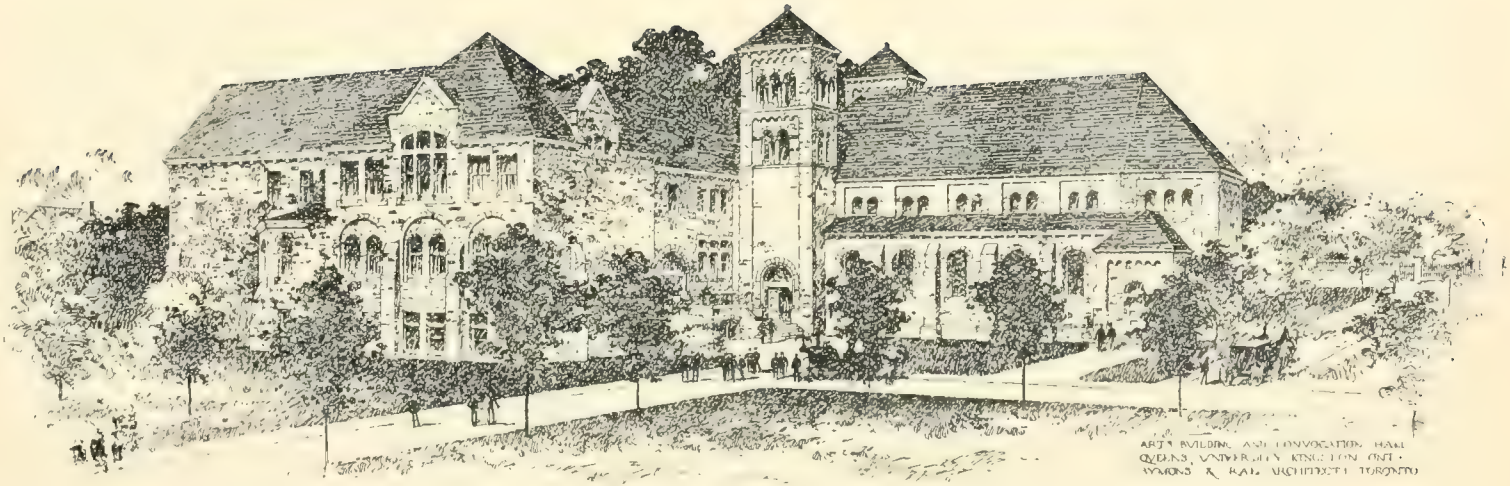
ada. Kingston is situated in a district rich in mineral deposits, and the facilities for practical investigation are thus excellent. A general training in engineering is provided, the course given conjointly by Queen's and the School being manual as well as theoretical. In the laboratories there are assaying shops, furnace rooms, stamp mill, crushers, smith shops, and well equipped departments for metal working, carpentry, etc. The milling laboratory at Queen's was the first built in Canada. The entire system is thorough and eminently practical, and the opportunity to work with his hands as well as with his brain is of inestimable benefit to the



THE NEW MINERALOGY BUILDING



THE KINGSTON CITY ARTS BUILDING AND THE CONTEMPLATED GRANT CONVOCATION HALL



A REAR VIEW OF NEW ARTS BUILDING AND CONVOCATION HALL

student. The engineers and mining experts thus trained are the men who will be able to intelligently develop not only New Ontario, but new Canada. Government support can hardly be more wisely given. Dr. Grant was deeply interested in this work, and was very largely instrumental in its being established.

All the buildings, new and old, are of Kingston limestone. The new ones, especially, are models of college architecture. They are simple but handsome, and are in every respect modern. When completed the University premises will be fully adequate and eminently creditable. The significance of these building operations is considerable. Seldom has there been known in Canada, in connection with any public institution, so extensive improvements in prosecution at one time. The college campus has for some months been a hive of activity, which speaks eloquently of the spirit of growth working in the entire system. It is a most encouraging sign for Canadian education, and it has been made possible by persistent agitation on the one hand and the generosity of public and individual benefactors on the other hand.

Queen's University confers degrees in the four faculties of Arts, Theology, Medicine and Science. The student attendance last session was as follows:—Arts, 497; Theology, 31; Medicine, 187; Science, 105. Queen's is thus a little world in itself. The Arts, being the largest roll, will receive special attention with the addition of the new building next fall. The Medical School has facilities in connection with the Kingston General Hospital, and an able teaching staff. The Theological department is Presbyterian. The entire University staff of professors, demonstrators, and examiners numbers over sixty.

The library at Queen's contains 37,000 volumes, and the museum has 25,000 specimens of minerals, flowers, animal life, fossils, etc. The observatory is equipped with sidereal instruments and clocks.

Thus equipped with buildings, apparatus, and teachers, Queen's is fully entitled to rank as a great Canadian school. No business institution in the Dominion has shown a more remarkable development or given better evidence of a Canadian spirit of progress. And while Queen's feels the loss of her great leader, Dr. Grant, the work will be continued with unlessened energy, and will be still further widened within the next few years.

THE EXPANSION OF CANADIAN COMMERCE

A FORWARD MOVEMENT OF INDUSTRIAL INTERESTS, MARKED BY MAGNIFICENT OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE EXTENSION OF TRADE IN MANY NEW AND IMPORTANT MARKETS.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF IMPERIAL COMMERCE. — CANADA'S GREAT PROSPECTS.

By A. W. FULLERTON

THESE are the days of enterprise and business enthusiasm. Commerce is on the forward move, and daring methods are taking the place of those which have ceased to meet conditions. In these modern developments and movements Canada has had a share. Her commercial history divides into three periods: first, the period of national infancy, when she could produce only small portions of the staples which she herself needed; second, the period of self-dependence, her native industries having developed and become more fully equal to her own demands; and third, the period of expansion, when gradually a surplus became available in

various industries for export to other countries, out of which a great national traffic has been shaping itself and giving business life to the country. In this third period we are now well advanced; it is late enough in the day to say that we have passed, in most directions, the experimental stage; it is still too soon to say that we have reached, even approximately, our highest point, for great as has been the growth of Canadian commerce, it is now facing a future expansion which will prove its present standing to be, comparatively, a mere beginning. This is no idle boast; it is a business fact, and according as our people realize it, will be the measure of their own prosperity and the speed with which our country will assume a front place among the nations.

Making Canada Better Known

There are two natural conditions which make Canada pre-eminently fitted for a commercial nation. They are: her immense resources of farm, forest, and mine; and her geographical situation, providing on either side an open highway to the world's markets. Only a third factor is wanted, and that, too, we have abundantly: business energy on the part of our people. A great disadvantage heretofore has been the comparative ignorance of Canada outside her own borders. Only gradually has it become known that Canada is a land of natural wealth, and that she has the possibilities of feeding the world. As the facts and figures of Canada's greatness have been grasped by other peoples, commercial relations with them have followed, and it is apparent that further dealings will follow whatever efficient advertising Canadians themselves can do. But the world's markets have not been opened to us altogether unasked. If some business has come of its own accord, it is not, at least, a safe principle of modern commerce. Business must be *made*, must be solicited, sought for; and the expansion of Canadian trade into new fields can only be effected, on any extensive scale, by persistent "drumming." Canadian business men have, indeed, secured much of their trade in this way—by themselves opening up the market; but it more than ever applies to what new trade lies in the future.

The Old and the New Markets

The commerce of Canada will have future growth in two directions, namely, in an increase of business in markets already opened up, and in the exploitation of new fields. There is a wide scope for further operations in the markets which have been handling Canadian goods for several decades, and improved facilities of reaching them constitute now the chief condition of success; but the expansion and fuller development of our industries, as well as the ambitious enterprise of our business men, require that new trade channels be opened up, and that commercial transactions be established over a wider area, and in all possible directions. By a new market is not to be understood necessarily one to which Canadian goods have never gone before. There is scarcely a country in the world, civilized and accessible, which has not been reached by Canadian products of some kind and in some measure. But past dealings in many places have been merely experiments, and they are practically virgin soil for the Canadian trader. Our business dealings with England cover a longer period than with any other country; yet in many lines England is still a new market for us, and in the prospects for future trade expansion, England is to be counted on for increase both in existing lines and in new ones. Nova Scotia has sent manufactured wares to China and Japan; Canadian-made agricultural implements have gone to Australia; Africa has had our grain and flour; our farm and fish produce have sold in the West Indies; but all of these, in view of the opportunities for future trade, are new markets. They have not been "worked" yet, and in these and other directions lies the promise for Canada's trade expansion.

The Yukon Trade

Within our own borders, though not easy of access, is one of these new markets which it will profit Canadian manufacturers to heed more carefully. There is a great

opening for trade in the Yukon. The recent development of that country has paved the way for a great inter-Canadian traffic, which, however, has not yet assumed the proportions that would be expected. The Yukon trade is still largely in the hands of American dealers, who have apparently made a fuller study of the situation, and have succeeded more especially in meeting the conditions and requirements of the northern trade. Much of the business transacted from Vancouver and Victoria is really under American control, the goods being re-shipped from these points after paying duty. The consumer in the Yukon expresses a marked preference, too, for the American goods. He claims that the Canadian hams and butter are inferior, that the canned goods are too clumsily prepared, and that the miners' tools are of too heavy a make. The American article is prepared in more convenient form, and is better fitted to his requirements. In this there is no reflection upon the quality of Canadian manufactures, but merely the fact that the American tradesman on the Western Coast has paid more heed to the demands of the market, and has cured the hams, and churned the butter, and shaped the tools so as to answer the particular purpose of the prospective purchaser. The Canadian tradesman can do the same, and quite as efficiently, if he will. The Yukon market is ready for him, and it will pay him to study its requirements more carefully. Meanwhile, the Canadian Government will probably appoint a commission to investigate the trade conditions of the Yukon. This instance is an illustration, much to the point, of what was recently claimed by a prominent Canadian banker: that the people of Canada should acquaint themselves more fully with their own country, its resources, conditions, and needs. He went so far as to say that he considered Canadians the most backward people in the world in that public spirit which comes from knowledge and appreciation of their country's greatness. The heritage of the Canadian nation is one of immense wealth and opportunity, and our own people have not yet fully realized it.

British Preferential Tariffs

A conference of Dominion Boards of Trade was held in Toronto in June, which was noteworthy, at least, because it represented the most active commercial organizations in Canada. The scope of the conference was both domestic and imperial. Its chief business was concerned with the best methods of extending Canadian trade within the Empire, and to that end it discussed preferential tariffs, steamship services, and improved postal and cable facilities. As a body it had no legislative powers, but its deliberations will be of value to the Government as indicative of the feeling of leading business men in matters which are sure to require parliamentary attention. The most important resolution adopted was one favoring a preference by Great Britain of colonial products over foreign products. This point of view is gaining ground, both in Canada and in England. It is apparent that England is gradually getting away from her free trade policy, and the logic of her present position seems to be that if she is to hold the commercial respect of her colonies she must abandon her policy of the open door to foreign nations, so that she may come into closer relations with the colonies by granting them a preference. This is Mr. Chamberlain's theory, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has admitted that the British Government may, after consultation with the colonial premiers, be induced to exempt colonial produce in the interests of Imperial trade, although he denies that the Government's purpose in imposing the new duties is to make a preference possible. Should such a preference be granted, Canada's trade with England would show speedy increase, and not only Canadian produce, but Canadian manufactures would find a wider market in the English centres of population.

Great Opportunities in Australia

So far as inter-colonial trade is concerned the outlook is most promising in the direction of Australia. Manufactures are much further advanced in Canada than in the antipodean colony, and a demand has already sprung up for certain lines of

Canadian wares. Australia annually imports from other countries to the amount of $250,000,000, and to a great extent an importing nation she must always remain, her own products being more especially agricultural and pastoral. There is thus a great opportunity for trade with Canada, a large amount of these imports being of a kind that we can most successfully and profitably manufacture. A number of the more important lines that are in demand in Australia, and all of which Canada can well supply, are as follows: Furniture, boots and shoes, cotton goods, agricultural machinery and implements, buggies and wagons, steel rails and plates, and paper. In some of these lines there is already a flourishing trade, notably in agricultural implements; thousands of bicycles have also been shipped. A sufficient amount of furniture has gone over to show that the Australians are ready to buy it, and in cottons and paper the controlling trade would be given to Canada if satisfactory freight rates could be secured. The steamship service presents the great difficulty. The rates on existing lines bring the landed cost of some goods eighty-five per cent. in advance of the invoice price. Shipments are made chiefly via New York, the long rail transportation to the Pacific proving too expensive to be practicable for Eastern shippers. The solution of the problem is the inauguration of a direct line of steamers sailing from Canadian ports on the Atlantic to Melbourne and Sydney via Cape Town. The charges would be at least as low as from New York, and being an all-British line could be justifiably subsidized. As cargoes increased, rates would go down, and it would seem that the Canadian-Australia line would have excellent prospects of success. It would also furnish what is entirely wanting now—direct communication with South Africa, where there are also great opportunities for Canadian trade. Such a line is one of the possibilities of the next few years, and will be greatly welcomed by Canadian exporters. A resolution in favor of it was passed by the Toronto conference of the Boards of Trade, and it is also one of the matters discussed at the Colonial Conference.

Business with South Africa

The South African trade bids well to become important. In this respect the war has been of benefit to Canada. With very few exceptions the supplies sent from here for the army have given complete satisfaction, and the Imperial Government looks with favor upon Canadian products. These supplies have been chiefly flour, hay and oats, and one order given in May calls for 20,000 tons of flour and 4,000 tons of oats. Such transactions as these between the Government and a colony serve to attract favorable attention, and as a result, now that the war is over, and when its marks have disappeared, Canada will be found to have gained a permanent market for large quantities of her produce. For several years the South African colonies will be in need of supplies, until such time as their own industries are restored to a state of efficiency; and meanwhile a demand will have arisen for Canadian manufactures as well as Canadian produce. It is a precept of the Empire that South Africa has a great future in store; it is Canada's opportunity to share from the first in her commercial development. As in the case of Australia, to reach this new market there must be a direct steamship service, and the proposition above referred to, namely, a Canadian-Australian line with Cape Town as a port of call, answers the mutual needs of the three colonies, and will put Canada in touch with markets practically unlimited. The Department of Trade and Commerce has already sent a Canadian Agent to South Africa.

Expansion in the West Indies

Another market which can with profit be more extensively cultivated is the West Indies. Owing to the uncertain conditions which have obtained in those islands for some time, the total trade with Canada does not amount to as much as it did thirty years ago; but on the other hand, for the last five years it has shown a steady annual increase, and with a more favorable prospect at present there is every reason to believe that business relations between Canada and the West Indies will not only

regain, but soon exceed their former proportions. The initiative cannot be expected to be taken by the West Indies; it falls to the Canadian business men to awaken commercial enthusiasm, and to open up the new markets. The great staple export for which Canada should find an increasing demand in the West Indies is flour; fish and potatoes have figured largely in the cargoes from the Maritime Provinces for many years, while lumber goes in whole vessel-loads. Heretofore, flour has been bought chiefly from the United States, but there are signs of a change in this respect, and flour has, perhaps, a better opening than any of the other items mentioned. In return Canada buys sugar, bananas and oranges, with other tropical produce. The Island of Jamaica alone produces 20,000,000 bunches of bananas a year; Canada consumes 600,000 bunches, of which only about 12,000 come from Jamaica. Of Canada's total importation of 40,000,000 oranges only one-tenth of that number come from Jamaica, whose yield is 100,000,000. There are thus resources in one island alone to supply Canada's demand for tropical fruits. Other markets are available in Trinidad, Bermuda and Demerara, all of which islands will take Canadian produce in exchange, and to a limited extent Canadian manufactures. The total importations of the islands amount to $45,000,000. Canada's dealings can best be carried on with the British West Indies, and the same question of preferential tariff that applies to the other colonies applies here as well. Similarly steamship connection is an important factor. The service has hitherto been inadequate, but it is now receiving more attention. The Government recently made a contract with a Halifax line for a monthly service to Jamaica at a subsidy of $1,150 per trip. Another line from St. John is being advocated. As a means of developing the West Indian trade the Canadian Manufacturers' Association suggests that there should be Canadian agents or representatives stationed throughout the islands, whose duty it should be to personally represent Canadian manufacturers, initiate Canadian business, and control shipments. The Association recently sent a deputation to investigate the conditions and opportunities, and it found that there was a prevailing ignorance concerning Canada, especially as regards its industrial interests. To overcome this lack of information the establishment of accredited representatives is proposed.

Canada is Reaching Out

Thus in four widely separated parts of the world there are exceptional opportunities for the expansion of Canadian trade. If present prospects are to be counted as any evidence of future achievement, the commerce of Canada is entering upon an area of unprecedented prosperity, and greater and wider proportions than have ever been before. The watchword now is expansion; our business interests are reaching out. And not only is there a growth in the newer fields, but every now and then one hears of increased business in unsuspected directions. Last year fifty thousand tons of Nova Scotia coal went to Norway, Denmark, and other countries in Europe, and this year the quantity will be doubled. Clyde foundries are now importing Canadian pig iron, fifty-three thousand tons being used last year. What with these Old Country markets, the new ones in the British colonies, and the new fields opening up in our own country, as well as our trade with the United States, there would seem to be ample scope for commercial activity in Canada, and ample encouragement for the progressive man of business.

SHIP AND RAILWAY PROJECTS IN CANADA

THE DEVELOPMENT OF NATIONAL COMMERCE AND THE OPENING UP OF NEW COUNTRY.—A GREAT NUMBER OF PROPOSED NEW ROUTES BY WHICH IMMENSE NATURAL RESOURCES WILL BE REACHED AND COLONIZATION ENCOURAGED.

By J. H. A. THOMSON

THE surest sign of industrial progress and the most tangible token of a country's future development is the improving and increasing of transit facilities; for a tendency in this direction on the part of government or private capitalists implies, as a matter of course, that there is something in the country to be carried, some resources which means of carriage will develop. The "spirit of commerce" is typified by a steamship or a railway train, and it is safe to say that the wonderful progress of the two American nations has been due, first of all, to a wealth of natural resources, but nearly as much to the great transit systems which are interwoven across and through the continent, or ply the ocean from either shore. A great country calls for strong enterprises, and the greatness that lies inherent in North American soil has only been made an utilizable quantity by that network of iron tracks which has become one of the wonders of the world. No more conclusive proof of Canada's growth could be given than to point to the history of our railroads and steamship lines, and no more encouraging evidence of increasing growth is to be had than the remarkable activity now being manifested in the still further promotion of national traffic. It is a fact known to even the most casual reader that the possibilities of Canada's undeveloped resources, especially west and north, are so great as to be almost beyond the grasp of figures; the *open sesame* to these treasures is simply a means of getting to them and carrying them away. The many ship and railway projects already more or less advanced mean much for the greater Dominion that is to be, and the very number of these projects, aside from the immense proportions of the more important of them, is an interesting feature of the new industrial movement, the significance of which not everyone fully realizes.

The Fast Atlantic Line

As a means of opening a wider market to Canadian products, which is an apparent necessity if our products are to be increased, a new line of steamships across the Atlantic would be of incalculable benefit, and is now considered a probability. Such an enterprise has been talked about for several years, and at one time very nearly materialized; it has never been forgotten, and has been given a fresh impetus by the recent formation of an Atlantic shipping combine, whose operations are thought to be of possible danger to Canadian interests. In Parliament, where the matter was partially discussed, it was held that the time was fitting for the establishment of a Canadian line which, subsidized by the Government, could successfully compete with any foreign line, and would place Canada in an independent position, there being ample business with the European markets to support such a line. Should the combine prove an actual menace, the Canadian line would prove the only efficient remedy, and even if the alarm be found false, there is still need of a more adequate weekly service between Canada and England, where also it is meeting with favor and is not a little hoped for. Negotiations are now being made, it is said, by the Canadian

Government, looking to the establishment of a new line within two years. The Canadian Pacific Railway was first mentioned as the probable promoter, and in any arrangement will be a party. With such a backing, and under government control, the enterprise would have the confidence of the Canadian public, and would supply a missing link in our traffic system. It is certain, at some date and in some way, to be accomplished.

A New Type of Grain Carriers

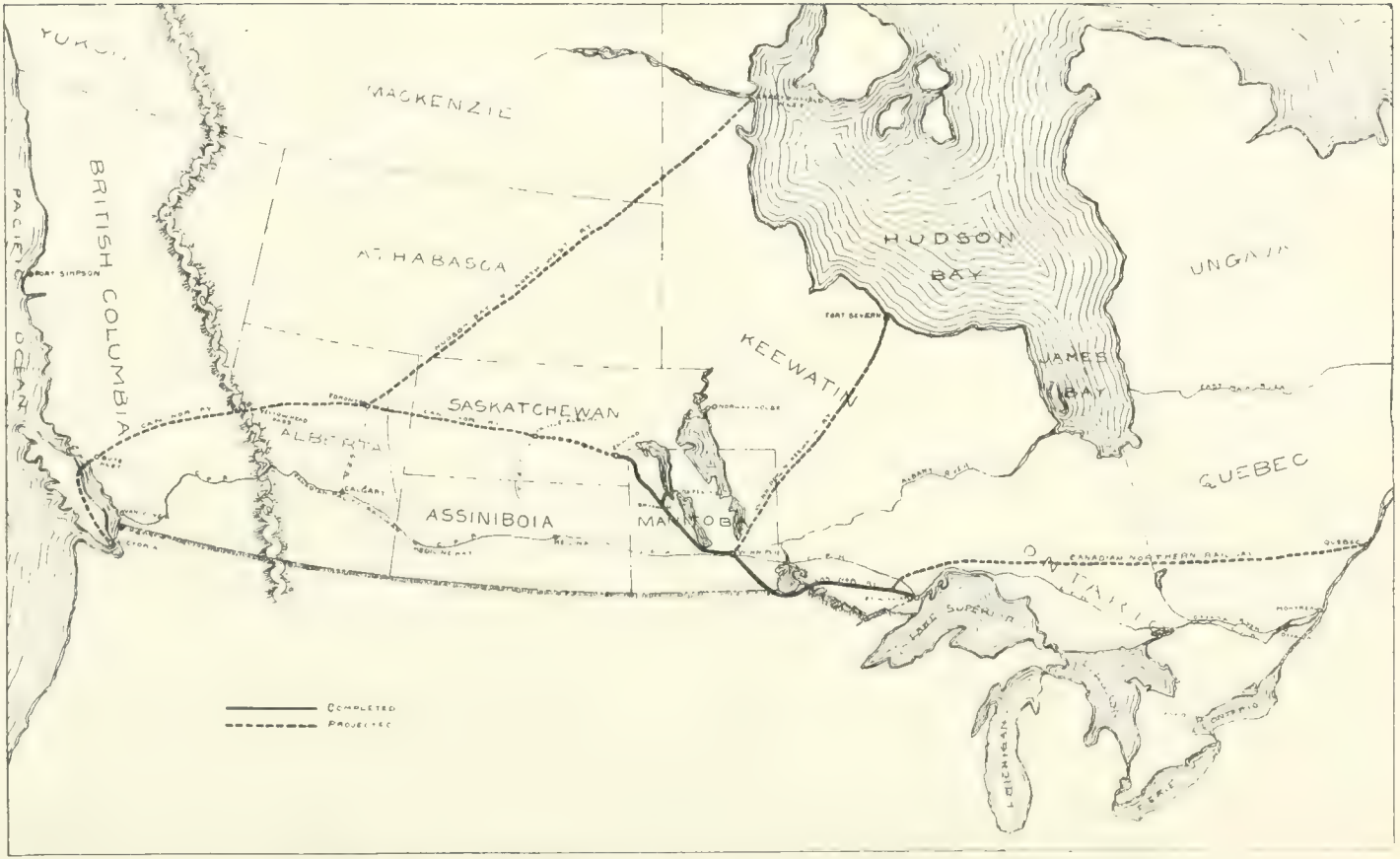
With the ocean steamers at their terminal ports awaiting cargoes, the problem next arising is the transportation from the interior. The facilities hitherto available for moving the Western wheat crop have been insufficient, and this is our most important export, for which increased provision will be necessary each year. To meet this want, so far as transport on the Lakes is concerned, a new project is now on foot which has the marks of uniqueness as well as profitableness. It is a proposition to build a fleet of cargo-boats of the tubular type. The promoter, Mr. F. A. Knapp, is the inventor of the Knapp roller boat, the experiments with which probably led to a modification in the more practical form of a boat that is round but does not roll. The new steamer will be 250 feet long,will weigh only 500 tons, and will carry 95,000 bushels, while the ordinary canal steamer carries only 65,000 bushels. The tubular steamer, it is claimed, can be built and operated at a much lower rate, thus making possible a correspondingly lower freight rate. Each vessel will carry its own elevator equipment. The cylindrical form not only gives more room, but ensures a greater strength and an equal seaworthiness. As a grain carrier or general freighter on inland waters the Knapp boat promises to be a profitable innovation. A company has been incorporated, and it is intended to have one or more steamers in operation next fall.

Proposed Canal Systems

Another solution of the problem of transporting Western produce to the seaboard is proposed in the form of inland canals, which would provide a more direct highway across the country. The most important of these schemes is the Georgian Bay Canal, which has been surveyed and a term of eight years granted in which to be completed. This canal will follow the course of a natural chain of lakes and rivers, requiring only about 30 miles of actual canalling. The course will be the French River, Lake Nipissing, the Mattawa River and the Ottawa River, to Montreal, a total distance of 440 miles and a saving of 300 miles over the Great Lakes route. This short-cut highway is to a great extent ready-made and the advantages are exceptional, navigation remaining open in these waters for eight months of the year. It is estimated that wheat could be carried from Chicago to Montreal for one and a half cents per bushel. A shorter canal connecting Lake Champlain with the St. Lawrence at Montreal is proposed as a complement to the Georgian Bay Canal. Lake Huron and Lake Erie will also be connected, if present plans are carried out. Another proposition, greater than any of these, but less likely to be accomplished, was a series of canals from the head of Lake Superior to the Saskatchewan Valley by way of Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods, Red River, Lake Manitoba,Cedar, Lakeand the Saskatchewan River, a district already well covered by railway lines.

Trans-Continental Railways

It is sixteen years since the first Canadian road to the Pacific was opened, and the time has now arrived, in the opinion of the Government and capitalists alike, for the construction of a second road across the continent. The Canadian Pacific Railway has been the making of the southern sections of the Territories ; similar facilities are now wanted for the great country, equally rich in resources, to the north of the present lines. A second transcontinental railway is an assured fact, and a third is a possibility. The Canadian Northern Railway is already in the field and operating 800 miles of what will soon be a system partially competitive with the Canadian Pacific, but tapping in its Western branches



THE NEW TRANS-CONTINENTAL RAILWAY AND ITS CONNECTIONS

an entirely new country. The road is now completed from Port Arthur, on Lake Superior, to Erwood, just beyond the extreme north-west corner of Manitoba, through which province it passes diagonally, with a number of branch lines. Westward from Erwood, its present terminus, extension is to be made at once to Prince Albert, and then to Edmonton, thus paralleling the C.P.R. at a distance northward of 150 miles. This connection of Prince Albert and Edmonton, a stretch of 300 miles, is regarded as one of the most important features of Western colonization. It will open up an area of twenty million acres of land, which means homes for half a million people. It is a region now almost unoccupied but abundantly rich in all that goes to make good farming country. Northern Alberta and the valley of the Saskatchewan are destined to be a settlers' Mecca.

From Edmonton the Canadian Northern will continue to the Coast, crossing the Rockies at the Yellow Head Pass and terminating on the mainland, it is expected, at Bute Inlet; then passing through Vancouver Island to Victoria. From Winnipeg to Victoria by this route, will be 1,640 miles. A through line from Lake Superior will thus be provided, traversing a country which not only needs it, but can give it sufficient business to make it pay. Eastward the objective point is Quebec. The route from Port Arthur to Quebec will probably be in as direct a line as possible north of the C.P.R., with branches to Ottawa and Montreal. When the entire system is an accomplished fact, Canada will have a second trans-continental railway of probably as great importance as the first.

There are two other projects for Pacific roads which are not illustrated in the accompanying map because they are less certain and their routes but vaguely defined. Charters have been granted, but it will probably be a long step from the charters to actual construction. Indeed, a charter to the Trans-Canada Railway Company has been in existence for a number of years, but operations thus far have been confined to only a few miles of track. The company now offers, however, to build the road within ten years, without government assistance. A proposed route is Quebec to Fort Simpson, on the Pacific coast, via James Bay and Norway House. A glance at the map will show that this would be a comparatively straight course and would shorten the distance to the northern Pacific coast very considerably. Another charter was given in the recent session to a project known as the Canada Central Railway, to start from French River and run through Northern Ontario, Manitoba and the Territories, crossing the Rockies at Yellowstone Pass and then dividing into branch lines southward and coastward. This road will be met at French River by the Quebec and Lake Huron Railway, an air line from Quebec, for which a contract has been already let. There is business in sight for the latter road by its connections with lake steamers.

Keewatin and the Yukon

A district awaiting development, with great lumber resources as yet untouched, is Keewatin, on the West of Hudson Bay. It is proposed to pierce this unexploited country by two railway lines, for which charters have been granted. The Hudson Bay and North-Western Railway is a project to connect Edmonton, in Alberta, with Chesterfield Inlet, on the north of Hudson Bay, and the Manitoba and Keewatin Railway will connect Winnipeg and Fort Severn.

In the Yukon there are a number of short lines projected. The Klondike Mines Railway is to be extended to Stewart River; the Yukon Pacific is proposed to run from a point on the Chilkat River to White Horse, and the Coast Yukon Railway from Kitamaat, near Port Simpson, to Dawson.

There are also several short lines projected in various parts of the Territories, to act as feeders to lines already existing, and to open up the country more widely. Among the more important of these is the Medicine Hat and Northern Alberta, which will run from Medicine Hat to a point on the Saskatchewan near its bend north-east of Edmonton.

PROJECTED RAILWAY LINES IN NEW ONTARIO

The New Ontario Railways

Railway projects are nowhere more numerous, and nowhere is progress more evident, than in what has come to be known as New Ontario. Between the Great Lakes and James Bay there is a country of immense mineral, forest, and agricultural wealth, as yet in its natural state. Adapted to colonization purposes to a degree rivalling the most fertile districts of the West, and already attracting the attention of would-be settlers, this new Ontario is waiting for the railway. Five separate lines are now under way, and three of them will ultimately reach James Bay, thus crossing from three different points an area which totals 16,000,000 acres, and whose products vary from iron and pulpwood to apples and wheat. Of these roads the one which will likely be first to reach James Bay is the Algoma Central, from Sault Ste. Marie to Michipicoten, then north and north-east along Moose River to Moose Factory, a total distance of 450 miles. Some seventy-five miles of the road are already completed and in operation, and it is hoped to have it completed in two years. It passes through immense timber districts, and the pulpwood industry promises to be of great importance. The Algoma Central is promoted by F. H. Clergue, and will form a part of the great industrial system centering at Sault Ste. Marie.

At the eastern limit of the Province another road is aiming toward the northland under the name of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, the first section of which will be from North Bay to Liskeard, at the head of Lake Temiskaming. This road is being built by the Ontario Government, the first sod being turned on May 10th. There are settlers in the Temiskaming country already, and thousands more will follow the advent of the railway.

Between the Clergue and the Government roads is another, the James Bay Railway, the charter of which is held by Mackenzie & Mann. This will run from Parry Sound to Sudbury on the C.P.R., thence north to Abitibi Lake. Construction on the Parry Sound end has been commenced.

A fourth road northward will cover a district of New Ontario further west. The Thunder Bay, Nepigon and St. Joe Railway is projected from Port Arthur to the Albany River, *via* Lake Nepigon, a distance of 250 miles. This country is rich in minerals. The charter for the road has been granted, and operations will probably be commenced at an early date.

Still another project is the Nepigon Railway, which was recently chartered, to connect Nepigon Bay and James Bay, *via* the Albany River. The original purpose was to continue northward across the Albany, Severn, and Nelson Rivers to Fort Churchill, but the Hudson Bay Company holding a previous charter for this route, the Nepigon route was changed to James Bay only.

From a point on the Algoma Central, north of Sault Ste. Marie, will run the Manitoulin and North Shore Railway, midway between the two C.P.R. lines, and terminating its main section at Sudbury. Near Sudbury it will turn south, cross Manitoulin Island, and pass through Indian Peninsula to Owen Sound and Meaford. The passage from Manitoulin Island to the mainland will be made by ferry. This road, which is another Clergue line, will give all-year communication to a part of old as well as new Ontario which has hitherto been shut off during the winter months. Manitoulin Island is very fertile, and will become a great stock-raising country ; while the new districts to be opened up on the north shore are the centre of the nickel deposits. Contracts for construction work have been called for.

In the Maritime Provinces

Railway projects are less numerous in the Eastern Provinces, but a number of roads are being promoted in Nova Scotia. Mackenzie & Mann have the contract for the South Shore Railway, which will connect Halifax and Yarmouth along the Atlantic coast. The distance will be 250 miles, and the road is already in operation from Yarmouth to Barrington. This is the first road to which the Nova Scotia Government has given a loan. The Nova Scotia

Eastern Railway is to run through Pictou and Guysboro counties, and the Midland Railway will connect Truro and Halifax. Construction is being done on both, and on the latter, trains are already running for a part of the way. Several short lines are proposed in the coal districts in the eastern counties. The Strait of Canso is to be bridged at a cost of $5,000,000. The location will probably be Port Hastings, on the Cape Breton side, and Cape Porcupine, on the Nova Scotia side. The Cape Breton Railway will build from North Sydney to Margaree, through one of the best sections of the island. The Prince Edward Island Railway is being extended from Charlottetown to Murray Harbor.

A Multitude of Schemes

Beside the projects which have been named in the foregoing list, there are a great number of less important charters recently given by both the federal and the provincial governments, in Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia especially. Many of these it is not at all likely will ever be built, being evidently intended for purposes of speculation. Yet, that the most important of the roads, those which are really a necessity, will be built is certain, and ultimately the plans and routes, which at first appear almost stupendous, will reach actual proportions as great as those now suggested. It is safe to say that in five years' time Canada will have railroads in the West and in the north, through sections that are now primeval forest or unbroken prairie, and that following the railways there will be many thousands of new settlers developing country which is now valueless because it is out of reach. Back of the greater number of these railroad projects are capable and responsible men, and their intention is for business. On many of the lines work is already well advanced; the Government has given liberal assistance; the country and the settlers are waiting, and the prospects are of the brightest. Canada is now in a time of expansion, and one of the best signs of the times is the remarkable activity being shown by the builders of railroads.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

THE Canadian Pacific Railway holds a unique position among the great enterprises of the world. It cannot lay claim to controlling the greatest mileage, to possessing the largest capital or to showing the biggest traffic receipts, but it can boast of being the only railroad which traverses a continent, reaching from ocean to ocean over its own lines every foot of the way, the only railroad which has kept for itself the various franchises, such as the telegraph service, the sleeping-car service, the hotel service, and so forth, that other roads have leased out, and finally, a road which has never defaulted on its interest, nor been in the hands of a receiver.

Concerning this remarkable railroad it may be very well said that it was at the start a national enterprise, that it is now a national highway, and that it will be to Canada a national heirloom. It is the main artery through which the life blood of the country flows from province to province, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and yet there were many times during the various stages of its promotion and prosecution when, judged according to all human standards, the chances seemed to be ten to one that it would prove the cause of national ruin.

Certainly for a colony not overburdened with cash, and having a population numbering only a few millions, thinly scattered across the continent, to undertake the longest continuous line of railway ever constructed, for the purpose of binding her

HEAD OFFICES, MONTREAL, OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

sundered provinces together, was one of those daring ventures, the wisdom of which can be justified only by their success, and it is particularly pleasant to have the knowledge that in this case the results have, to quote the phrase of the market, exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the promoters.

There are many claimants to the credit of being the first to suggest a trans-continental line, and the task of deciding between them does not fall within the province of the present writer. The idea was one that would inevitably suggest itself as the country grew, and when the remote western province of British Columbia made it an express condition of her joining the confederation of the eastern provinces so successfully effected in 1867, that the railway should be begun at once, and completed within ten years, what had hitherto been a mere subject for discussion, now became a matter of solemn obligation.

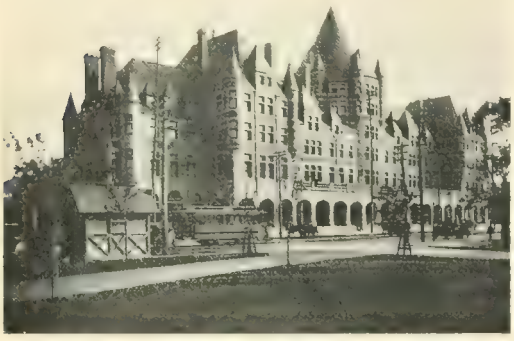
This was in 1871, and the Federal government of the day set about carrying out the contract with due diligence. But it proved a more difficult task than they had reckoned upon, and three companies had been formed and failed, and one government fell from power in trying to fulfil it, with the result that British Columbia was fain in 1875 to consent to a ten years' extension of the time allowed.

Even then construction proceeded very slowly and spasmodically until 1878 when the late Sir John A. Macdonald returned to power, and ably assisted by Sir Charles Tupper, then Minister of Railways, put new life into the work. Two years later they succeeded in transferring the bulk of the undertaking to a strong syndicate of Canadian, American and European capitalists,

out of which in time developed the present corporation, and the company, with Sir William Van Horne as its chief officer, attacked the vast work with such marvellous vigor and skill that their entire portion of it was completed in less than half the time stipulated, and the Government, not to be outdone by private energy, took only a few months over the five years to finish up its part.

Thus it came about that in June, 1886, the first through train for the Pacific Coast pulled out of the station at Montreal and safely accomplished the most memorable railway journey in the history of the Dominion.

As one to-day rolls easily and swiftly in a luxurious palace car over the three thou-



PLACE VIGER HOTEL AND STATION, MONTREAL

sand miles that intervene between the head of navigation on the Atlantic side, and tidewater on the Pacific coast it is not easy to realize the gigantic difficulties which had to be overcome by the brave builders of the road. No problem that ever perplexed an engineer was absent from this tremendous task. Tunnels, trestles, bridges, rock cuttings and earth embankments, loops, and spirals, and switchbacks, snow-sheds and avalanche deflectors, all had to be provided, and that on a scale of unparalleled liberality. Verily, the engineering corps had no sinecure.

The section of the road running around the north shore of Lake Superior and that which penetrates the mountain ranges of British Columbia were, of course, the most difficult and costly.

To overcome the stern resistance of the rocks which form the northern boundary of the great lake incredible quantities of dynamite had to be used, the enormous sum of $7,500,000 being expended on this single item. During 1884-85 nearly ten thousand laborers were steadily employed there, and one ninety-mile section is reported to have cost little short of ten million dollars.

Nor were these stubborn rocks the worst difficulty. Here and there morasses, locally known as "muskegs," were encountered, which had to be crossed, and some of which seemed to be veritable bottomless pits, swallowing tens of thousands of tons of gravel, and yet refusing to afford a solid pathway, until the builders more than once well-nigh despaired of success.

Some years ago, when the present writer was making the trip across, his train came to a halt in that northern wilderness, and it appeared that the track had become unsafe, and it was necessary to have the cars drawn over the dangerous spot one at a time. Yet many thousand tons of solid material had been dumped into this treacherous swamp before the line was laid across it.

But at last both rock and morass were conquered, and, having reached Winnipeg, connection was made with the prairie section which had already been completed. It was on this part of the road that all previous achievements in rapid railroad building were cast into the shade, and the record then made still stands unchallenged.

Very much easier the work of course was, than that through the rocks and swamps of the Lake Superior section, or that among the gorges and glaciers of the mountains. But do not suppose that the prairie is like one long billiard table. There is really very little level country west of Winnipeg; it is all up and down hill, and it took 17,000 cubic yards of earth-work in each mile to raise the rails to a level, and put the line out of reach of the winter snow. And do not suppose that the rails were just stretched out on the flat earth with a spike here and there and then left. The line was meant for many a year's hard wear. It was laid from one end only, full tied and full spiked, and in no case were

rails hauled ahead by teams; they were always laid continuously.

With the work thus thoroughly done, what was the record? It was begun in May, 1881, just three months after Parliament set its seal to the charter, and before the end of that year trains were running over 165 miles westward from Winnipeg. In seven or eight months of 1882, 419 miles were added, and in 1883 another 376 miles, and thus in three seasons the whole 962 miles were covered by one continuous pair of steel rails.

During seven weeks of 1882, or in forty-two working days—for the record shows that the C.P.R. rested from its labors on the Sunday—134 miles of main track were laid, or an average of 3.19 miles per day, exclusive of sidings. In 1883 even this average was exceeded. In eight weeks, or forty-eight working days, 166 miles were laid, or an average of 5.46 miles per day, while on one day the record reached the enormous figure of 6.38 miles, requiring 2,120 rails, or 640 tons of steel.

Each day the contents of from twenty to twenty-five 20-ton cars of rails and fastenings, and from forty to fifty cars of ties and other materials, were laid by the sixty different working parties. Nearly all this heavy material had to be brought an average of 1000 miles by rail; while every stone and piece of timber and every morsel of food for the army of hungry men and horses had to come from distant Winnipeg. Very different this from railway building in a settled land, where food and material are almost at your feet. One who saw the work done tells in *Engineering* that where not a stick of timber and no preparation for work could be seen one day, the next would show two or three spans of nicely-finished bridge, and twenty-four hours afterwards the rails would be laid, and trains working regularly over it. The prairie having been crossed, there now came the supreme difficulty of the undertaking, to cross the three great mountain ranges rising up like giants to stop the way, whose craggy flanks were pierced by the seemingly impassible canons, whereby the Columbia, the Kootenay, the Fraser and the Thompson rivers rushed impetuously toward the Pacific Ocean.

Already many millions of dollars had been vainly spent in surveys, seeking to find a practicable pass through this sea of mountains, but the dogged Scotsmen, who directed the Syndicate, and who are now known as Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen, with the present Sir William Van Horne as their commander in the field, were not the men to be daunted by that. They knew no such word as fail. Their engineers climbed crags, penetrated canons, swung suspended over precipices, and cut their way through forests, until presently the Kicking-Horse Pass (so called from one of the engineers being kicked by a pack-horse there) was discovered, and the Gordian Knot was cut.

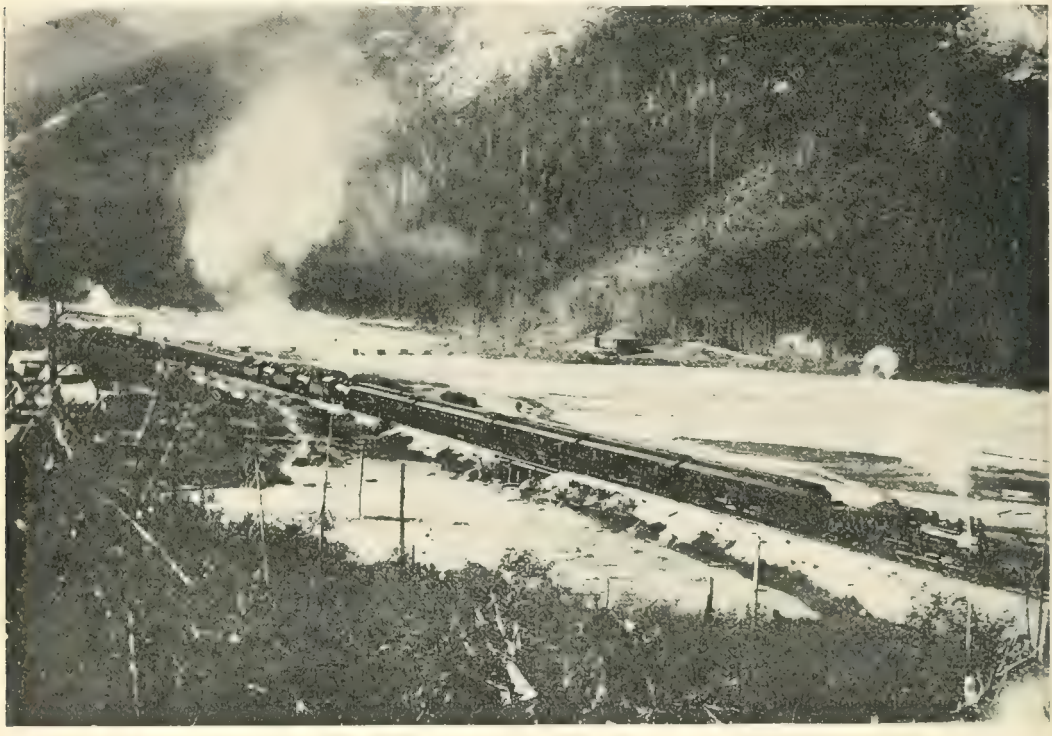
S.S. ALBERTA, UPPER LAKE ROUTE

In the forty-four miles between the summit of the Rocky Mountains and the mouth of the Kicking-Horse Pass, the line makes a sheer descent of 2,757 feet, and this meant crossing the Kicking-Horse River nine times, the drilling by hand of 370,000 cubic yards of hard rock, and the meeting of many landslips. Then came a gap of 220 miles, in which two mountain ranges, the Selkirks and the Gold Range had to be crossed.

What all this meant you can well realize to-day, as you climb for mile after mile

along the mountain sides, through forests of gigantic trees, and at last reach the summit. And when you reach that summit, what groups of mountain peaks are all around you, each in the icy grasp of a glacier, and each sending mountain torrents into the deep gorges through which the railway calmly threads its way in great curves and loops, as though it had been a fixture there for ages.

It was really a giant's task to find amid these treacherous glaciers and majestic



THE C.P.R. "IMPERIAL LIMITED" AT FIELD, B.C.

mountain slopes a safe pathway for a railway, but the intrepid engineers managed it, and they managed it so quickly, that when on November 5th, 1885, the first Montreal train reached a point in Eagle Pass, near the second crossing of the Columbia River, it found the two construction parties, one working from the east and the other from the west, face to face, with only one rail waiting to make the line complete from sea to sea. And now for the last spike! Was it to be a golden one, driven amid a flow of champagne, as on other American roads? Not at all. It was just as good a spike as any on the road, and no better; and, said the matter-of-fact Mr. Van Horne, "those who want to see it driven will have to pay full fare."

Thus, in four and a half years, five years in advance of contract date, was the North American continent spanned for the first time by one through line, and the experience of years has shown how well the work was done. What Columbus set out to discover, what the Sieur de la Salle dreamed away his days in desiring, and what Franklin and many another hero gave their lives to find—a new route to China and India—was quickly found and opened to the world by this doughty band of engineers and navvies.

The entire cost of the railway and equipment has been in round numbers $225,000,000. Toward this huge total the

Dominion Government contributed $25,000,000 in cash and 25,000,000 acres of land, and another $5,000,000 was granted by various Provinces and municipalities; the remainder being made up of $65,000,000 capital stock; $90,000,000 preference and debenture stock, together with the proceeds of land grant bonds, and of land sales. The last annual report (June 30th, 1901) showed a cash surplus exceeding $9,000,000. Dividends at the rate of 4 per cent. have been regularly paid upon the common stock with the exception of one year, until recently when the rate was raised to 5 per cent., paid semi-annually. The preference and debenture stock is guaranteed at 4 per cent. and the land grant bonds at 3½ per cent.

More than once during the period of construction it became imperative for the Dominion Government to render assistance to the Syndicate, and at one time a loan of $30,000,000, since repaid in full, was made. But the company has never defaulted upon any of its obligations, nor failed to return advances.

Human nature is proverbially ungrateful. No sooner was the road in full running order than the North-West settlers and merchants began to complain in regard to the freight rates charged in local traffic, and to clamor so loudly and persistently that at length the matter had to become the subject of parliamentary investigation. The position was briefly this:

The people, ignoring the fact that the C.P.R. was at first no better than a gigantic experiment of whose ultimate success very many were profoundedly sceptical, and the further fact that but for the C.P.R. they would be without railway facilities altogether, demanded that the rates charged should approximate those of the long established roads running through thickly settled districts. They asserted that the policy of the management was to charge all that the traffic would bear, and this simply meant extortions under which the country could not prosper.

On the other hand the railway company contended that in view of all the circumstances their charges were positively moderate. The expense of construction and equipment had been enormous; large sections of the road traversed utterly barren country, yielding no traffic whatever; in their through business they had to compete with the American transcontinental roads, and consequently could not charge high rates; and finally, as was conclusively shown before the Committee of Enquiry, their local rates were actually much below those obtained by their rivals over the Border where conditions were practically the same.

It was a case where there was much to be said on both sides, and where some compromise was essential. This was effected through the good offices of the Government, and although a fair amount of grumbling may still be heard, upon the whole the present relations between the Company and the people are creditably harmonious.

The United States, when it had a population of forty millions of people, only with difficulty carried a line from St. Paul, in the heart of the continent, to San Francisco on the Pacific coast, and all the world applauded the engineering feat. Canada with five millions of people, completed a much greater undertaking—a line from ocean to ocean—in a far shorter period. Verily, British pluck has not quite become a thing of by-gone days!

Among the cheerful predictions made by those who bitterly opposed the rapid construction of the road was that the earnings would not for a generation be sufficient to pay for the grease required to lubricate the car-wheels, but no sooner was the work complete than the energetic far-seeing men who directed its destinies set themselves to falsify this benevolent forecast.

No possible source of revenue was neglected. Upon every telegram sent along its lines, upon every book and paper bought by a passenger, upon every apple, orange, banana, or cigar sold by the seductive train-boy, upon every meal served, and upon every berth slept in, the company itself makes a profit.

Not only so, but it has built a chain of hotels, beginning with the magnificent "Frontenac" at Quebec, and ending with the luxurious "Vancouver," at Vancouver,

which it operates for its own benefit, and perfectly managed they are too.

Elevators by the score belong to it through the North-West and at the terminal shipping points, and finally it possesses several lines of steamships of which the superb *Empresses* which voyage between Vancouver and the great commercial capitals of the Far Orient are, of course, the most notable.

trunk road which would act as feeders. With what energy and success in spite of much opposition, this policy has been pursued, may be judged from the fact that the original three thousand miles of the Canadian Pacific have now grown to no less than 8,356, not including the Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Sault Ste. Marie, and the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic lines, totalling nearly two thousand miles more,

C.P.R. BRIDGE, FRASER CANON

No sooner was the Canadian line established in thorough working order than attention was given to the securing of such connections with the railroad system of the United States as would conduce to the development of traffic, and also to the building or leasing of branch lines north and south and east and west from the

are entirely controlled by, and worked in the direct interest of the Canadian Pacific.

The financial results of the operation of these ten thousand miles of road have been such as to surpass the brightest hopes, and to more than fulfil the most roseate predictions of those who had faith in the gigantic enterprise. A glance at the

balance sheet for the year 1901 will suffice to make this clear.

The gross earnings reached the huge total of $30,855,000—while the working expenses were only $18,745,000. Adding interest earned on deposits and loans, and deducting fixed charges there remained a net surplus of $5,736,000 out of which it was easy to pay the 4 per cent. dividend on the preference stocks, and a 5 per cent. dividend on the common stocks, and to make a substantial addition to the cash balance on hand, bringing it up to the imposing figure of $9,800,000. Splendid as these results seem, those of the current year bid fair to cast them completely into the shade. Both the traffic returns and the receipts from land sales show huge increases, and the recent rapid rise in the price of the stock is due to no mere manipulation of the market, but to the appreciation by the investing public of the enhanced value of the security.

To the officials and stockholders, the economical management of the road and the securing of good dividends are doubtless matters of far livelier interest than all the magnificence of the Selkirks, or the marvels of Japan; but in the eyes of the great public, to whom railways simply furnish facilities for sight-seeing, the Canadian Pacific is notable because it has unlocked one of nature's most glorious treasure-houses of beauty, and offers a new and supremely attractive highway to the Orient.

One commanding advantage that it possesses over all transcontinental rivals I must not fail to mention. There are no dreary distances of desert, no depressing leagues of sage-bush and alkali to be traversed. From the time that the train pulls out of Winnipeg until the huge Mogul engine begins to push its panting way up among the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains there is not one tie embedded in barren ground. The whole illimitable prairie, if not already under cultivation, is simply waiting to be asked for the harvest it lies ready to yield.

But it is only after the train has left Calgary behind, and is well on its way towards Banff that the scenic riches of the route break upon the traveller in all their spendor. Thenceforward, until he reaches the Pacific, he is passing through a sea of mountains, where serrated peaks and vast pyramids of rock with curiously contorted and folded strata are followed by gigantic castellated masses, down whose gleaming sides the snow-white glaciers, like the waterfalls of Tennyson's Lotus-Land, "to fall and pause, and fall do seem," or the cascades, "like a downward smoke, slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn do go" while others, yet again,

"Through wavering lights and shadows break,
Rolling a troubled sheet of foam below."

Amidst such sublime scenery as this, before whose grandeur Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn must perforce bow their humbled heads, Coleridge might have caught inspiration for a yet nobler hymn than that which he penned in the Vale of Chamouni. Even as it is, his glowing lines seem strikingly appropriate :—

"Ye ice-falls! Ye that from the Mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! Silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven?"

I am sorry for the passenger who is in too much of a hurry to linger for a few days at Banff. It is a place of peculiar interest. Within easy reach of the home-like hotel provided by the railway company, is the Canadian National Park, inside whose ample boundaries may be found every possible variety of wonderful and charming scenery, and renowned mineral springs, which have already brought back health and strength to thousands of sufferers, and for the mountain-climber and sportsman, unlimited scope for the satisfying of their lofty ambitions.

Not content with the apparently inexhaustible wealth of natural beauty already at their command, the Company have been extending their explorations into the surrounding regions, with the happy result of discovering a trinity of mountain lakes so lovely as to beggar description. These are Lake Louise, a full thousand feet above the line of railway; Lake Agnes, nearly

two thousand feet higher still; and then five hundred feet below Lake Agnes, which feeds it by a torrent from its own pure bosom, lies Mirror Lake, a perfect circle of pellucid water, fringed with trees, that with the blue dome of heaven are miraged in its depths.

This article would be incomplete without some brief reference to the men who are entitled to the chief credit for this grand achievement. The late Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, and the Hon. Sir Charles Tupper were the statesmen who gave inspiration to the work, and bore the brunt of the many fierce battles in the House and on the hustings that were fought concerning it. Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen were the financiers whose splendid courage and faith enabled the enterprise to weather more than one storm that threatened to wreck it hopelessly, and Sir William Van Horne was the master builder, the imperial commander, whose stupendous powers of mind and body proved morethan equal to every emergency, whose judgment never erred, whose energy never faltered, whose plans never miscarried, but who went on from victory to victory, until at last in the full tide of success, he was able to hand over his huge responsibility to one whom he has so thoroughly trained for the position, that when Sir Thomas Shaughnessy succeeded him in the Presidency of the road, there was not a quiver of anxiety felt in any quarter.

Sir William still holds the Chairmanship of the Board of Directors, and the Company continues to enjoy the benefit of his counsel, but he no longer takes any active part in the direction of affairs, and is now devoting his attention to a great scheme for providing the island of Cuba with a railway system, of which he will no doubt make as brilliant a success as he has done of the Canadian Pacific.

For several reasons the Canadian Pacific Railway is now attracting an unusual amount of attention both in the New World and in the Old World. The peculiar independence of its position, the completeness of its equipment, the uniform success of its various ventures outside the strict province of railroading, the dazzling increases in revenue from different sources, the reiterated rumors that the railway kings on the other side of the line are casting covetous eyes upon our transcontinental highway, and "laying pipes," as the slang phrase is, to acquire control of it (a rumor, by the way, which Sir William Van Horne curtly designates as "rot"), and finally the possibility of a fast ocean steamship service being organized in connection with the C. P. R., and supported by government subsidies as an offset to the "Morganizing" of the great steamship lines running to New York. All these things have helped to bring the eyes of the world upon this remarkable railroad, and its coming history promises to be no less eventful and interesting than has been its past.

Whatever the future may hold in store, however, this can never be gainsaid that the development of the Dominion is in no small measure due to the Canadian Pacific Railway, and that it must ever continue to be an important factor in the progress and prosperity of the whole country.

MR. C. F. BROADHURST AND HIS POPULAR WIFE

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

By EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER IV.

THE GENTLE CRAFT.

Wednesday, Aug. 31st.

Leigh is a little fishing village that sleeps near Hadleigh Castle.

Tawny-skinned, tar-grimed fishermen who look as if they existed only for the painter's brush, drowse idly in the sun, waiting the flow of tide, to set out for their fishing grounds. Others busy themselves mending sails or nets, and one old fellow tells me about "the gentle craft" of fishing for shrimps. The shrimp is a tiny cousin of the cray-fish. It is caught in a fine-meshed net, in the shallows at the Thames' mouth. Its fate is to be boiled alive and sent up to the London market. The fisher-folks live in quaint, one-storied houses with projecting eaves, dormer windows and roofs of red tiles. It is ebb-tide, and for a mile out the mud-banks are naked, except where turbid, beer-colored puddles dot the surface. Bare-footed, and with tucked up skirts, we slither along the slimy earth, and watch the grey-backed gulls swoop down on the ocean's flotsam with weird booming cry. We return treasure-trove with star and jelly-fish, fronds of crimpy sea-weed, mussels and ocean miscellanies.

Tea is taken in a cosy hostelry which reminds us of Izaak Walton's description of "an honest ale-house, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the window and twenty ballads stuck against the wall, and my hostess, I may tell you, is both cleanly and handsome and civil."

Hadleigh Castle is six hundred and fifty years young, for such it is in this land of antiquities, yet it lies "in ruinous perfection." It is said to be the burial-place of Guthrun the Dane, to whom Alfred ceded East Anglia. Here in 1555, Dr. Rowland Taylor drank the cup of martyrdom. His "noble failure and heroic death," the maniac ferocity of his persecutors and the agony of his little flock, all go to make up one of the most touching episodes in the history of English martyrology. Near by General Booth has a seven hundred acre farm-colony and large brickfields. We ride home on our bicycles in the slow waning twilight and are watchful not to run afoul cart-horses on the road, for the outlook is cut short by high hedge-rows. The English roads are metaled and admirably adapted for wheeling.

At present our daily delight is a donkey-ride. There is a luxury in the realization that our doings, even when they have no more nefarious ends than donkey-riding, are wholly unnoticed. In a strange land we may "come like shadows, so depart." When I go riding there are many competitors for my favors, but I always select a thick-skinned quadruped; a rusty, ragged shirk whom I have christened "Israel Tarte." He has no marked contours, but might rather be described as ridgy-spined and raw-boned. His gait is limping and disjointed. He is lumpish and as opinionated as a first-year divinity student. He is not without his good qualities either, for he is patient under the most overwhelming vilification and is absolutely impervious to surprises.

My donkey-girl belabours poor Israel with something like a rail, at the same time giving it as her opinion that he intends going to roots, for he is a recalcitrant beast and persists in standing stock-still. The

wily wench only beats him as a matter of form, for she knows that these vigorous hints make no appreciable difference. When the shower of blows have ceased, without any warning, Israel makes a sudden dart and is off at an alarming pace. I find myself thrown forward on his neck which I lovingly encircle with my arms, and then hold on like grim death.

The donkey-girls laugh immoderately and so do I, till presently my hair bobs down my back, my hat is left behind, and breathless but happy, we run the round of the block and deposit our penny in the tin full two rods ahead of all rivals. Good old Israel!

While not quite as exciting, the pleasures of sea-bathing are equally keen. But here, in blissful colonial ignorance we offended the English proprieties, for the Padre accompanied us to our matutinal bath which is not the rule—not even the exception in England. Such naughty, uncivilized doings are relegated to all the rest of the world. I asked a lady the why and wherefore of it, and she assured me that the real reason was because the English women had shockingly bad figures. While it is quite true, that there is but little mystic seductiveness about the average form, this is hardly a valid reason, for their clothy bathing-suits make the ungainly figure passable, and on the other hand, cover the supple, sensuous curves of the uncorseted Venus. The children are thoroughly enjoying the surf-bathing. The pliant arms of Neptune embrace our fry of mermaids with great gentleness, and again in a boisterous mood, he throws them from his health-giving embraces panting and gasping on the sand. Sometimes, we go to the swimming baths, where we are not encumbered with too much clothing and where there are few onlookers to regard us stolidly. We splash about like water-spaniels, bob like corks, climb the ropes and then step out to be briskly rubbed down, feeling that at last we have discovered the fountain of youth.

Street orators are much in evidence here, their usual topic being Anarchism or perhaps Socialism, for there is a wide difference in the two.

I listened this morning to a conceited Russian refugee, a young man, who was abusing his haven. Anarchism is his panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to. He ranted, raved, and indulged in abuse of England and everything English. He talked much about equality and fraternity, but it was the fraternity which Sebastian Chamfort described as "A Brotherhood of Cain—that is, be my brother or I will kill thee." A quiet-looking man who was making table-mats for sale, suddenly got up and in vigorous English, punctated with a kick, told Mr. Russian Bear he would get his neck stretched if he stayed there. He didn't stay.

The Socialist is more often a man with a factory-bleached skin, who talks of the extravagance of "'Is Royal 'Ighness, the Prince of Wales." He tells in a crude way of his own ill-paid labor and his harassing anxiety: he talks of the great army of the destitute, the submerged tenth, the other half; men, women, and children who are the victims of an industrial *regime* that demands human sacrifice, for it is their blood and agony that is transmuted into accursed gold.

The poor laborer hates the verminous filth of his home. He contends that his birth is like a dog's, his life like a dog's, and his burial like a dog's. His awful nightmare is the fear of being eventually gathered in by "the Union," by which term he means the workhouse. He believes in a great co-partnership of the classes, and would humble the "Robber Knights of Capital." He calls on the Church to prove her boast that Christianity can solve the social question. All the ministers are asking, he says, how they may reach the masses, when they know it can be done by substituting the Christianity of Christ for capitalistic Christianity. His story is one of fatalistic tragedy in its intensest developments. Perhaps Dean Farrar is right when he says, there is a poison in the sores

of Lazarus, against which Dives has no antidote.

We went last night by boat to Clacton, another popular seaside resort. The pier at Southend, from which we set out is the longest in the world, and is traversed by an electric tramway.

On the steamer I talked to a girl suffering from necrosis or match-maker's leprosy, more commonly known as "phossy jaw." She said it was caused by inhaling the fumes of the phosphorous used in tipping matches. The teeth ache and then drop out. She is now at this stage of the disease. Later the loathsome leprosy eats its way into the roof of the mouth, and inside the nose, when the jaw drops off. They sometimes lose their sight before death. This girl's wages were $1.92 per week. Who is responsible? It is not nice to think about.

We passed the Norelights and other "street lamps of the ocean." A black, oily-backed whale was sighted making its way across the mouth of the Thames.

Torpedo-boat destroyers skimmed past us at the rate of forty miles an hour; they carry guns to sink torpedo boats. They are the sea-serpents of the nineteenth century. Those who man them are in great peril, but it is said there is no lack of volunteers for the work.

We bought our lunch in a confectioner's shop at Clacton, and ate it on the sun-lit stretch of sand that fronts the town. About us were the London "trippers" with their baskets plethoric of pork-pies, bologna sausages, and oranges. They buy gastronomical novelties in the fish line from itinerant peddlers, to round out their *menu*—whelks which are huge, tough snails, and winkles, or more correctly periwinkles, which they harpoon out of the shell with hair or hat pins. They eat enormous quantities of cockles, which are deluged with date vinegar and black pepper. Oysters, although expensive, are also much favored. These oysters are natives, and are said to live almost wholly on typhoid germs. The devil beguiled me and I did eat some that had been reared in the Thames. A week later I saw by the newspapers that the corpses of two men had been uncovered by an unusually low tide. They had died from cholera and were thrown out of the vessel, close to the oyster beds.

While eating our lunch, we listened to the thrumming of guitars and the songs of music-hall "artists," the humor of which was not so intangible as to evade analysis. They border on the ragged edge of indecency. The "spoken" interpolation, though often dissolute, is immensely popular. It is only a heart full of immorality that could appreciate them.

We walked into the country, hoping to gather some bramble-berries, but alas! it is true that blackberries are green when they are red, and then too, their cruel talons guard them well. The wheat fields, white unto harvest, were gay with morning-glories, and crimson poppies. The summer air hung heavy with the odor of celandine, honeysuckle, rosemary, and rue. Everywhere I looked the landscape composed itself into a perfect picture, yet its prettiness tired me and I began to long for the bold features of our Canadian scenery, and for their sun-blistered hills. Walking through these sequestered rural districts, one sees over many of the cottages the words, "Lunch with Tea"; "Refreshments"; "Hot Water Furnished"; "Temperance Drinks." The England of *L'Allegro* does not seem to exist now, but has been succeeded by one that is more mercantile and less romantic.

In an old cemetery, the grave-digger with soil-stained hands turned up poor fragments of men without a qualm, for the mould was full of bones, full of the humid, greasy awfulness of human decay. I could not bear the sickly reek of the uncovered earth, and turned away to talk to a laborer who was rolling straw in bundles for the market.

He told us it would bring $18.00 a cwt. He stigmatized Canadian "high" (hay) as rough; the best he said came from France. He told us of the wonderful new self-binders that the English had invented, and which were coming into use thereabouts.

The English crop more grain to the acre than we do—not that the Goddess of Plenty has shown any favoritism with her cornucopia—but because the soil is better cultivated and manured.

The farm waggon is a two-wheeled cart, with enormous hubs, and rims as thick as car-wheels. The farmer seems to have little conception of dynamics, for the horses are not hitched side by side, but tandem fashion. The first horse is quite two rods from the waggon, and so its tractorial force is materially lessened. It is not a mere conservative style, it is antediluvian.

The farm-laborer dresses in the traditional corduroy, and his trousers are kept comfortably baggy at the knee with a leather strap that buckles around each leg. Under the chin, he wears a fringe of whiskers—indeed, he is exactly like the pictures in the Christmas *Graphic*.

His unyielding leather boots are wooden-soled, and iron-shod. Nothing short of planing his feet would make them the shape of the boots. By their lack of elasticity or spring, the muscles of the feet are rendered absolutely useless, and the toes are reduced to mere fringes. The result is noticeable in his gait, for he does not lift his feet perpendicularly but shuffles along with a side motion.

I have been struck with the lack of curiosity and the vacuity of mind in their class. Perhaps their lager-thickened blood makes them dullards. The average laborer has, however, the saving grace of a politeness unknown to Canadians of the same rank, for he touches his hat when addressed, and if you impede his path, he does not gruffly shout—"Get out of the road, you there," but courteously says, "By your leave, Madam."

CHAPTER V.

OUT AND ABOUT.

Last week, I went to Shoeburyness where the Padre is speaking to the soldiers. It is an artillery station at which gunners from all parts of the world are trained, and important experiments in the military ordnance take place.

It was a phenomenally hot day for England. The air vibrated with waves of heat and there was nothing hid from the blinding lustre of the sun. At ebb tide, we walked across the sands past the Stallibras Gap, where in "the good old days" freebooters used to run their merchandise ashore.

An officer kindly showed us the guns. They are of horrible efficiency. England undoubtedly "puts her trust in reeking tube and iron shard." Enormous sums of money are required to meet the expense of practice on the long-gun range, but Papa Bull has the marvellous faculty of eating his cake and having it.

The average English artillery-man is an inferior marksman. More often he misses than he hits the bull's-eye, and generally he is far wide of it. A Canadian knows how to shoot before he enlists, but the Englishman who takes the Queen's shilling has probably never loaded a rifle, much less fired one. He has to be taught all that afterwards, and it is only after a long practice that he becomes a crack shot.

Mrs. Thomas Atkins lives in "the married quarters," which truth to tell, do not look enticing. She is granted two unfurnished rooms with coal and light. She draws no rations but gets her husband's pay weekly. Twelve per cent. of the soldiers are allowed to marry, but as a large proportion of these are non-commissioned officers, only three per cent. of the privates are married "with leave." No soldier must marry till he has served seven years for his Rachel, won two good conduct badges and must have at least $25 in the savings bank. His pay does not alter on marriage, but his two

good conduct badges entitle him to four cents a day extra. Then he earns extra pay as an officer's servant, and his wife washes and sews for the unmarried soldiers. The wives of the soldiers who are married without leave are "not on the establishment." They cannot follow their husbands abroad, and there is no gratuity if their husbands are killed. There is a soldier's Home at Shoeburyness, where cosy reading-rooms, a chapel, a bar with food and temperance drinks, and other advantages may be enjoyed by the men. It is in charge of two ladies, who not only pay their own board, but give largely of their wealth to its maintenance.

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It may interest you to know that I have changed my lodging four times in the last two months, and my last stage is worse than the first. We are at present enjoying a minimum of accommodation at a maximum of cost—the cost including fleas innumerable, both small and great. The Padre says it was a flea who wrote "Fee-Fo-Fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman." I made brave to remonstrate with my first landlady, but the savage told me I had brought them myself. I could only assure her that my trunks were not equal to the capacity. I found later that they were everywhere, literally everywhere—diabolical, black incarnations making night hideous with their tickling inquisitiveness and persistent, voracious appetites. It is not to be wondered at, for a seaside landlady considers it an unheard of extravagance to change your bed-linen under a month, and as for towels, we found it absolutely obligatory to purchase a stock and have them laundered ourselves.

Soap is not supplied, and consequently we were often reduced to sore straits in our bird-of-passage life. We know enough to carry our own brushes, but the carrying of soap is a stage of civilization to which we have not yet attained. There was nothing for it but to lay violent hands on the Padre's stick of shaving-soap, till we were able to supply the deficiency.

All the boarding-houses are the same. Each bedroom is furnished with a cumbersome wardrobe, a small dressing-table and a lumpy bed, with a bolster as round and as hard as a rolling-pin. There is a little closet-room, the blind is impracticable, the grate accursed, and you spot your frock with the abominable guttering candles. Unless you wish it cold, you order your bath with your dinner. There is no heat in the bath-room and often no lock on the door, so your teeth chatter like castanets and there is gooseflesh all over you. The landlady's respectability is outraged if you call yourself a "lodger." She is hypersensitive that you should be a "guest."

Her furniture, like her temper, is often out of joint. The chairs have a baneful trick of subsiding under your weight; the old crack in the water-pitcher is brought to your notice as a recent occurrence, and the paint gets scratched, for all of which we pay fabulous fines. Perhaps some day her head will come off, then I shall be tried for murder. She fears not God nor regards man. Sapphira might have envied her talent for lying. One day the long-suffering public will annihilate her in the germ.

She keeps a "slavey," or perhaps two, who serve up your sodden, puttified cutlets and brew your tea in alarming strength. The slavey soap-stones the front door-step and does not allow the brass knob to "rust unburnished." She cleans your boots, and brings your hot water, and in return, you must tip her. Like the landlady, she is a parasite and lives on your cold roast, your jam, and your butter. Indeed, "the landlady's cat" has a well-substantiated existence, and her appetite—Lord save us! If you speak of any remnant of food, she will say, "*that* little bit! Why, I threw it out." More often it "spoils." If you do not complain, you are "quite the lady."

The only way you can comfortably advise the landlady and her maids is to write your opinion of things in your diary. It is unfailing.

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The Padre has been preaching in the Parish Church and so we met some of the

people. To-day, we accepted an invitation whose objective point was a picnic at Canewdon. The road was dotted with uncombed urchins of both sexes, turning cart-wheels and somersaults, with an eye to rewards, and with the imminent peril of sloughing off their last few rags. While we were reigned up to water the horses, an old man came near to "pass the time of day." He bowed profoundly and broadly hinted his willingness to relieve us of our spare pennies. It is the rule in England that in walking one keeps to the right, but in driving you keep to the left. Some wag has set this forth in the lines following:

"The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
For if you are driving along, sir,
If you'll keep to the left you'll surely go right,
If you keep to the right you'll go wrong, sir."

The farmers were cutting their crops of mustard with sickles. We passed fields of nasturiums, vividly splendid in their gay audacity of scarlet and gold. The orchards were small and the trees woody. It would almost appear that the English pay more attention to the sword than the pruning hook.

Canewdon, which is really only a post office, is named after the Danish King Canute, who for a time made this his seat of Government.

The picnic was at the Rectory, which is at present in charge of a missionary, home from India on furlough. We found the games diverting in the extreme, and began to understand what the English term "yokel" meant. The Padre acted as starter. The heavily-booted country boys found it hard to run, and covered the ground with an awkward, tumbling gait. They had sack races, and wheelbarrow races, and finally the Padre instituted consolation prizes. He gave a shilling to the boy who could eat a sandwich quickest, and his knife to the one who could stand longest on his head, feats which at least did not require any great mental strain. Broad-hipped, clumsy women entered into the potato races with remarkable energy, but only one or two were able to finish. After tea, which we ate in the shade of fig and mulberry trees, the Rector presented the prizes to the Sunday School children. During the afternoon, he had roundly boxed the ears of the boys and girls in a manner that made us open our eyes. Now, he began a running comment on the prizes that was quite as amazing: "Prize for attendance!—Annie Nie. She never would have secured it for good conduct. Prize for good conduct!—John Hawkins. We hope in the future he will come to Sunday School with clean hands." What a sensation this clergyman would be to a Canadian congregation. I suppose, however, it is the ill effects of the Indian climate on his general state of health, for he is really quite a fine man and his wife is charming.

The ladies of the parish had a "jumble" sale of cast-off clothing. I should say it was cast off more than once. It might be compared to the definition given by a Prime Minister, of a deputation. It is "a noun of multitude signifying many, but not much."

Before leaving we ascended the steeple of the church, which is seventy-five feet high. The church is gaunt, grey, and almost derelict. It is sullenly old.

Westcliff, Oct. 8th.

We were invited to "a house party," a few miles up the Thames for the pheasant shooting, which opened October 1st. I was surprised at the abundance of game. Indeed, it is so plentiful that I cannot see how the shooting of it can be called sport, for there is absolutely no precariousness about it. It savors much of "potting" chickens in a farmyard as they are made to fly around. The whole art seems to be in making the pheasants rise, which is accomplished by deploys sent into the cover. The birds are shot in great numbers, as they are on wing. Being fed on grain, the flesh of the pheasant has not a gamey flavor, but tastes like turkey meat. For this kind of sport, England is a paradise, as there are immense game preserves managed with the utmost care, and at a great cost.

When the crops have been taken off the fields, branches of thorn are stuck in the ground a rod or two apart to prevent poachers from passing over the fields with nets and capturing the birds as they feed or crouch there. The laws regarding poachers are very rigorous, and it is said to be safer to shoot a man than a rabbit.

Our host was a well-conditioned Englishman, athletically set up, and "skilled in all the craft of hunters." The gentlemen of the party talked incessantly of grouse-shooting, salmon-fishing, riding, yachting, deer-stalking, and cricket. They boast that the English understand horses and equine nature better than any people in the world, which is most probable. Riding and hunting are their fine arts, their highest accomplishments, and they certainly do both well. They are proud of the fact that the House of Commons adjourns on Derby Day. They like to tell you about their favorite horse, about its progenitors, its flying leaps over hurdles and stone walls, and of its marvellous feats of endurance.

Fox-hunting seems to take precedence over all other sports, for the English are keen animals of prey. Froude declares they cannot see a strange bird or animal without immediately wanting to kill it, and Charles Lamb quotes them as saying, "Here's a fine day, let us kill something."

An Englishman must always be "up and doing." He can only sit still at dinner or over hot punch. If he is rich, he wears Balmorals and hunts tame deer; if poor, he wears hobnails and kicks his wife. It is sport anyway, for it causes suffering to others and amusement to himself. Nevertheless, you cannot but admire these strapping, hardy Englishmen. It is their grain of cruelty and lust of blood that has given them such wonderful stamina, virility, and the indomitable rugged energy, without which they could never have attained the proud position of the World's Destiny Makers. A nation or people may become ultra-delicate and refined, consequently being the losers in vigor of thought, force, and brawn.

Our host took me over his estate and explained many things of interest. He grumbled at the free-trade policy, which has brought the "Agriculturalists" face to face with a serious state of things. English methods of farming are expensive, and consequently they find it difficult to compete with Colonial grain and meat. He seemed somewhat amused when I gave it as my opinion that the trouble lay with themselves, for instead of bringing Canadian grain and meat to be eaten in England, they should be sending out Englishmen to eat it in Canada. The farm laborer gets only "a living wage." In winter his pay is about $3.00 a week, and in summer $4.00. Generally, there are perquisites—a free house, some vegetables, and often a gratuity of what is called "Michaelmas money" amounting to perhaps $25.

We spent a day, too, at the game preserves at Hockley Woods, which are stocked with partridge, woodcock, pigeons, rabbits and pheasants innumerable. There was an unearthly quiet in the woods, except as we wandered about peering into the moss-cradles, or when occasionally a palpitating rabbit darted from its burrow and scurried across the dry leaves. We had tea under a huge green bay-tree, and spent the twilight hours of the long summer night gathering mushrooms, those toothsome "plants in masquerade" which grow profusely and in great perfection in this country.

* * * * * *

There is a charity-home here at the sea, where all the children are cripples. One puny weakling seems to be smashed all over, even her head being held up in a metal cage. Surely she is "bound in affliction and iron."

These children are brought up in wholesale fashion very much like a litter of puppies. Their features indicate their birth and station to be of a low origin. England is not an Elysium for children. There are too many, and they are often shamefully neglected. There have been disrespectful foreigners who have described England as "a furious centre of prolific vitality," for the rabbit-like fecundity of its people is remarkable.

SIDELIGHTS ON CECIL RHODES

By E. F. M.

HIS favorite form of exercise in youth was rowing. It was after a hard spin in an "eight" on the Isis that he contracted the severe chill which, settling on his lungs, led him to Africa. In 1873 he returned to Oriel College, Oxford, with the intention of entering the church. Once again his fondness for the Isis resulted in his catching another chill. The old lung trouble broke out again, and again he sought Africa. The ecclesiastical ambition seems to have stuck in his mind, for four years later a curious little story is told about him.

He was travelling by a jolting coach to Kimberley, and a fellow-passenger was greatly puzzled by the fact that Rhodes was constantly reading the Book of Common Prayer. At last Sir Charles Warren, for it was none other, was over-mastered by his curiosity. It was a strange sight to see a young digger deep in a prayer book. Sir Charles asked an explanation, and Mr. Rhodes simply said that he was learning by heart the Thirty-nine Articles with a view to passing a college examination.

According to a writer in the *London Telegraph*, Mr. Rhodes' mind was "cast in a classical mould." "I once laughingly suggested to Mr. Rhodes," he continued, "that on one or other of the appropriate kopjes in the neighborhood of Cape Town he should construct a model of the Parthenon on its original lines, and commission what sculptors he could find to supply it with reproductions of the finest Greek statuary. He jumped at the idea, merely remarking in parenthesis, that 'One has so little time, and though one is rich, one has not enough money for everything.' . . . 'I tell you what I would like to do,' he added later; 'they are always clamoring for a tax upon the output of diamonds at DeBeers—well, I would be quite willing to give them a tax of 2½ per cent. if they would devote it to encouraging art and literature in every form in South Africa.'"

While admittedly a clear-headed man of business, and endued with acute financial instinct, he was considered by those who knew him as somewhat eccentric, and a dreamer of dreams. The "big idea" of his life was the expansion and consolidation of the British Empire. So vast were his Napoleonic ambitions and so insatiable his earth-hunger that Lobenguela described him as a man who "ate a whole continent for breakfast." In speaking once to some admirers Rhodes said, "To learn the secret of success, grasp a prominent idea, and make it the prominent idea of your life's work, for success will come sooner or later." In reply to the criticism that his schemes were chimerical he answered, "I am sometimes told my ideas are too big. Yes, I answer, they would be too big if I were living on a small island—Cyprus or St. Helena—but we must remember that we are living on the fringe of a continent. Our history is only beginning, and therefore big ideas are essential to progress." He further enlarged on this subject in one of his Raid speeches, when he said, "Having read the history of other countries, I saw that expansion was everything, and that the world's surface being limited, the great object of present humanity should be to take as much of the world as it possibly could."

At one period of his career it was thought that he meditated of South African Confederacy, with himself as President. He was asked in England, "Are you going to be the Bismarck or Washington of South Africa?" He replied with much seriousness, "Oh, Bismarck for choice, of course."

That the Dutch Nationalists with whom he worked on amicable terms looked upon him as their future ruler is shown by the

following astounding incident, which also throws great light on Rhodes' character. It occurred during the time that he was Prime Minister of Cape Colony. He gave an address to a great meeting at Bloemfontein on the subject of a United South Africa, and afterwards a leading Boer was delegated to call on him. Years afterwards Rhodes told the story:

"The Boer said, 'Mr. Rhodes, we want a United South Africa,' and I said, 'So do I. I am with you entirely. We *must* have a United South Africa!' He said, 'There is nothing in the way.' 'Well, I said, 'we are one.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'and we will take you as our leader, but there is one small thing, and that is, we must of course be independent of the rest of the world.' I said, 'No, you take me for either a rogue or a fool. I would be a rogue to forfeit all my history and all my traditions, and I would be a fool because I should be hated by my own countrymen and mistrusted by yours.'"

That the Empire was first in his dreams of conquest and not his own aggrandizement is illustrated by a story he told in one of his speeches: "I remember," he said, "in the impetuosity of my youth, I was talking to a man advanced in years, who was planting oak trees, and I said to him very gently, that the planting of oak trees by a man advanced in years seemed to me rather imaginative. He seized the point at once and said to me, 'You feel that I shall never enjoy the shade,' I said 'Yes,' and he replied: "I had the imagination and I know what that shade will be, and at any rate no one will ever alter those lines. I have laid my trees on certain lines; I know that I cannot expect more than to see them beyond a shrub, but with me rests the conception and the shade, and the glory.'"

But his life's aims included wider things than these. He had an ambitious project for the subjugation of the whole world under the control of the English-speaking peoples, in which America was to be co-ordinate with Britain and her colonies. One of his proposals for securing this end was the establishment of "a secret society of millionaires organized on the plan of the Jesuits," who would be pledged to leave their wealth, not to "incompetent relatives," but to great public purposes.

An Apple-Cart Incident.

Only once in his career was Rhodes entirely staggered. It was when Jameson made his famous raid. Mr. Schreiner tells us that when he found Rhodes in his study at Groot Schuur, he found a man who had aged twenty years in as many hours. The great statesman was utterly dazed and quite unable to think coherently. All he could reiterate was, "Yes, yes, it is true. Old Jameson has upset my apple-cart. Twenty years we have been friends and now he goes in and ruins me. I cannot hinder him; I cannot destroy him, but old Jameson has upset my apple-cart." That was how he put it in the sore stress of his misery, but when he came out, his heart was not on his sleeve, for though horribly changed in appearance, he defiantly remarked to his would-be sympathizers, "Well, there is a little history being made; that's all."

Sidney Low, who knew him intimately, tells us that Rhodes never gained a more genuine triumph than when in 1897, he appeared before the Raid Committee in Westminster Hall. At the first examination he apparently was outclassed by the trained logicians of the bar, the subtle-minded statesmen, administrators, and scholars who sat around him and probed him to the soul with questions that stuck and stung. In comparison, Rhodes' language seemed unpolished, his methods uncertain, and his grasp of facts loose. He was like Gulliver, helpless before the Lilliputians, who pierced him with their small but painful arrows. But after his first appearance, Rhodes haughtily abandoned the rôle of the hunted, and assumed that of hunter, and by sheer weight of character and personality he succeeded. His witness-box became a throne, from which he interested, enthralled, bewildered, and overcame his hostile critics. With vigor and certitude, he lectured them on the aggressive designs of Germany, the intolerable conduct of "old Kruger," the

possibilities of the road to the North, and the paramount duty of Britain to seize the tide at its flood. It was a famous victory, and not the smallest tithe of his gratitude from posterity will be the fact that in Westminster by his words, and in Africa by his deeds, he killed the Little Englander. He has called England out of a creeping lethargy and has bade her go out and possess the earth.

Prior to his leaving Kimberley after the siege he made a speech, and concluded by saying: "We have done our duty in preserving and protecting the greatest commercial asset in the world—Her Majesty's flag." It is the opinion of statesmen of perspicuity that, had Rhodes been allowed a free hand in South Africa, unhampered by Chamberlain or Downing Street, he would have avoided the final war in South Africa, and by diplomacy would have accomplished practically the same results.

His Power Over Men.

It had nothing to do with "sugar doodling," which somebody has defined as the secret of this knack. His generosity, sense of justice, and a certain *bon homme* of disposition singled him out as a ruler and favorite. Although the rank and file of Rhodesia disliked the Chartered Company, it is strange that they never included Rhodes, who was the head of the organization, in their condemnation. When a man had a grievance against the Company, he would say, "I'll see Cecil John about it, and he will make *them* disgorge."

He turned everything and everybody to account, and this talent is as dangerous as dram-drinking. There were shrewd, industrial magnates, keen financiers and tireless men of action, worshippers of mammon, whose creeds could be summed up in the words, "I believe in Cecil Rhodes, maker of South Africa." Minds that were more logical, more subtle, and better trained surrendered unconditionally to his mesmeric influence.

His imperious power over men is illustrated by an incident that took place at the time of the Kimberley amalgamation. Rhodes came to Europe to raise a large sum of money, and wasted his time in the ante-chamber of a high and mighty financier. At last the despot of the *Courses* said that he would consider the matter, and give Mr. Rhodes an answer in a few days. Now, the matter had been well considered already, and this was merely an evasion. "Sir," said young Mr. Rhodes quietly and simply, "I will call again in half an hour. If you are not ready with your answer then, I shall go elsewhere." Mr. Rhodes had not to go elsewhere.

It has always been the cause of much speculation how this young Englishman of independent mind and big ideas had such a deep affection for the gentle, saint-like Gordon. Perhaps their centre was the robust faith they both possessed in "God's Englishmen." That they did not see eye to eye on other topics is evidenced by a remark Gordon once made to him, "You are one of those men," he said, "who will never approve of anything not organized by yourself." When Gordon pressed him to go to Basutoland, Gordon said, "There are very few men in the world to whom I would make such an offer; but of course you will have your way." Rhodes felt that his work lay in Kimberley, and so refused. While Africa's history would have been different, so would that of Basutoland, for whether North or South, Rhodes was bound to make his mark in the history of the world.

Later, Gordon telegraphed Rhodes to Cape Town, asking him to go to Egypt to contest the power of the Mahdi, but Rhodes promptly declined.

'Tis a thousand pities that his phenomenal career was cut short when he was so much needed. Doubtless his neglect of his physical health hastened his end. He cared not a pin what he ate or drank so there was enough of it, or wherewithal he should be clothed so there was not too much of it. Added to this carelessness of his own well-being, he lived in a constant atmosphere of worry and excitement. It is the old story of

"A fiery soul which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er informed the tenement of clay."

EDUCATION

Dr. Grant's Successor

IT is as yet uncertain who the successor of Principal Grant will be. A number of names have been mentioned, but with little probability of appointment. The regulations of Queen's University at present require that the principal be a minister of the Presbyterian Church, and this stipulation bars some who would no doubt be otherwise strong candidates for the position. The connection between Queen's and the Presbyterian Church is likely to be placed on a different footing in the near future. It was one of the plans of Dr. Grant himself to separate the Arts Faculty and to make it more thoroughly independent and national, while still preserving the theological department in its traditional lines. This change is now being considered. But in any case it is felt that a man to take the place of the late Principal should be chosen with great care, and that he must be one who is capable of upholding the strong Canadian spirit which now centres at Queen's and which was so completely characteristic of Dr. Grant. The new principal should be himself a Canadian.

Educational Reforms

In a recent address Inspector Hughes of the Toronto Schools, outlined some radical reforms in the local educational system which are of interest, and, from a man of his experience, of value. He claimed that educational methods had been almost revolutionized in the last twenty-five years and that education in general had changed as rapidly as any of the sciences. Still further changes were now in order to bring the local system in harmony with the tendencies of the times. Some of these changes he outlined as follows:

Much smaller School Boards.

In Toronto one board to manage education and with it the Public Library.

The schools open for the use of the people at night to become, by lecture courses, etc., a centre of social and intellectual advancement for the whole community.

Two courses of education throughout, with university degrees equally honorable, one based on mechanics, the other on culture.

In the city, for boys and girls alike, more planting and growing, more manual training and more play.

Mr. Hughes advocates the kindergarten, which he thinks should take the place of primary schools. He would have all children planting and cultivating flowers. The vacant lots should be ploughed up for the children to use as gardens. They needed more play and fresh air. The process of stuffing children with education rather than assisting them to develop their own selves was condemned.

Notes

The late Dr. Grant left $30,000 life insurance to Queen's University.

In the city of Toronto there are fifty-nine public schools, with 556 regular teachers and 126 kindergarten teachers.

A course of military instruction for teachers of cadet corps was given at Stanley Barracks, Toronto, commencing on July 7th.

A new School of Mining is to be opened in Halifax, N.S., in connection with Dalhousie University. Nova Scotia has large mining interests and such a school will be of practical benefit.

A fund for a new Convocation Hall for Toronto University has already passed the $10,000 mark.

A fine new building for the Baron de Hirsch Institute, Montreal, has been opened on Bleury Street.

At a meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, in Toronto, the President's address by Dr. Loudon was on the subject of university research. Contrasting the colleges of Germany, England, Canada and the United States he found the Germans leading greatly in the direction of original research. Canadian and American universities were following the example of Germany to a marked extent, while England was giving more attention to reading and examinations.

Some interesting experiments in applied science were described at the same meeting by a McGill professor, which seemed to to show that there were particles smaller than atoms. Recent discoveries in this line had been made by one of the professors at Cambridge, thus entitling the English colleges to at least some of the credit for original research.

A convention of American and Canadian architects held in Toronto in May discussed the establishment of a National School of Art, it being argued that such a school would be a means of unifying art theories and would lead to a more characteristic type of architectural design throughout the country. On the other hand it was held that better work could be done by letting the local schools develop on their own lines. There are already a number of such local schools in the various states and provinces, supplemented by the technical schools and partial courses at the colleges.

Mr. Carnegie is giving £100 scholarships to civil engineers, three of which have been awarded to British, American and Austrian candidates.

A movement for popular education is in progress in New York and suburbs. During the past winter 3,000 free lectures were given, attended by more than 900,000 persons.

In the United States alone the gifts for educational purposes in 1901 amounted to $107,000,000 which was emphatically the record-breaker, the next largest having been $62,000,000 in 1899. Rich men are now apparently vying with each other in the giving of their wealth to schools and colleges.

President Hadley of Yale looks upon gifts of money as something that may easily prove unfortunate. The modern college is already a huge business institution. The appropriation for the running of Columbia University for the next year is no less than $1,099,160. There is no doubt danger in too much greatness of this kind.

The following division of a student's time is recommended by President Eliot of Harvard: ten hours study, eight for sleep, two for exercise, and four for meals and social duties.

A McKinley scholarship of $9,000 has been founded at McGill in honor of the late President.

And now Chinese is to be added to the list of modern languages. An endowment of $112,000 has been given for a Chinese chair at Columbia University. The new professor will be Wu Tin Fang, Chinese Minister at Washington.

A university for women is to be opened this year at Moscow, and another at Tokio, Japan. The former will have medical, mathematical and scientific faculties, and owes its establishment to a wealthy Russian merchant.

Among the most important and most interesting educational movements in America is that known as the "Southern Educational Crusade," which, in brief, is a movement for improving the school systems of the rural districts of the South, where heretofore the cause of education has been seriously retarded by the race feeling and general indifference. The present is a move for popular improvement. It has a good financial backing and annual conferences are held for the purpose of discussion and organization. Mr. Robert C. Ogden, president of the recent conference, describes the scheme as follows:

> The idea is this: Go into a locality, just as the Slater and Peabody Boards have done, and get the people to tax themselves. If there is not money enough to build a proper schoolhouse, costing say $1,000, put $500 with what the people will raise, and build it; then supplement what they will pay for teachers; get better teachers by paying more. Give the people of a locality these facilities for three or four years, and when they have had educational advantages for that period, then you may withdraw your support; they will take care of it themselves after that.

The conference has declared its purpose for schools that train the hand as well as the mind, and a number of model schools have already been opened. Aside from the immediate benefits of improved education this movement will tend greatly toward better relations between the races and between the South and North, much of the necessary funds coming from rich men of the North.

LITERATURE

FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE WIDE WEST: By Bernard McEvoy.

THERE is a deal of information and no small measure of entertainment to be derived from the perusal of this brightly-written volume. Whether he talks of the fur-trade, the settlers, mines, architecture, the prairies, or Indians, Mr. McEvoy is always clever and breezy without the slightest touch of the schoolmaster. He has a happy way of telling us interesting things about Canada that we wonder we had not known before. His eyes are so very widely open that he has even seen a "feature" in Cardwell Junction, that den of gregarious discomfort where most of us have spent well-nigh interminable hours. He describes it as "the color symphony of fresh green poplars and aspens against dark pines." Now that he speaks of it, we have some such hazy recollections.

We started out from Toronto with Mr. McEvoy's book bulging out a plethoric hand-satchel, and it has been our constant companion on most of the route which he has described. We refer to it daily as we would to Bædecker, and find it quite as useful but much more lively. The author has the happy facility of summing up a place or scene in a few graphic words. Port Arthur he describes as "a lusty, independent youngster. Lake Superior is its washpot; over the adjacent rich mineral prospects it casts out its shoe." He, however, frankly acknowledges that British Columbia staggers him, for, taking us into his confidence, he says: "When you have exhausted all your adjectives on the general greatness of Canada and its immense resources, you still feel in British Columbia, that you want a special set. It almost needs an expletive added to every adjective and descriptive term you can think of, or find in the dictionary. Even then the effect is as poor as that of a Simian solo on an organ fit for the hand of a Sebastian Bach." Do not think from this that the author suffers from a wordless incompetency. It is a sufficient refutation to say that he writes on The Toronto *Mail and Empire.*

Speaking of words, Mr. McEvoy has a queer fancy for the suffix *ish*, as exampled in "longish," "latish," "old-timish," smallish," "hotelish," "broadish" and "widish," and once in a while we get stuck fast in such a word as "circumferentiate." Nevertheless, he always calls a spade a spade and never by any chance a hoe. We were in the editorial sanctum of *The Nor'-West Farmer*, in Winnipeg, not long since, and there was much chuckling and holding of sides over a travelling Ontario scribe who had recently written of sheep as "Herefordshires."

The volume is made available by an index. It is copiously illustrated, and will undoubtedly be a "seller."—WILLIAM BRIGGS, Toronto.

WITH THE TIBETANS IN TENT AND TEMPLE.

IT is good to read such a stirring volume as this. It possesses a deep interest on every page. Tibet has long been a closed land, but Dr. Susie Rijnhart, an Ontario woman, has penetrated many hundred miles to its interior and has given us in this book much interesting data concerning the social life, manners and customs of the Tibetans. She possesses a wonderful accuracy of observation and a capacity for seeing widely. Her literary style is quiet and dignified.

To us, the narrative is of unusual interest, for the late Petrus Rijnhart was our guest for a fortnight on his last journey to Tibet, and we learned to love the handsome, whole-souled Hollander. His wife's simple unfolding of the burial of their baby boy at the foot of the lonely Dang La Mountains is full of tender pathos. Mr. Rijnhart dug the grave while the stricken mother made a coffin from a drug box and

plucked wild asters and blue poppies from the hillside to soften the harshness of death.

A month later, Petrus Rijnhart went down to the tent of some hostile Tibetans leaving his wife to await his return. She never saw him again. For three nights and days the solitary woman awaited his return, and then turned her face towards Canada. She tells but little of the dumb fear and unmitigated tragedy of those awful hours, for in all crises of grief the heart is inapproachable. She leaves the reader to fill it in. Perhaps this is the truest art.—FLEMING H. REVELL, Toronto.

THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS

A Romance of the White Man's Burden, 1865-1900
By Thomas Dickson, Jr.

THIS book derives its title from the words, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?"

The reader must unnail his mind when he takes up this story. We usually consider the negro question from the Northern standpoint, but here it finds treatment from the violent partisanship of the South. In its way, the work is almost as powerful as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, of which it is a counter-blast. Through history, argument, deduction, clash of battle, dramatic situations and political struggles, the writer carries you rapidly on, until in the last pages you reach his climax in the lynch-law. He does not defend lynching. If you have conceded his premise you cannot but do that yourself. It is a false premise and we hope you will not accept it, for the negro is not a mere black brute to whom education and liberty should be closed doors. In *Simon Legree*, the murderer of *Uncle Tom*, Mr. Dixon has given us as leperous a man as humanity could well produce, and still he is of the white race. Down south, it would appear, that nothing black on the surface goes—it must be concealed. Without appearing to preach, we might intimate that Jesus Christ himself had a dark skin, and once lived in Africa.

The lynching is pictured with a vividness hard to equal, and stamps the author as a man of rare genius. It is so awful that the blood of the reader fairly sickens. *Tom Camp's* daughter, *Annie*, on her wedding eve is carried off to the woods by six negroes. In the fight that ensues Annie is shot and her body is brought home with a bullet mark in *the* temple. The years pass on and Tom's last idol, little *Flora*, a mere baby, is done to death by a negro fiend. The awful convulsions of the dying child, the broken arteries, the clenching of little fists, the screaming for "Father," and the fearsome rage of the stricken parent, are told in letters of fire. Livid and convulsed with volcanic passions he shrieks out, "Oh! if I only had him here before me now, and God Almighty would give me strength with these hands to tear his breast open and rip his heart out!—I—could—eat—it—like—a—wolf."

Then in the distance comes a murmur that is like the distant moaning of the wind in the hush that comes before the storm; the tread of a thousand feet—no cry, no word, only silence and hurrying feet. It is a crowd that hurries and does not shout. It is a fearful thing. There is something inhuman in its uncanny silence. The blood-blotched negro is tied to the stake and the terrible crowd surges to and fro. It seems "to melt into a great crawling, swaying creature, half reptile, half beast, half dragon, half man, with a thousand legs and a thousand eyes, and ten thousand gleaming teeth, with no ear to hear and no heart to pity." When the curtain lifts once more, there is naught but space and a little ash-pile made from the flesh of a living man.

Off in the cemetery, all through the night, *Tom Camp*, with bare hands, bleeding fingers, and broken finger-nails, digs open the grave of his little girl and sits by her holding her little stockings, and bonnet, and toys. He is talking to her. They lift him gently and lead him away a hopeless madman.

From an historical standpoint the book is a revelation as well as a romance. The author tells us that when the negroes assembled to be enrolled and to receive "the elective franchise," they brought empty jugs and bottles to carry it away.

The book abounds in quick fantastic

turns of thought as well as quotable passages. It is a very riot of kisses and blood with a dash of extra dry humor. What more could an exacting public ask?—WILLIAM BRIGGS, Toronto.

MARY E. JOHNSTON'S "AUDREY."

MISS JOHNSTON'S pen has not lost its cunning. Her latest work is in every way worthy the author's reputation. We have nothing for it but unmixed praise. *Audrey* is a real love story, the scene of which is laid in "Ole Virginny" in the days when it was called "the school for gentlemen." The story is well imagined, well-constructed well-sustained and will be read with unflagging interest. The men and women are no mere figures upon which to hang robes of the colonial period but are all alive with an intense humanity—all only *Audrey*, who though tricked out as a woman is nought else than a sprite. "In the woods she seemed the spirit of the woods, in the garden the spirit of the garden, in the water the spirit of the water." Beautiful Audrey! slim and supple as a stock of maize with all the charms of ingenuousness, of untouched freshness and of the most admirable ignorance in the world!

When this forest creature meets *Haward*, not knowing what else to do, she shyly puts her back against a tree, whereupon he begs her to "slip not yet within the bark," for "had I known, I should have brought an oblation of milk and honey."

In her early childhood, Haward had rescued Audrey from the Indians, who had murdered all her kin. He had left her in charge of one *Parson Darden*, a besotted rake who abused her. After a multi-colored career of eleven years spent abroad, Haward returned to Virginia thinking to love and wed the stately *Evelyn Bryd*, but the innocence and charm of Audrey captivated the heart of this man of the world. On this hinges an entrancing story of love and hate and passion and tragedy. The story does not end happily. Some readers may resent this, but yet it is the only possible conclusion, for in the nature of things, a man may not marry an angel. *Maclean*, a Highland officer taken at Preston and transported to Virginia, and *Jean Hugon*, a half-breed trader are drawn with unerring touch. None of the other characters quite equal them.

The author expresses herself in a pure and delicate English that glitters with bits of quiet humor. She has the subtle understanding of nature that is only found in persons of highly poetic temperament. It is a story that will linger long in the memory.—*George N. Morang, Toronto.*

FRANK R. STOCKTON'S "KATE BONNET."

TOLD in Mr. Stockton's own crisp, original manner, *Kate Bonnet* is uncommonly readable. The word Stockton has come to be synonymous with whimsicality and extravagant caprice. His latest book is no exception. It exhibits all the strong and wrong characteristics of the author. Every chapter is marked by some startling incident which no one else could invent or write, and which could never by any possibility have happened on land or sea. Opera—bouffe pirates, lace ruffles, tears, clash of cutrasses, carronades, blood, bags of gold, marooned families, and Calvinism make up the queer jumble out of which the author has drawn out a most delectable story.

Nowhere in the book is there a more delightful dash of Stocktoniana than where *Blackbeard*, a ferocious chunk of fleshed iniquity bids *Ben Greenaway*, a pious old Presbyterian, convert him. "I don't want any of that lazy piety on board my vessel," cries the cut-throat. "If you don't reform me and do it rightly, I'll slice off both your ears." This old Calvinist is a piece of quaint character-drawing. He is always amusing and never tiresome. On the stage he would be irresistible.

The story relates the adventures of Master Stede Bonnet, an erstwhile sugar-planter in the Barbadoes, whose second wife, a fire-eating jade, was given to offensive personalities on the household in general and on Master Stede in particular. That was the beginning of it.

To escape fetters matrimonial, and to once more assert his authority in the world, this crushed worm purchased and rigged

out a vessel, stored it with nautical needfuls, and manned it with an unkempt horde of things. The vessel sailed from Bridgenorth under the mild-sounding appellation of *The Sarah Williams*, but once out, the black flag, with skull and bones—the "Jolly Roger" of the Spanish Main—was hoisted, and *The Revenge* began its piratical career. That was the way of it.

I abhor reviewers who tell conclusions. If you want to know the end of it and to follow the varied heart-affairs of Mistress Kate Bonnet, you must read it yourself. It will not be an irksome task.

Even while we are writing, word has come of the death of the author, Frank R. Stockton, from cerebral hemorrhage. Although 68 years old his latest work shows him to have been still at heart a young man. He was a Philadelphian by birth and in early life was an engraver and draughtsmen, but soon abandoned this occupation for journalism. He first came into prominence through his story "Rudder Grange," and for a quarter of a century his record has been one of unbroken popularity. His best known work is the clever fantasia, "The Lady or the Tiger." Mr. Stockton's fun was always buoyant and spontaneous—never cumbrously constructed. His fertile imagination knew no bounds.—*The Copp, Clark Co.*

FROM "LEAVES OF GRASS"

BY WALT. WHITMAN

TO A PUPIL

Is reform needed? Is it through you?
The greater the reform needed, the greater the Personality you need to accomplish it.

You! do you not see how it would serve to have eyes, blood, complexion, clean and sweet?
Do you not see how it would serve to have such a body and soul that when you enter the crowd an atmosphere of desire and command enters with you, and everyone is impress'd with your Personality?

O the magnet! the flesh over and over!
Go, dear friend, if need be give up all else, and commence to-day to inure yourself to pluck, reality, self-esteem, definiteness, elevatedness,
Rest not till you rivet and publish yourself of your own Personality.

FINANCE

AN authoritive idea may be obtained of the general business prosperity that has prevailed in Canada by consulting the trade figures issued by the Dominion Government for the past eleven months of the fiscal year. They are certainly of a most encouraging nature. For that period Canada's foreign trade on the basis of imports for consumption and exports on domestic merchandise only, exhibits an increase of nearly $35,000,000, as compared with the same period of the previous fiscal year. The imports and exports for the former period totalled $348,705,085, and for the latter period $313,863,314. With coin and bullion and exports of foreign merchandise included, the increase in aggregate trade falls a little short of $33,500,000, the total amounting to $366,942,595 for the eleven months just ended, as against $333,472,908 for the eleven months of 1900-1.

Trade conditions, too, are well reflected in the annual statements of the chartered banks, many of which hold their meetings during the month of June. In nearly every case the statements show that had it been considered advisable the banks were in a position to increase their dividend distributions to shareholders, and in a number of instances the banks distributed a portion of their increased earnings either by bonuses or larger dividends, while at the same time adding to their cash reserves. With others the increases were added to the rest accounts, which was not so immediately satisfactory to the shareholders perhaps, but strengthened the position of the banks. The increase in the business of our banking institutions is a noticeable feature in all the reports, and the prediction is made that should trade continue to expand at its present rate further additions in the capital of some of the leading banks will necessarily follow.

Upon the condition of trade in this country perhaps no one is better equipped to speak than Mr. E. S. Clouston, General Manager of the Bank of Montreal. At the annual meeting of that Institution Mr. Clouston said:

"Generally speaking, the past year has been a prosperous one for Canada. The revenues of the country are large; railway earnings are steadily increasing; farmers are prosperous; the outlook for lumber is improving, and the tide of immigration has set in with greater volume, ensuring to Western Canada, and, indeed to the whole country, more rapid progress in population and material prosperity. The natural resources of the country are being steadily developed; the output of coal is increasing, and it looks as if we were on the eve of important results in the iron and steel industry. There are indications also that the recent consolidation of the Atlantic steamship lines by an American syndicate will compel Canada in self-defence to take up the question of a fast Atlantic service, and if we wish to secure immigration, retain the traffic properly belonging to our own boats, and safeguard the interests of our commerce, we must see that the service, both passenger and freight, is second to none in speed and equipment. The Stock Exchanges of Canada have shown an activity unexampled in the history of the country, and although speculation has been rife there has been a certain foundation for the advance in the quotations of securities, and it is not exactly the wild reckless state of affairs that foreign critics profess to believe exists here. Still, there is danger of speculation being carried beyond legitimate bounds, and we have probably reached a point where investors and lenders would do well to look more closely into the intrinsic value of the securities they purchase or accept as collaterals."

So much for the past, but a confident note may be struck for the future. It is the crop prospects that are now engaging the attention of business men and manufacturers, and these are almost without exception of a highly satisfactory character. In Ontario the condition of the crops are

generally well-known and nothing but the most favorable reports continue to be received. In fruit a record year is looked for. The same story comes from the west where the unprecedented settlement this year has meant a large increase in the acreage, it being estimated that there are 213,149 acres more under cultivation this year than last, there being more than two million acres under wheat alone. Railway building is going on there as fast as material and men can be secured, in order that the enormous crop expected may be handled rapidly.

A gathering of business men that may result in events of far-reaching importance to the trade of the country, was the conference of Boards of Trade of the Dominion, recently held in Toronto. There were one hundred and twenty-five delegates present representing all the principal Boards of Trade of the Provinces and the Territories, and the resolutions passed were mostly representative of the business sentiment of the country. An exception may be made perhaps, to the resolution on the subject of defence. The conference had a two-fold object, first that the ideas of the delegates upon trade relations between Canada, the Mother Country, and the colonies might be placed in the hands of Sir Wilfrid Laurier before the conference of colonial premiers which Sir Wilfrid will attend in London, and second, that trade matters as affecting the Dominion itself might be freely discussed.

The most important matter taken up was the consideration of trade relations between Great Britain and the Colonies, and a resolution was carried advocating that England grant a preference upon all colonial products. The meeting was unanimous in this, but curiously enough no practical suggestion was made as to how such a preference could be carried out. In a meeting of merchants and manufacturers who are strong protectionists it was pointed out by some that, if we were to obtain a preference from England, Canada must in turn lower her duties on English goods. Woollen manufacturers in this country are already complaining that the preference now existing is seriously injuring their interests, and at a recent meeting of the Canadian Colored Cotton Mills Company the preference was made an excuse for a poorer annual statement than usual, the president stating that those who had invested their money in manufacturing enterprises in Canada were suffering by the reduction that had been given in the preferential tariff. It was the practical point of how preferential trade was to be secured that Sir Wilfrid Laurier took up with a deputation from the conference which placed the resolutions in his hands. He asked if the manufacturers of this country were prepared to have tariff for tariff, and Mr. Robert Munro, President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, replied emphatically that they were not. There is a strong belief now, however, that the people of this country must face the issue, and before asking a preference from the Mother Country, state how far they are prepared to go in admitting English goods at a lower rate of duty to compete with Canadian manufacturers.

Upon the subject of defence the delegates showed many divergent opinions. Defence was considered as linked to trade, for a commerce to be developed must be defended. A few present favored a fund to be handed over to the British authorities, to be expended as the latter saw fit; but the sense of the meeting was overwhelmingly opposed to this. There were then practically two schools of thought dominating the meeting, one favoring the setting aside of a yearly fund in the Dominion budget for defence, to be expended by the Dominion Government. The second took the view that Canada was doing well enough now, that in time of trouble she could be always depended upon as in the South African War, and that after all the best means of defence was to make our own country powerful and wealthy by developing her natural resources rather than expending immense sums of money in armaments. How close the two bodies were divided is seen in the vote which by forty to thirty-two declared in favor of a defence sum in the Dominion budget.

The unsatisfactory feature of the vote to many present was that the resolution cannot now go out as the unanimous sentiment of the business men of this country.

Some of the other matters dealt with and approved of by the Conference were the subsidizing of a fast Atlantic line, a direct line of steamships between Canada, South Africa, and Australia, a better Pacific steamship service, a direct Pacific cable, the subsidizing of steel shipbuilding in Canada, a bonus on lead and lead products, and a reduction in the postal rates between Canada and Great Britain on newspapers and magazines.

One of those unfortunate labor troubles that sometimes result in disturbing the business of an entire continent is the strike of the miners in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania and Virginia. In Canada no appreciable effect has been felt, but on the other side many manufacturers have been inconvenienced because of the higher price of coal. The strike is now in its sixth week, and 165,000 men and boys are out. In some quarters the opinion is expressed that the strike was an ill-advised one, and certainly some of the most conservative of the leaders among the men did all they could to prevent it. The majority carried the day, however. No agreement between the mine owners and the miners appears to have resulted satisfactorily. Only last year a new agreement was made, but since that time no less than 128 strikes in the anthracite districts have occurred. The real cause of the strike is the determination of the operators to resist any further demands from the Union. The loss in wages since the strike began amounts to over six million dollars. Should the mine owners win, and they seem confident of success, they propose to reduce the number of miners by one-third, and will not attempt to resume work at all the colleries, but those that are operated will be so continuously. When the men are all working they dig out of the ground in a year 55,000,000 tons of the world's best coal, worth $200,000,000 wholesale when it gets to market. . The men who dig it and clean it and get it on the cars take $50,000,000 for their share, the railroads take $90,000,000 for hauling, someone, somewhere, gets the remaining $60,000,000.

An opinion was ventured in this department in the last issue that the collapse of the Dominion Securities Company might result in the option on the Canada Atlantic Railway not being taken up. This is exactly what has occurred, Dr. Seward Webb, of New York, who held the option, having withdrawn. It is understood that negotiations are now on between the owners of the road and the Dominion Government by which the latter would guarantee interest on the stock of the railway and utilize it as an extension of the Intercolonial. Such an arrangement would give the latter road a through grain route from the western lakes to the Atlantic seaboard.

Some fortunes are said to have been made through the recent advance in the Canadian Pacific Railway which has just passed through a very persistent boom, followed by the inevitable reaction, in which many small holders suffered. The heavy earnings of the company, the prospects ahead of it, rumors that it would control the proposed fast Atlantic steamship service, ridiculous stories that J. Pierpont Morgan was endeavoring to secure the road, were all used successfully by the several Canadian pools operating in the stock to advance the price, and it is hinted that treachery on the part of some of the members of these pools in unloading was responsible for the rapid decline. Very many people however, have purchased the stock as an investment guided solely by its future prospects.

The latest Canadian combination is that of the canning factories of British Columbia, forty-five concerns having amalgamated with a combined capital of $4,000,000. There is also talk of the amalgamation of the principal boot and shoe manufacturers of the Dominion, but nothing has come out of this yet.

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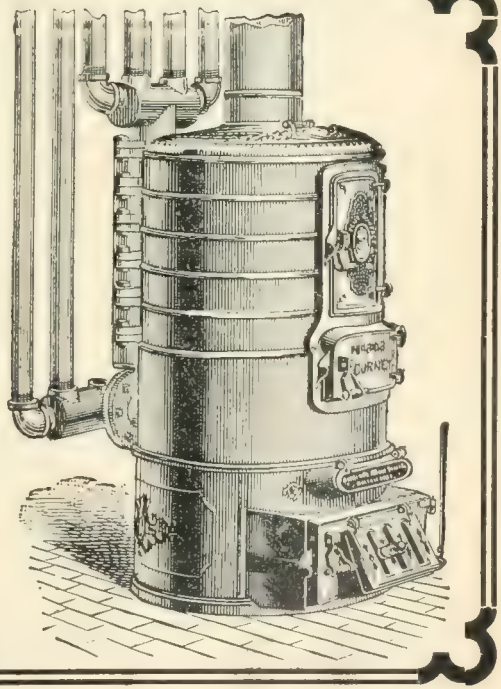

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which will be fully explained
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4th—Nearly four thousand Underwood users are ready to testify as to its superiority over other makes.

5th—Our list of users would fill a whole page in a daily paper, and cover only three years. Sales of most other makes from ten to thirty years would not fill one column.

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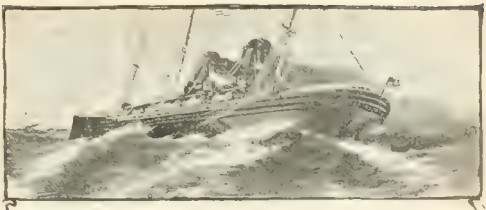

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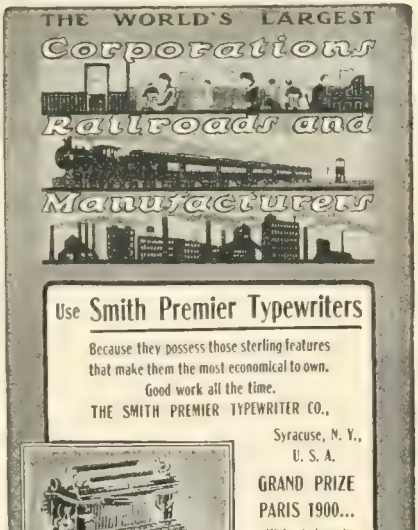
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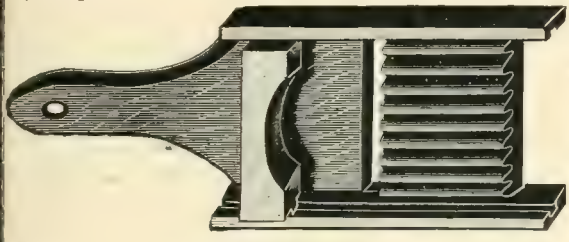

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(INCORPORATED)

.... OF ....

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ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$642,954.04	Capital Stock Paid in	$1,013,590.17
Real Estate	513,955.38	Dividends Credited	37,079.34
Loans on this Company's Stock	70,051.60	Amount Due Borrowers on Uncompleted Loans	1,771.14
Accrued Interest	7,785.70	Borrowers' Sinking Fund	42 675.48
Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc.	3,136.74	Mortgages Assumed for Members	11,300.00
Accounts Receivable	1,050 97	Reserve Fund	45,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	6,69 1 93	Contingent Account	131,392.13
The Molsons Bank	27,408.43		
Cash on hand	9.774.47	Total Liabilities	$1,282,808.26
Total Assets	$1,282,808.26		

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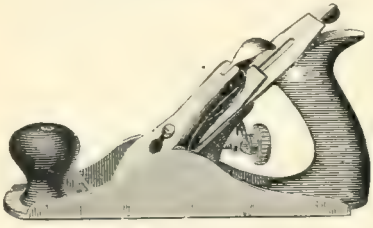

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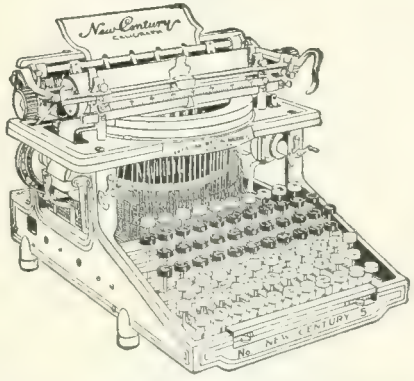

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THE
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VOL. I SEPTEMBER, 1902 No. 3

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

A GREATLY increased activity in shipping circles throughout the world is a noteworthy evidence of progress. It not only points to a widening of commercial interests, but to a strengthening of international goodwill, and traffic in ideas as well as traffic in goods becomes the more desirable and the more easily possible as business relations are extended. Wide acquaintance and ready adaptation are valuable aids to national life, and commerce will thus be found to be a guarantee of progress, as it is also a guarantee of peace. Herein is the importance of shipping.

Canada's shipping is extensive, but is not increasing in anything like the proportion which it should. Last year the total number of vessels which arrived at and departed from Canadian ports, exclusive of those engaged in the coasting trade, was 67,832. Of these 4,319 were British vessels, 30,211 Canadian, and 33,302 foreign. In the same year the entrances and clearances at ports of the United Kingdom were 625,000 British vessels and 71,370 foreign, a total of 696,370. The respective tonnages were 26,000,000 in Canada, and 206,000,000 in the United Kingdom. A record of shipping transactions with a total one-tenth as great as that of Great Britain is comparatively a good showing for Canada, for Britain stands as the greatest maritime nation in the world. But that it is as great as it might be can not be claimed seriously, while the unsatisfactory point is that Canada's shipping figures do not show the increase from year to year that is to be desired. In fact there was last year a decrease as compared with the year before, while for the last five years the total increase has been something over one-eighth.

With increased demand there is sure to follow the means to satisfy it, and at present there is on all sides a demand for better and more frequent steamship service between Canada and trans-oceanic countries. The fast line to England, of which more is said below, and a line to South Africa and Australia are proposals which show the direction in which things are moving; and the Montreal Chamber of Commerce is recommending a direct line between Canada and France. Something will surely take shape out of the various schemes which are at present in course of being talked about.

In the United States also there is increased activity in shipping circles. In fact, it can hardly be denied that a certain part of the activity now being shown elsewhere is indirectly the result of American enterprise, which by reason of its aggressiveness has wakened others to a fuller sense of the situation. Although naturally fitted to be a great shipping

country, the United States has heretofore been largely dependent upon foreign countries for her freight-carriers, less than one-tenth of her exports going in her own ships. With the rapid rise of the money power, however, a new factor has appeared, and the world was startled some months since by a business transaction in which five of the largest Atlantic lines were purchased by an American combination, which evidently considered it quicker to buy than to build. Shipbuilding in the United States is, however, receiving more attention and it is altogether probable that, with buying and building, a first-class merchant marine will be available in the near future. In England and Germany shipping interests are always active, and are now especially so in their relations to Canadian and American enterprises. Thus on both sides of the ocean the shipping business is receiving an amount of attention which both from the point of view of commerce and of international relations gives it a new importance.

The Fast Atlantic Line

When the news was first made public, late in July, that a tender had been made for the fast Atlantic steamship service, it was hailed both in England and in Canada with great enthusiasm. The new line had been one of the matters discussed at the Colonial Conference and the ministers had been in communication with the heads of a number of prominent steamship companies, one result being the reported formation of a great British combination controlling two hundred ships, which would fight the Morgan combine recently organized. This deal, however, lacked confirmation. Meanwhile a bona fide offer came from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and was made public by the Canadian ministers then in London, at whose request the tender had been submitted. It was for a weekly service between Quebec and Liverpool in summer, and Halifax and Liverpool in winter, employing four twenty-knot steamers and ten freighters, in consideration of a subsidy of a million and a half dollars. The Canadian Pacific Railway was recognized as a reliable and capable corporation, and at once the public fancy seized upon its offer as the most desirable solution of the Atlantic transit problem. Ministers, statesmen, merchants, newspapers, approved of it.

But, the first excitement past, certain reasons became apparent why the Government could not deal with the question quite so rapidly or unreservedly as the general public had done. The fact that any such service would be expensive could not be overlooked. The Canadian appropriation, passed some years ago by parliament, is $750,000, and the British Government's original promise was half the amount paid by Canada. This would not be sufficient for a fast service, each additional knot over eighteen meaning so much the greater expense in running. To be really a fast service or to meet the needs of the case it should be 23 or 24 knots. The London *Daily Graphic* in commenting on the project had this to say:

> "It would be distinctly advantageous to Canadian interests, but when it is proposed that Great Britain should give a heavy subsidy it is well that we should pause to look at the question all round. If the advantages of a direct Canadian service of fast steamers are as great as is alleged, it is surprising that private capitalists have not long ago put their money into such a service instead of competing for the New York traffic."

Other features of English business methods had, however, been more surprising than this, and the fast Atlantic project was not wanting in favor on this score. The chief difficulty seemed to be with the source from which the tender emanated. "The Canadian Pacific Railway," said one of the approving politicians, "holds the key of the situation." The fear as expressed by others was that it held the key too well, that while it was in a position to itself furnish the freight it would also be in a position to monopolize the entire carrying trade from the

Canadian West to England, that existing lines of steamers would be driven out of business, and that instead of a national ocean service there would be a subsidized service, admittedly of the best in point of equipment, controlling the British Atlantic trade prejudicially both to other steamship lines and to other railways. To remove these fears the C.P.R. authorities have asserted that the subsidy will apply only to the fast passenger and mail service and not to the freighters, the new line being in this respect on an exact level with the others; there would be competition, but on perfectly legitimate grounds. An official of the Grand Trunk Railway, which must also be reckoned with in the matter, is reported as saying that the Canadian Pacific, while a competitor of the Grand Trunk in the land-carrying traffic, would in its steamboat service be compelled by the force of business circumstances to encourage the co-operation of other railways in order to secure as much freight as possible.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is undoubtedly in a position to establish and maintain an Atlantic steamship service the equal of any now in existence. It already operates excellent services on the Pacific and the Great Lakes. The question is, however, whether it is well to put so important a franchise in the hands of a private corporation, railway monopoly being the very bugbear which was feared in the case of the Morgan combine. Two conditions seem absolutely necessary in the interests of fair dealing:

1. No contract involving Government expenditure should be signed without giving an opportunity to existing lines to tender.

2. If granted to any private corporation the Government subsidy should carry with it the right of controlling the rates, in order that other steamship and railway lines should not be prejudicially affected, and that the rights of the public at large should be protected.

The matter is now in the hands of the Government. The Canadian ministers have consulted with the representatives of the various interests concerned and are fully open to the dangers to avoid and the advantages to secure. Definite action has not yet been decided upon.

The Colonial Conference

The practical results of the Colonial Conference, which closed August 11, must be looked for in the future. No definite action on the more important of the topics discussed was decided upon, and the colonial premiers were undoubtedly somewhat disappointed because of their inability to secure the hoped-for benefits. It does not follow, however, that the Conference accomplished nothing. On the contrary, the premiers and ministers themselves profess to believe that very important progress was made. They claim that public opinion in England is favorable to imperial federation and that a sure result of their consultations with the British Government will be the hastening of the day when federation will be possible. And if no other benefit had been derived, the fact that the representatives of the various colonies had made each other's acquaintance, and thus established warmer feelings which might eventually lead to more tangible results, shows that some gain was made by holding the conferences. So satisfactory were they from this point of view that they are in future to be held every four years. There was much eloquence and good, sound, colonial sense expressed on the floors of the Conference, and on public platforms, during the stay of the ministers in England, and a favorable impression was left with the English public.

The thread on which these discourses were gathered was this: From England's point of view it has been for some time desirable that the colonies should bear a part of the burden of imperial defence; but from the colonies' point of view they

should not pay imperial expenses without imperial representation. Federation of the component parts of the Empire was thus suggested, and questions of commercial relations led in the same direction. Canada's interest was chiefly with a system of preferential tariffs, while Canada, Australia, and South Africa were all concerned with improved steamship and cable service. Minor subjects of discussion were connected with these main topics.

However desirable imperial federation might be, it soon became apparent that it was practically impossible, for the present at least. Within the British Empire are a great variety of races and peoples, whose characters and abilities are as widely divergent as are the natural conditions of the countries they inhabit. The adjustment of mutually satisfactory terms of union among these peoples would seem to be an almost hopeless task, with so little in common and such diversity of political status. It was small wonder that the Conference failed to reach a decision. The question of commercial relations within the Empire presented fewer difficulties. Yet even here a divergence of interests was encountered. Canada asked for a preferential tariff, under which colonial and English goods would be mutually favored over goods from other countries. But Australia claimed that the free admission of English goods would annihilate the revenue of the Commonwealth, Australia being essentially an importing country and chiefly from British countries. The preferential idea does not accord, either, with England's policy. The colonies are protectionist, but, despite evidences of a gradual breaking-away, England is still committed to her principles of free trade. She is not yet ready to place a duty on foreign goods in order that she may give a preference to colonial goods. But free-trade nation though she is, England has duties, and it is most unfortunate that one of these, the grain duty, falls heavily on Canada. Failing a general preference, might not this duty on Canadian grain be removed ? But even this Canada is not yet able to secure, although she has a warm supporter in the person of Mr. Chamberlain.

So far as the encouragement of a brotherly spirit among the colonies is concerned, the Conference was a success. "The links of Empire" were doubtless strengthened, and seed was sown which will bear fruit in time. What was done may be summed up in this: Cape Conoly, Natal and Australia agreed to give annual subsidies to Imperial naval defence; Canada undertook only to keep her forces in efficiency and in readiness for Imperial service; preferential tariff arrangements will be worked out gradually with the individual colonies, following the lines of the Canadian tariff; resolutions were passed in regard to commercial relations; an intelligent grasp of the various situations was secured and ideas were set a-going which will bring definite action somewhat nearer. The Conference had no legislative powers; it was a purely deliberative body, and its action must be passed upon by the colonial and imperial legislatures. At the next gathering, four years hence, appreciable progress may be looked for. Affairs of empire, like the affairs of joint stock companies, require frequent consultations among the directors. No doubt the premiers and ministers are in a position to estimate the success of the Conference in more concrete terms, and they may have reason to believe that results will not be long delayed.

England's Political Prospects

Concurrent with the end of the war and the coronation of the King a reconstruction of the British Cabinet has taken place, with the dropping out of several prominent statesmen and the coming in of several new ones. The resignation of Lord Salisbury, which had been expected for some time, left the premiership to

fall naturally to Mr. Balfour, who takes his new office gracefully and modestly. Lord Salisbury may well be spoken of as a great statesman, distinguished perhaps more by his cautiousness and good sense than by any remarkable ingenuity. Mr. Balfour is both a statesman and a scholar and more inclined by nature to aesthetic pursuits than political. That he is an aristocrat of gentle tastes is the worst that his opponents have to say of him, but it is just possible that because of this gentleness of disposition he may not be equal to the task of guiding the affairs of state at such a time as this. Both he and his predecessor belong to the old regime, while the man for the times must be in touch with the new spirit and the opinions of the great average public. King Edward's coronation was significant not only by virtue of its own spectacular importance but because it marked a new period in England's industrial and social history. New conditions are arising, and the new reign begins even with this fresh era. It would be an excellent opportunity for an energetic Government leader to fall in line, but, while otherwise eminently capable and highly respected, it is hardly expected of Mr. Balfour that he will prove fully equal to the occasion.

For the same reason the retirement of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach from the Chancellorship is a natural consequence in the evolutionary process. He is an ardent free-trader, and he retired from office before the protective and preferential policy had gained the ascendency, as it ultimately must. The principles and theories for which Mr. Chamberlain stands are in harmony with present-day tendencies, are only a little ahead of public opinion, and will finally win. But their increasing power marks a new order of things, and therefore the passing of the old regime is a step to the future.

The guiding spirit in British politics is Mr. Chamberlain, and he may yet be premier. He is the most energetic and most broad-minded man in the Cabinet, and while on the best of terms with Mr. Balfour his superior ability will naturally make his the predominant influence. He is also the colonies' best friend, as it behooves the Colonial Secretary to be, and the colonies have therefore much to hope for from the strengthening of a Chamberlain policy. In the new cabinet he remains in his present office, and his son becomes postmaster-general. The new chancellor is Mr. C. T. Ritchie.

The chief problems facing the Balfour administration at present are the aftermath of the war both at home and abroad, a period of depression threatening in England and re-organization being a necessity in South Africa; the education policy, which has already aroused stormy discussion; colonial relations; and the difficulties in Ireland.

The Situation in South Africa

The settlement of South African affairs is attended with many difficulties. The aftermath of war—reconciliation of the populace, establishment of government, restoration of industrial conditions—constitutes a problem. Yet it is not so difficult but that a sound and vigorous policy will prove its solution and will bring ultimate prosperity to the colony. Such a policy the British Government has announced its intention to pursue.

The first difficulty which presents itself is the reconciliation of the Boer masses. The leaders have professed their recognition of British rights and their determination to exert their own influence among the people to that end; the greater number of the people themselves have accepted the situation willingly and even gladly; and yet there come occasional reports that uneasiness is felt in some places and that many prominent Boers are but awaiting developments—if British rule is not satisfactory they will again seek to foment revolt. That some malcontents should be found was to be expected, but it is not likely that their dissatisfaction will ever assume formidable propor-

tions, especially as the provocation will most probably be lacking. The repatriation of the Boer prisoners is going steadily on, a thousand a week now being brought home and settled throughout the country. British rule since the close of the war has been marked with an evident desire to conciliate the vanquished people; their leaders have been consulted by the Government and have been extended the right hand of fellowship, and where stern measures were necessary they were tempered with justice. Mr. Chamberlain said in a speech not long ago: "We have no intention that the Boers should break with their old traditions. We desire that they should preserve the best characteristics of their race, and hope they will shake hands with us, thus securing prosperity in South Africa, under the flag which protects different races and different religions."

In government South Africa is now strictly a Crown colony. Gradual advances will be made from this beginning toward self-government on equal plane with other British colonies. The first step will be the introduction of a native official element, nominated by the British Government. Then, so soon as the condition of the country will permit, that official element will be made elective. The final step will be full autonomy, which will be delayed only so long as circumstances make necessary. In fact the British Government is anxious to pass over the control of the colony into its own hands at the earliest possible date, but a considerable time must in the nature of the case elapse before such a step will be practicable. Mr. Chamberlain, however, thinks that the new colonies will reach this goal of their ambition much sooner than is expected, despite the difficulties. In Cape Colony, which had already attained political self-control before the war, an agitation for the temporary suspension of the constitution originated among members of the legislature, and the home office was petitioned to withdraw their self-governing rights on the ground that the country was at present in too disturbed a condition to make elections either safe or desirable. The Colonial Office, however, decided that the petition lacked sufficient endorsement, being also strongly opposed by Premier Sprigg, that such a step was not necessary, and that in any case it could only be enacted by Parliament. The Cape Colony constitution therefore stands, and the legislature is now in session. It would seem to be the braver course for the Cape politicians to face the situation and out of the unstable conditions of the country, which they urge as their excuse, to bring order, and thus assist the home government in the political organization of South Africa.

The restoration of industrial conditions will take even a longer time than the evolution of self-government. The war's effects are most apparent in the upsetting of the whole business and industrial life of the country, and these interests must not only be restored to as sound conditions as before, but must make progress considerably beyond and be developed on a larger and more permanent scale. This can only be effected in time. It will take the Public Works Department in Cape Colony five years to catch up with the work interrupted by the war, and in the other colonies the loss of time is aggravated by complete lack of organization and by native unprogressiveness. The task of reconstruction has, however, been commenced, and a quick revival of the leading industries is hoped for. The farms are being occupied and the mines are resuming operations. The Government has confidence in South Africa and even hopes to secure a part of the cost of the war by imposing a reasonable tax on the mining industry.

In all these contemplated improvements by which a great future is to be built up in Britain's new colonies, it is intended to let the Boers take just so large a share of the work, the responsibility, and the

credit as they themselves wish to assume. As has been already said, no prejudice is to be shown to the conquered race. But South Africa is too large a country for native races to possess it; like Canada, it needs immigration, and a large settlement of British people is looked for. Yet great as its prospects may be, it cannot offer the advantages that Canada does. It has even been declared by recent visitors to be unsafe for commercial investment and equally undesirable for the ordinary laboring man in search of employment and a home.

Taking Lessons from Canada

The more progressive of the South African people realize that the future success of their country depends in a large measure upon the introduction of modern methods from other nations. The war has marked a new era, and old things having passed away it is now time to inaugurate a policy of progress. In their willingness to adapt ideas from other countries the Boers are taking a wise attitude and one that will operate with their own industry to bring about a reign of prosperity. One of the countries from which they profess their willingness to learn is Canada, and a delegation of three wide-awake farmers was a short time ago appointed to visit us and investigate the conditions and methods of Canadian farming. What has brought success to Canada will no doubt apply also, to a great extent, to South Africa, and it will be an act of genuine imperial fellowship to pass along such ideas as we have ourselves matured. It will be remembered that some time ago it was reported an effort would be made to bring some Boer settlers to Canada; it is an infinitely wiser plan to encourage the Boers to return to their own country and to give them the benefit of our experience, which they may apply to their own conditions of life.

Cuba and the Philippines

A situation somewhat similar to that which confronts Great Britain in South Africa is facing the United States in Cuba and the Philippines. The important differences are that Britain is planning a permanent possession, while the United States is ruling her island colonies only temporarily, having already announced independence in one and contemplating at some distant date a similar step in the other. Yet for the time being the problems which followed the close of the three wars have certain points of resemblance. The establishment of a system of government, the husbanding of the country's resources and industries, and the pacification of the native peoples are fundamental essentials in each case. Methods of working them out, however, differ widely.

Cuba has had now over three months of political independence, being required only to acknowledge the "moral dominance of the American flag." The United States Congress fulfilled its pledge and thereby won deserved commendation. Military occupation was withdrawn, the government placed in the hands of a native ministry, and the Cuban republic started on its way rejoicing and with fair prospects. And yet within the three months signs of trouble appeared. Dissatisfaction was openly expressed, and the Cuban government assumed an attitude toward the United States not altogether filial. The reason was that while Congress had fulfilled its pledge of independence it had failed to give Cuba commercial justice. Cuba was in absolute need of financial relief, but political influence deterred Congress from the course of fair and generous treatment. The matter is summed up by the *American Review of Reviews* as follows:

> Congress, in the opinion of the best intelligence and judgment of the country, was guilty of one great sin of omission in failing to live up to the moral obligation of the United States to do something for the economic

relief of Cuba. It would have been nothing more than decent to have admitted all Cuban crops of the present year to the ports of the United States duty free. We had taken control, and had spent Cuba's revenues freely in reconstructing matters according to our own ideas. It was due to our self-respect to give the new Cuban government a handsome send-off. Economic prosperity, as every one knew, was essential both to the success of Cuba's experiment in home rule and to the establishment of permanently satisfactory relations between Cuba and the United States. Certain Western agricultural interests, creditably eager to promote the development of the American beet-sugar industry, were used as a cat's-paw by a designing combination which, in turn, had power enough at Washington to prevent any action whatsoever.

Another writer remarks: "Cuba's present is dark with the gloom of industrial disaster and commercial stagnation. Her future is bright with the promise of peace and abundant prosperity."

In the Philippines a nominal peace exists; that is to say, civic rule has been in force since the early part of July, when an amnesty as generous as that granted by the British in South Africa was announced to all insurgents. Civil government has since been observed throughout the archipelago, and apparently with little difficulty. Here, too, is the interesting spectacle of a conquered people taking lessons from the victors, the notorious Aguinaldo having announced his intention to visit the United States and study American institutions.

Now that the war is over, what is the next step to be? A sentiment in favor of granting independence seems to be gaining strength. President Roosevelt himself has given a significant yet noncommittal expression on this point:

"We believe that we can rapidly teach the people of the Philippine Islands not only how to enjoy but how to make good use of their freedom; and with their growing knowledge their growth in self-government shall keep steady pace. When they have thus shown their capacity for real freedom by their power of self-government, then, and not till then, will it be possible to decide whether they are to exist independently of us or be knit to us by ties of common friendship and interest."

The question remains, however, whether these people are really fitted for self-government. Cuba's experiment has not yet gone far enough to furnish parallel proof, and even if Cuba's autonomy proved a success it does not necessarily follow that the same success would result in the Philippines. There is a feeling in the United States in favor of annexing Cuba, but it is only fair to say that it is by no means general or representative. The Philippines must remain for some time a still greater problem, and it may become an elephant on the hands of Congress. During the past summer much trouble has been caused by religious complications, and the case has been carried to Rome. But there can be only one feeling toward the United States, namely, a desire that her plans of peace and prosperity in the Pacific may meet with speedy success.

United States Elections

Congressional elections will be held throughout the United States early in November. The issues are important, though not in all cases very clearly marked, and the elections will be attended with the usual interest. Matters have already reached an acute stage in some of the states. Republicans and Democrats are opposed particulary on the old score of the tariff, which is complicated further by questions bearing on the control of the trusts. The Democrats claim that duties should be levied for purposes of public revenue only, and desire a revision of the Dingley schedules, thus opening up anew the tariff question. The Republicans, on the other hand, claim that the tariff as it exists at present is working well, that the country is prosperous, and that evidence is lacking that any public interest demands tariff changes.

As regards the trusts, a vigorous attitude has for some time been maintained by President Roosevelt, action having been taken against two concerns by way of test cases. The President's position has been endorsed by a number of Republican platforms, and the fact that their political opponents have thus taken the matter up will make it the more difficult for the Democrats to stake their claims

in that field, which they had hoped to have for themselves. The two questions of tariff and trusts are related in this, that the Dingley law as it now stands gives the trusts protection.

Bryanism has been supposed to be dead, but recent events have shown that in some of the western states it is still alive and likely to play a part in the approaching campaign. Free silver, however, will not be revived so long as the present satisfactory conditions under gold currency continue.

The weak point in the Republican armor is the failure to give relief to Cuba. In this the party did not follow the leadership of Mr. Roosevelt, whose efforts to secure some measure of assistance for Cuba this year were defeated by unwise deference to political influence. Had a sounder policy in this regard been adopted the prospects for a Republican victory in November would seem to be almost certain; and they are even now most excellent. Public approval is now expressed of the conduct of the war and consequent investigations in the Philippines, and general prosperity throughout the country is a powerful argument in favor of the party in power. Changes in some of the states are, however, sure to occur, sometimes due as much to the personality of the candidates as to any political principles which may be involved.

The Panama Canal

So far the project of connecting the Pacific and Atlantic oceans by a canal has not been affected by partisan politics, it being regarded as a purely business transaction in which the whole nation cannot but be interested. It is a stupendous undertaking and will require both skilful financing and skilful engineering; yet there are good prospects of its being carried through to completion. Inasmuch as a waterway through the land centre of the Western Hemisphere would well-nigh revolutionize maritime commerce it is a matter which will be eagerly followed by the world at large, while the country which secures control of the enterprise will hold a strong position among the world-powers. The key to the situation is held by the United States. Naturally nothing can be expected from the countries through which the canal will pass. The narrow parts of the American continent are in the hands of weak and unprogressive Mestizo and Spanish republics, and an enterprise of this magnitude must be conducted by some foreign nation. It is equally natural that that nation should be the United States, the nearest at hand and the most directly interested. The Government of Colombia, within whose bounds lies the Panama country, is desirous that the work be taken up, and had the United States decided adversely the concessions would have been offered to some European power. But French capitalists made an attempt and failed.

Two entirely different propositions were before the United States Government. A canal in Nicaragua had been practically decided upon when, by the offer of the French company already operating, its rights and property in the Panama route were placed at the disposal of the Americans. This route was recognized as the better but had hitherto been out of reach; Congress decided just before closing to accept the offer, and the Nicaragua scheme has been abandoned. It will, however, be resumed and work at once begun should satisfactory terms with Colombia prove impossible. There is a difference in the length of the two routes of 130 miles. The Nicaragua canal would follow the course of the San Juan River for one hundred miles from the Caribbean coast, the natural course of the river being available for some distance, with canals and locks necessary elsewhere. This part of the route lies in a country dense with tropical jungle growth, whose swamps are alive with poison. For sixty-seven miles across Lake Nicaragua there is a naturally navigable course, and

then seventeen miles of canal digging will reach to the Pacific. The engineering difficulties are great, there being a fall of one hundred feet in as many miles from the Lake to the Caribbean Sea.

The route which will be followed at Panama is forty-nine miles long. A boisterous stream will be encountered and a heavy dam will be necessary. The digging is much less difficult than at Nicaragua, with five locks as against eight, and a lift of eighty-two feet, against one hundred, to the summit level. That this is the more practical route is evident in many ways. Being shorter, less time will be necessary for passage—twelve hours instead of thirty; the harbor facilities are superior; the annual cost of maintenance will be nearly a million and a half less; and the engineering work necessary is reduced by the fact that a considerable amount has been already done. The French company passes over its rights for $40,000,000.

Congress decided strongly in favor of the Panama route, and the bill went to the President for signature, provided that he can secure a clear title from the French company and a satisfactory agreement with Colombia. It yet remains to arrange these terms, the United States insisting upon reasonable rights over the country through which the canal will pass, but Colombia being favorably disposed no serious difficulty is expected.

Protection in the West

The greatness of the Canadian West is being appreciated more and more by people outside our borders. The fame of our fertile acres has gone forth. Colonization naturally follows, and we are now adding to our population from fifty thousand to seventy thousand each year, most of whom are making their homes in the West. The new settlers of the West are chiefly foreigners, and necessarily so because with only six millions in all Canada we have ourselves no surplus with which to people a section of the country itself capable of supporting from twenty to fifty millions. It is useless to cry "Canada for the Canadians," if by that is meant to keep this vast heritage for a present population that can never multiply fast enough to occupy it; but our aim must be to make Canadians of the people who are coming in, and our vaunted patriotism must be at once broad enough to adopt and adapt them to national citizenship and sound enough to convince them that "Canada for Canadians" means that the country's resources and advantages shall be retained for their and our benefit. How are we to convince either them or ourselves that this is so while we allow to aliens equal opportunities and advantages with our own people? For the fullest development of the West, or any other part of our country, a sound protective policy is necessary.

We need immigration in Canada, but the immigrants become Canadians; we need outside capital, but once invested here that capital may be made in its practical benefits Canadian capital. Valuable rights are being secured from time to time by American capitalists, but American capital in Canada, or capital from any outside source, is in no way a danger and is rather to be encouraged, provided that it becomes assimilated with Canadian interests and does not maintain its alien character. If an American manufacturer establishes a factory in Canada and makes in Canada what he sells in Canada, such an enterprise is practically Canadian, inasmuch as Canadian resources are utilized. But when an American pulp manufacturer, for example, feeds his factory with raw material carried across the border from Canada; or when an American grain-grower buys a farm in Canada and ships his grain via American ports or sells it to an American miller, Canada loses in both cases the benefits from her own products to which she is entitled and which would be hers if an adequate pro-

tective tariff required Canadian products to be manufactured in Canada.

In the West an altogether too large proportion of the trade is in the hands of American dealers and controlled from American centres. If certain classes of Canadian manufactures are not yet sufficiently developed to furnish the goods required, it is no reason why the American goods should be permitted entrance; it is undeniable that in the West particularly a marked preference is shown for American-made goods. But if the American manufacturer is to supply the Canadian market to any considerable extent he should at least be required to make his wares on Canadian soil, and a tariff would have the effect of his coming over, not with his wares but with his factory. He would then use Canadian material and labor, and so would deal in native products. A number of firms have already done this, and more would do it were it not that our protective policy is so lamentably weak that such a course is not necessary. Yet this is the only way in which commercial competition can be made fair to our own industries and at the same time give the latter encouragement and opportunity to develop.

A great future is in store for the Canadian West. It is a free land to all peoples, on certain conditions, but one of those conditions should be that while there is room and welcome for all, the commercial rights of Canada must be upheld and the exploitation of her natural resources must be directed toward the building up of a Canadian nation for a Canadian people. To effect this a protective policy is necessary.

Confidence in Our Own Country

It is a matter sufficiently important to call for repeated emphasis that Canadians have not as yet fully realized the possibilities of their own country. We are singularly lax in that patriotism which is founded on national geography. The soundest imperialism, an expression of which we hear much nowadays, is that which begins at home, and federation with sister colonies and the mother country must be based on a national self-respect in which a certain independence plays a part.

As Canadians we need to work on the assumption, which is correct in itself, that this Canada of ours is the finest country in the world. Potentially it has no superior. Its resources are unlimited and its possibilities immense. We cannot, however, flatter ourselves so greatly on our achievements industrially. Our rate of growth has been too slow and our recognition of the country's greatness has been tardy. Progress has been made, and there are now signs of a great awakening, but it is idle for us as a people either to suppose that we are doing enough or that no more is possible. It is the worst kind of un-national heresy to uphold any other country as essentially better than ours while we have the natural advantages and the possibilities of making Canada second to none.

A number of Canadian senators recently urged greater confidence in our business institutions. What applies to business institutions may very well be extended to the country as a whole. Lack of confidence has been at the root of our tardy growth, and our own people are at fault. We have ourselves discounted the word "Canadian," and have unfortunately verified the honorless-prophet adage. At present it is in some places a name to conjure by, so suddenly has the tide turned, but it will also be a mistake to give our favor to anything Canadian simply because it is Canadian. Merit must be insisted upon, and we can only have merit in our institutions, manufactures, publications, and our industrial, moral, and social life as we work and talk, buy and sell, in a full and strong confidence in the land we live in.

Newfoundland and Canada

The confederation of the British North American possessions into one great political system is becoming a live question.

The admission of Newfoundland into the Canadian union is the only step necessary to this unifying of the Empire, and while there are difficulties in the way they are by no means insurmountable. There are at present two courses open to the island colony, confederation with Canada being one, and a reciprocity treaty with the United States the other. The Bond-Blaine treaty, which has been hanging fire for some time, provides among other things for the free entry of Newfoundland fish into the United States and the free supply of bait to American fishermen on the Newfoundland banks. A curious position is held by Newfoundland by reason of her having a monopoly of the bait supplies, upon which the American, Canadian and French fishermen are dependent. It is this feature which forms the key of the situation and enables Newfoundland as a third party to maintain an apparent indifference as to which way the case is decided. By discriminating against either Canada or the United States she can ruin the Atlantic fisheries of the one or the other, and so far as that industry is concerned the friendship of the island colony is worth having. Newfoundland would probably prefer the Bond-Blaine treaty to confederation, as free entry into the United States is considered of great importance. It is not likely, however, that this treaty will ever be signed, for the United States would gain comparatively little by it, having already fishing privileges under the modus vivendi. Moreover, Canada has opposed the treaty, and even if it does come into effect the Imperial promise has been given that no discrimination against Canada will be permitted, Canadian products being given the same treatment as American in the Newfoundland market.

By confederation, on the other hand, Newfoundland would gain important political advantages which would more than equal the commercial advantages which Premier Bond is endeavoring to secure from the United States. Her debt of $20,000,000 would be assumed by Canada; her public services would be taken over in the same way; and her government expenses would be greatly reduced. Financially, the burden of confederation would fall heavily upon Canada, but we would gain an important market, Newfoundland's annual trade amounting to $7,000,000, only one-third of which now goes to Canada and nearly all of which would be diverted into Canadian channels if our goods were admitted free while all other goods paid a heavy duty. The control of the North Atlantic fisheries would also be in the hands of Canada, and instead of a commercial compact between Newfoundland and the United States, Canada would then be able to make her own terms, as lenient or as stringent as she might please.

The conditions have greatly changed since 1867, when confederation among the other provinces was effected. Newfoundland then had no debt and she feared the duties which she would have to pay should she join the Union. Her own import duties now amount to nearly $10.00 per head of a population of 215,000. It would be to her advantage to become part of the Canadian Dominion, and it would at the same time accord with the natural destiny of British North America as one great political system. Sooner or later this completing of Confederation is sure to come.

Recent Labor Troubles

The last half-year has been remarkable for the number and serious importance of labor disturbances in various parts of the world. In foreign countries the most notable of these was in Belgium, where a gigantic strike, fomented by the Socialists, resulted in riots and bloodshed, as described in our June number. In England the labor element is more rational and no serious difficulty has arisen; but economic conditions are sure to be affected by the return home of the South African volunteers, a great majority of whom

will seek their places again in industrial occupations. In our own country the labor troubles have been marked rather by their number than by their grievousness. Such a restlessness among the workingmen as we have had this past summer is altogether unprecedented. There have been in all about twenty-five cases of disagreement between employers and employees, some of which took definite shape in more or less acute strikes, lasting from three days to a month, and others settled amicably without resort to the boycott system. In nearly all the cases the settlement of the difficulties took the form of a compromise, the workmen probably gaining as much as they had any reason to expect; and in only one or two cases were their demands unreasonable or in excess of what were fairly their rights. The cost of living is increasing, especially in the cities, and in times of general prosperity the man who toils deserves his wage. At the same time, it must be remembered that some of our manufacturing establishments are running on close margins and the employer's position is not always arbitrary.

Another interesting feature of the labor movement in Canada is the recent and present growth of unionism. Nearly all the trades are organizing into labor unions, with a systematic and definite fraternal benefit policy. The experiment is a comparatively new one in Canada, yet a great number of the artisan industries are already under the practical control of the unions, so far as discriminating rights and rates of wages are concerned. This condition has given rise to other conditions, and new machinery has become necessary. There is, for example, in Toronto a Trades and Labor Council, one of whose functions it is to secure observance of union rules by employers of labor. Employers with whom we have talked have expressed themselves as not opposed to unionism in principle, so long as it keeps within its present limits, but they object to the subservience of Canadian trades unions to the executive control of American organizations, the Canadian unions being only branches of various orders in the United States. The labor people urge against this that they are not yet strong enough in Canada to organize independently.

The strongest excitement in labor circles has, however, been in the United States, where the greater multitudes of workers have felt more frequent need of redress. Two important centres of disaffection were Chicago, where the great meat-packing industries were tied up for a time by a series of strikes among the teamsters; and the Pennsylvania anthracite coal district, where the most serious strike of the year, the world over, has been in force. It has continued with a surprising persistence, having already lasted over three months, and the loss has been immense. A number of the mines have been permanently injured through non-operation, and when work is finally resumed a reduced staff of miners will be employed. The men have in some cases resorted to unruly measures, and while receiving some assistance from brother trades unions are admittedly in most unfortunate condition to face the coming winter. The operators are unyielding and with curious indifference to loss of business persist in maintaining their obstinate policy of resistance. Meanwhile both the United States and Canada are hoping for the end.

Successful Arbitration

Many of the recent labor troubles which were satisfactorily settled before reaching an acute stage owed their solution to the good offices of arbitration. In Canada that remedy was applied very successfully in several cases, giving valuable illustration of the practical benefits which might result from a permanent system of arbitration. The strikes in Chicago, referred to in the foregoing, were all settled by third party intervention. Such assistance has generally been welcomed by both the

opposing sides, reference to a disinterested party being at once a reasonable and a judicially dignified method of procedure. The public, too, has always welcomed arbitration. It is when the labor troubles begin to affect the public that they assume political importance, and the question of how far strained relations between labor and capital should be permitted to go is at present one with which the public are very deeply concerned. To a certain extent, indeed to a very great extent, a man is entitled to conduct his business as he himself sees fit and proper, and equally the men whom he employs are free to make such contract with him as best they can—it is not a matter of public concern so long as the ordinary course of business is not interrupted. But when public rights are prejudicially affected, that is, when the conflict of labor and capital begins to cause inconvenience to others, a stage has been reached when intervention is justified; what was before private business is now public business. The present restlessness in the labor world undoubtedly points to the baneful workings of an element of injustice, and business interests—political and moral—are considerably involved. The strikes are signs of the times. Sentiment is, however, rapidly gaining in favor of the arbitration remedy, the success of which may also be considered a sign of the times, and a better sign. Should it be compulsory arbitration ?

In the farthest corner of the British dominions an advanced experiment is being made in the line of arbitration, Australia and New Zealand having adopted measures that are both stringent and unique. In the latter colony arbitration of labor differences is compulsory. The court which decides such cases has wide powers, its decision being final and its procedure in its own hands. The scheme has worked well. Both the employers and employees are pleased with the results, and the law appears to have been thus far wisely applied. Perhaps, however, one reason of its popularity is that all the decisions since its inception have been in the direction of increased wages. New South Wales also has adopted the plan of an arbitration tribunal, consisting of a judge of the Supreme Court and two other members representing the respective sides of the case. Unions are encouraged and employers required to recognize them. The legislation concerning strikes and lockouts is strict. The entire plan is considerably in advance of the New Zealand law and its success in actual application to labor disputes will be eagerly watched.

Another remedy is being applied in some prominent industries in the United States, in the form of regularly organized conferences of the employers and the employees, at which scales of payment and rules for working are drawn up. The system is practically that of two "Houses" in parliamentary session, and by a constitutional prevision labor difficulties are avoided. This differs from the arbitration method in that it is preventive rather than remedial, yet its application to all the industries would doubtless prove that prevention is better than cure.

News Notes

The administration of the Yukon district has been divided into two parts, one for purely local purposes and the other bearing on federal interests.

One of the best advertisements which Canada has had was the Coronation arch in London. It was torn down immediately after the Coronation but its decorations of Canadian wheat were carried away in pieces as souvenirs.

The largest ship in the world, intended also to be the fastest, was launched from a German shipyard last month. She is 707 feet in length and her displacement is 19,500 tons. Her power will be 39,000 horse.

THE ONLY SURVIVORS OF A "MASTADON AGE"

BRITISH COLUMBIA

OUR PROSPEROUS PROVINCE ON THE PACIFIC—A LAND OF WONDERS —BIG TREES, BIG MINES, BIG FISH, BIG FRUIT, AND BIG IDEAS— A PROMISING FIELD FOR CAPITAL—A COUNTRY OF YOUNG MEN.

By MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

THE words Carlyle spoke of England are eminently applicable to British Columbia: "What a future, wide as the world, if we have a heart and a heroism for it." This is another way of saying that the destiny of British Columbia is as brilliant as her ambition chooses to make it. To give a succinct and comprehensive statement of this goodly land would exhaust all the pages of this magazine. In climate, beauty, and prolificacy of resource she is unexcelled. Her favored position fits her to be a mart of nations. With an ocean frontage of 1,000 miles, she bears the same relation to the trade of the East and West that England does to the European continent.

The white witch of Winter finds no abode on "the slope." Here, the summer

sleeps but never dies. From the coast of Japan a warm current that is analogous to the Gulf Stream, comes to mitigate the icy breath of the North. The mercury never rises over 85 degrees and never dips under 32. Baths of the air are as wholesome as mineral baths. They intoxicate the Easterner with a strange and delightful sense of buoyancy. On account of the humidity of the atmosphere, from Autumn to Spring the rainfall is heavy, but the people are prepared for it and are not inconvenienced thereby. When snow falls it is just beginning, for it has to melt, but the rain runs away. Thunder and lightning are not accompaniments of the storms in the West.

Big Trees.

Whenever this Province is named we at once think of big trees. We have all heard of them, but the half has never been told us. The Dominion statistics give the total area of forest and woodland as 285,554 square miles, and of this only 2,000 is under lease. This timber is unequalled in quantity, quality, and variety. Over half a million dollars' worth is exported annually. One is amazed by the density of the forests on the coast. As much as 500,000 feet of lumber have been taken off one acre. This seems almost incredible to an Easterner who is accustomed to an average of 20,000 feet. The trees rise like a palisade as thick and straight as standing grain. The only survivors of a "Mastadon age," they have withstood the strife of centuries. The trees dig their monster claws deep into the rocky soil amid the moraines of glaciers long extinct. The huge girth is compacted with the reserved energies of ages. The rich irons of the mountains and the rains of a thousand summers have leagued to make them fit symbols of the mighty Canadian nation that will one day be among the foremost of the earth.

The prince of trees in the West is the Douglas Fir, known to the trade as the Oregon Pine. It is named after a noted botanist, David Douglas, who explored New Caledonia in the early twenties. It averages from 5 to 6 feet in diameter and rises clear of branches with scarcely any diminution in size, for 150 feet. On the coast it sometimes attains the immense proportions of 350 feet, having a base girth from 30 to 60 feet. Scientifically, it is classed as standing midway between the balsam and spruce. It bears a great transverse strain and has the same specific gravity as oak. It never warps and can be worked up when fresh from the mill. It is used for shipbuilding, bridges, railway ties, masts, frames, and strong work generally.

The Red Cedar outgirths all other trees. Its rich coloring makes it valuable for joinery and its straight grain for furniture. It takes on a beautiful polish. The yellow cedar, though not so plentiful, is more durable timber.

The White Spruce is *par excellence* the wood for pulp manufacture. It is first cousin to the Douglas fir and grows to a great height. Its habitat is swampy or delta lands.

The Poplar, which is locally known as Cottonwood, is used for the manufacture of "Excelsior." Balsam is found in considerable quantities but is of little value commercially except for pulp. Other conifers are the hemlock, tamarack and yew.

Among the deciduous trees, the large leaf maple, vine maple, alder, and arbutus make first-class cabinet woods. The oak is gnarled, stunted, and of little use, but is very picturesque, presenting the appearance of dwarfed apple trees. Other woods are the elm, cherry, juniper, willow, birch, and crab-apple.

British Columbians expect that the completion of the Nicaraguan Canal will give an immense impetus to the industry.

There is no industry in British Columbia, not even mining, which gives promise of greater commercial value than the manufacture of wood-pulp and paper.

At present the heavy rate of freight to the Coast will not allow of the material being put on an equal footing with outside markets. The fine water-powers in the interior will indubitably be used for this purpose, and the mildness of the winters will enable the industry to be carried on throughout the whole year. An unlimited market is afforded by China, New Zealand, Hawaii, the Philippines, Asiatic, Russia, Mexico, Fiji, and the West Coast of America.

There are eighty saw-mills in British Columbia, the annual cut running close on one hundred million feet. The desirability of conserving the forests does not seem to have entered the minds of the people. Everywhere great waste is evident. By forest fires and in the clearing of land, a great depredation is made annually. A study of the economics of forestry would inculcate the wisdom of husbanding their resources which must inevitably grow into enormous wealth.

Her Golden Treasure

The mineral region is a vast belt, 15,000 miles square, which has been described as an animal whose head and shoulders are in Yukon, the tail in Montana, but, whose main body lies in British Columbia.

The total output of the Province up to 1901 aggregates in value $152,155,208. Of this $62,584,443 has been from placer gold. This precious fruit of the rocks is an alluvial deposit resulting from glacial action. That the halycon days of the placer "diggings" are not yet vanished is evident from the mining records. The yield in 1899 was $1,344,900, and in 1900, $1,278,724. That gold, silver, lead, copper, platinum, cinnabar, and coal have already given rich returns is shown by the fact that in 1900 their gross receipts amounted to $16,344,751.

At this time, there is a lull in gold mining. It would seem that it is speculation, "the higher mathematics" of mining, that pays and not the mines themselves. This is what British Columbia must set to rights. Capitalists who are on the "ground floor" absorb pretty nearly everything that is going in the way of money. The mines are in many cases over-capitalized. The history of a famous gold mine in this Province exemplifies this statement. A lump of gold was found by a Siwash Indian on a ledge where he shot a mountain goat. He showed the nugget to a mining expert who straightway bought the claim. The initial outlay was $25,000. The stock was floated in England for $900,000. The gold is still there but it is likely to remain for the produce is not equal to paying a dividend on the capital invested.

The recent crash in another British Columbia mine in which Lord Dufferin buried his wealth and reputation is another example. It is said that as much as $5,000,000 was invested in this mine.

It was from a different cause that the "Slocan Star" was shut down. It belongs to Byron White, and was a real El Dorado of treasure. I have heard it described as a solid wall of silver, rich beyond computation. At the time of the depreciation of silver in the Western States, it fell in value too, and at present does not pay for development.

The matter of over-capitalization is one that the Government should deal with, but for some unstated cause it has hitherto been inert. Bernard McEvoy has succinctly summed up the situation thus:

"Gold mining seems to involve three processes. First, there is the adventurous explorer, who, with his pack, frying pan and gun, goes a-hunting for gold-bearing rock. He generally dies poor, frequently by the aid of poker and whiskey. Then there comes the wildcat, wolfish middleman, who sees the chance of a 'good thing' without doing much work for it—he is a rapacious animal, who should be shot on sight or hanged, but somehow this fate doesn't get to him. Finally, there are the hard-working managers and engineers, and operatives of the com-

panies of large and widely distributed capital, who recognize that gold extraction must be conducted on a commercial basis and commercial methods, that there are profits to be had in gold mining, but not extravagant ones."

Mr. McEvoy is quite right. All capitalists and managers are not jobbers and insatiable blood-suckers, but how is an innocent public to discriminate ? All we can do at present is to think twice, think thrice, think several times before investing in their " hid treasure."

Nor are these the only obstacles that have retarded operations and prevented the work of development. The heavy cost of transportation of supplies and machinery by stage and sled have been very burdensome. The railways are not the pioneers of a new country but follow beaten tracks. They seek business for revenue. The completion of the Crow's Nest Pass has helped to remove this obstacle.

No district in British Columbia is more lightly mineralized than Rossland. The value of ore produced by this district in 1900 aggregated $2,739,256, the shipments being 217,636 gross tons.

The output in Nelson district for 1900 was $787,082. We recently visited a smelter at this place. It has a capacity of 370 tons and is connected with the celebrated Hall Mines by an aerial tramway over which the ores are brought from the mountain for treatment.

The Slocan country, a region lying between the Arrow-Head and Kootenay Lakes, is extremely rich in silver lead. The ore is high grade galena often carrying 800 ozs. in silver, and averaging 50 per cent. of lead.

The wages of a common laborer in the mines is from $2.50 to $3.00 a day, machine drill men get from $3.50 to $4.50 and engineers $4.50.

Solon once told Crœsus that whoever had the iron would possess all the gold, but our Westernmost Province possesses both. She has enormous resources in her iron deposits, but as yet they are unworked. Their development must await the establishment on the Pacific Coast of those industries which stimulate a demand for iron.

British Columbia has also " a goodly heritage " in her marvellous coal measures. In 1900 there were produced 1,439,595 tons of coal in the Province, the value of which was $4,318,785. The railway passing through the Crow's Nest Pass has opened up a new mining empire. The coal seams are plainly visible from the coach windows. The Crow's Nest Co., Ltd., have 11,169 acres of coal lands —3,969 acres of this land bears cannel or gas coal. The other seams are bituminous and are adapted for coking. The authorized capital of the company is $4,500,000.

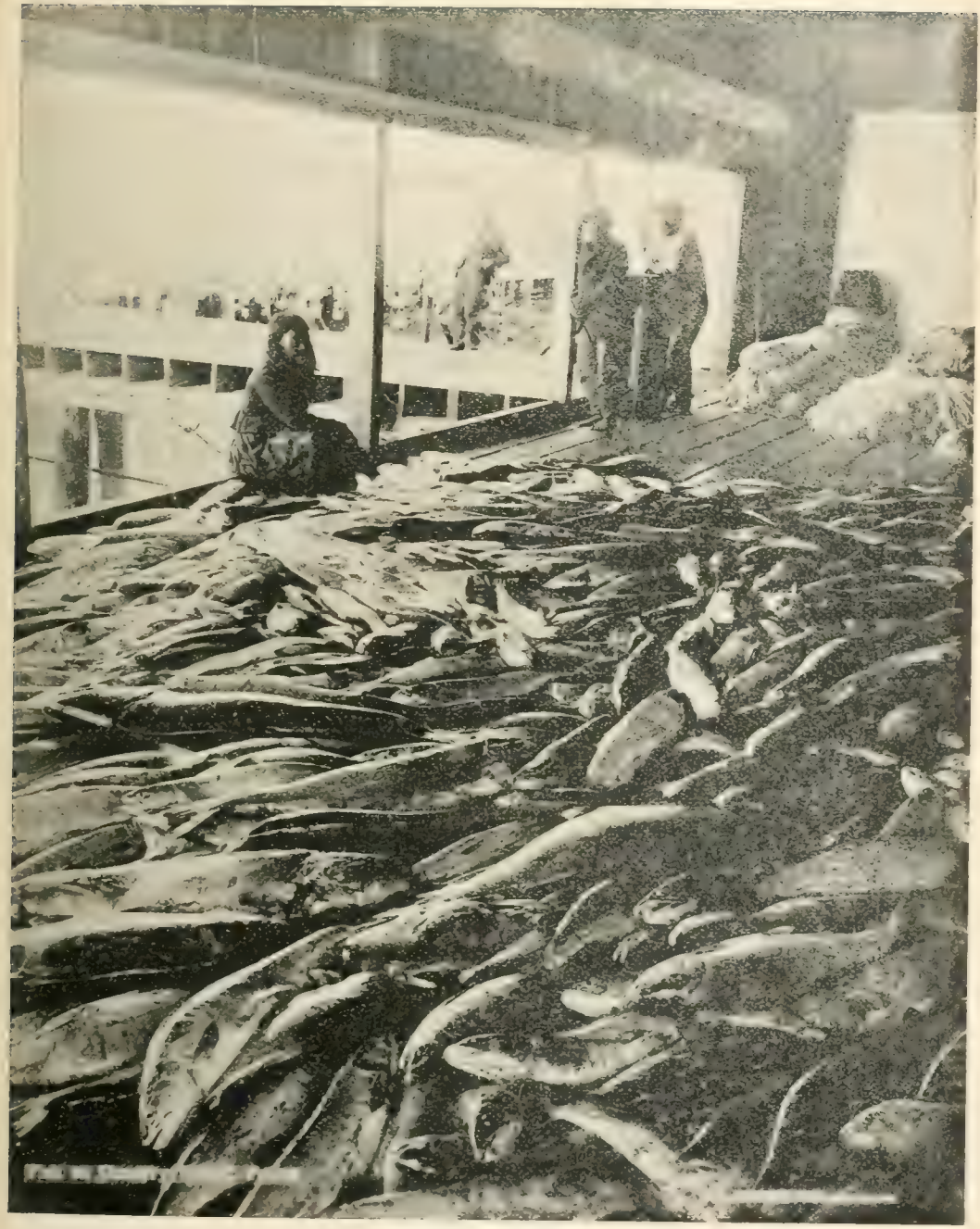
The poorer qualities of coal is used for coke. At Fernie and other places it is put into huge ovens and burnt for 72 hours. The coke is indispensable for the treatment of refractory ores. Eighty-five thousand one hundred and forty-nine tons of coke were used in 1900, the value of which was $425,745.

The Dunsmuir coal mines at Vancouver Extension have an output of 2,000 tons per day. The Commox mines are inexhaustible and cover 300 square miles. This coal is the best in the world for steam purposes with the exception of the Welsh.

The coal mines at Nanaimo were first worked by the Hudson Bay Co., in 1835. Since 1851, the New Vancouver Co. have operated them successfully and increasingly from year to year. The British Pacific and United States squadrons are coaled from these mines.

"A Multitude of Great Fishes"

We sow the sea with fish. We plough it and reap it. The Greeks called it " the barren sea." Even Demeter, the goddess, could not reap any fruition from the sea. To betoken his madness, Ulysses ploughed the sands of the sea shore, but



FISH ON CANNERY WHARF, FRASER

we have changed all that. To British Columbians the sea is a great field. The ships are barns. She should claim the sea-gull as her emblem.

The report of the Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries for 1900 shows that the catch for the year amounted to $5,214,107. There are in the neighborhood of seventy-five salmon canneries and each cannery costs from $38,000 to $40,000 when equipped.

The chief salmon river is the Fraser. This great waterway is 740 miles long. It is clay-colored, ugly, and turbulent. What instinct is it that hurls the spawning salmon through its hundreds of miles of flood ? Is it reason or automatism ? Is it internal or external stimuli ? The swift current breaks their fins and wears holes in their skins. All die after spawning. The young fish come down in the Spring, stay near the mouth of the river for four or five years, and then go up 500 miles to spawn and die in turn. So thick are the fish during the six weeks of "the run" that it would be impossible at times to row across the river in a boat. They pack almost as if in a sardine tin. It is not unusual to see 2,000 smacks at the mouth of the Fraser. Each one catches 200 to 500 fish a night.

The salmon do not rise to the fly. There is a story afloat in British Columbia, that the English Commissioners who were appointed to determine the boundaries between the United States and Canada, gave up Washington and Oregon "becasue the blawsted fish wouldn't bite y' know."

During the season of six weeks, a man with a boat can easily make $1,200. The fish come to his very doors. It is passing strange that the deep-sea fishermen of England, whose lives are a drearily monotonous struggle for existence, do not emigrate to British Columbia and find competency in a few years. Fishing on the West Coast is yet in its incipiency and there is room for thousands of fishermen. The emigration agents might exploit this industry more fully. Fish hatcheries have been established by the Government so that there is no danger of the rivers being depleted.

There are several varieties of salmon—the chinook, cohoe, sockeyes, dog, steehead, Dolly Varden, humpback and cut-throats. The sockeye is the favorite for canning. The largest of the Salmonidæ family is the quinnant, which vary in weight from 10 to 75 pounds.

The halibut is likely to prove a rival to the salmon in commerce. At present in its principal habitat, north of the Queen Charlotte Islands, it attains the weight of 200 pounds. In fair weather, a steamer will make the tremendous catch of 60,000 pounds in a couple of days. The halibut are packed in ice and shipped to the United States. Capital is needed to place this fishery on a firm footing.

At the Pacific Coast, the sturgeon grows to an enormous size, some of them tipping the scales at 1,000 pounds. They are not utilized to any large extent. Their roe when salted forms caviar, which experts have pronounced equal to the Russian article. Their bladders are manufactured into isinglass.

Oil-bearing fish are abundant. The Oolachan or "Candle fish" is about the size of a sardine and when dried will burn and give light. The oil from the liver of the rat-fish is used for watches and sewing machines. The dog fish are steamed in large retorts and a cheap and useful oil is evolved. It is, however, of inferior quality and would be much improved if subjected to proper refining processes.

In addition to these fish, whelks, clams, flounders, smelts, anchovy, cod, and herrings are found in large quantities.

For several years past the sealing operations have suffered severely owing to the low price of skins and the vicissitudes arising out of international issues. About $250,000 worth are exported every year.

Agriculture and Fruit

As yet, farming is in a primitive condition. Comparatively few immigrants have applied themselves intelligently to the industry. The possibilties and temptations of mining have been too much for them. Owing to the heavy timber, the clearing of the land has been a "difficult proposition." It costs from $150 to $300 to clear one acre. A farm or clearing is usually designated as "a ranch." On a sound, economic, and healthy basis intensive farming will thrive.

The farming district lies mainly in the Fraser valley. In the Westminster District there are 350,000 acres of arable land. The south-western portion of Vancouver Island and the valleys of the Okanagan District comprise about half a million acres of rich soil. Other tracts are in the Nicola, Lillooet, and Similkameen, but these require irrigation.

Wheat yields heavily but is too soft for milling purposes. It is, however, valuable for poultry. An excellent quality of tobacco is grown in the Okanagan Valley, and there are indications that it will become an important source of wealth to the country. Kentish hops are grown successfully and bring the highest price in the markets, competing with the Continental and English products. Vegetables are a prolific crop in the fertile valleys. Potatoes yield from ten to twelve tons per acre, and garden truck and roots bring quick and large returns to the producer.

Small fruits are practically indigenous to the soil and yield enormously. The raspberries of British Columbia are the best in the world. They are the size of thimbles and the stalks grow ten and twelve feet high. Strawberries are very profuse in growth. We have measured some that were five and a half inches round. No country can produce more sumptuous or sweeter-blooded fruit. At Mackay's ranch, near Windermere, 3,000 pounds were obtained from one acre of ground. Plums grow in great profuseness. They "hang amiable" and as thick as currants on a branch. Grapes, peaches, and nectarines have long since passed the experimental stage. English varieties of apples succeed admirably, but the growing of apples which are indigenous to more rigorous climates are subject to exceptions. The trees have to be carefully watched, as they bear quickly and are apt to over-fruit themselves before maturity is reached. They wood quickly, too, and require generous pruning.

It is calculated on a conservative basis that a farm of twenty acres in fruit will return the owner $2,000 per annum. It is an immense advantage to the orchardist that he has not to contend with the sudden barometrical dips which render fruit-growing so precarious in the other Canadian provinces. Summing up the situation, we might say that the farmers have many drawbacks, but they have equal compensations. Owing to the warm, humid atmosphere and long seasons, eternal vigilance is the price of immunity from second growth, noxious weeds and insect pests. In outlying districts, coyotes, wild horses, wolves, and panthers are troublesome and costly visitants. On the other hand, the great local demand and vast contiguous market to the West and North Territories and the vantage ground on the seaboard will tax the farmer to his utmost to supply and will fill his pockets and swell his bank account to an extraordinary degree.

The Capital City

The population of Victoria in 1901 was 20,821. It is situated on the Island of Vancouver, which is a veritable garden of Eden, only there is room in it for more than one couple. The Prince and Princess of Wales said of Victoria that it was the most beautiful city they had seen in their trip around the world, and

Rudyard Kipling declares it has the most equable and genial climate.

The harbor only affords accommodation for vessels drawing 18 feet of water, but its suburb, Esquimault, three and a half miles distant, is Britain's key to the Pacific. His Majesty's North Pacific fleet is stationed here. It is capable of berthing the whole British navy and of carrying vessels of any draught, the average depth being 45 feet. The Roadstead outside the harbor is safe and commodious. It is called the Royal Roads. The dry dock will not be crowded by the biggest ship, for it is 450 feet long, 90 wide, and 26 deep. There is also a naval hospital and arsenal at Esquimault.

Victoria might be centuries old, it moves in such well-worn grooves. There is not the fever of living that is manifest in the "gold rush" towns. Although people of all nationalities rub shoulders in this beautiful City by the Western sea, the majority are English and do not believe in the strenuous life. With them, it is "Business before pleasure if you like, but business without pleasure never." There are rude people from the Eastern provinces who say if you go to their offices at 11 o'clock they are not down yet. At 12, they have gone home for lunch. At 1 o'clock they are not back; at 3 they have gone home for the day.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA

The Parliament buildings are acknowledged to be the most beautiful structures in Canada. There is some dissatisfaction in British Columbia because "the Victoria Ring" were instrumental in having the buildings here in one corner of the Province. Some M.P.P.'s have to travel

1,000 miles to attend the sessions. Vancouverites say squeemishly that they will eventually turn the building into a lunatic asylum. Disappointed politicians say it is one already.

The people of this Province have faith and hope, but no politics. Reformers and Conservatives are not so designated. The people cannot explain the position of affairs themselves. It used to be the Mainland pitted against the Island, but now the government seems to consist of factions, so that the people are "log-rollers" in more senses than one. They hold themselves to be isolated from eastern political opinions. Things that are of paramount importance in Ottawa do not touch Victoria. The people have come West to earn their bread, to build up trade, and develop the resources of the province, hence their interests are not understood or recognized in the East. Be that as it may, the government is not considered to be at all ideal. The dominating spirit seems to be "Joe" Martin of Vancouver. The Victorians call him uncomplimentary names. While it is true that he does not belong to the modest violet type, nevertheless, he is a man of brain power as well as horse power and is not wanting in the elements of character which tend to political success. He is, however, a trifle too discursive in his speeches and has a throaty voice. From the view-point of the ladies' gallery, the Parliamentarians appear to be wide-awake men of excellent presence, and if comparisons were not odious, we might institute one or two in favor of the "log-rollers."

The Terminal City

Vancouver is on a hill between two arms of the sea. Her population is 26,196. The harbor, Burrard Inlet, is landlocked and can float the deepest draughted ships. English Bay to the south is a roadstead with the best anchorage, and a short breakwater would make it into as good a harbor as the Inlet.

The first thing that strikes you about Vancouver is its up-to-dateness. It is not wanting in any good thing that makes for the commonhealth or commonwealth. It is true that a restless speculative spirit caused by the gold fever is palpably present, but while the mountains are there and the metal is in them, we must look for its spell to fall on the sons of Adam and their greedy shovels.

Money is free. It does not get time to rust. There is no copper coin. If you buy a pennyworth, you must pay five cents for it; twelve and a half cents is only "a bit." The "almighty dollar" is easily won and almost as easily spent. This is not an unmixed evil either, for any class of people that live from hand to mouth will ever remain an impotent inferior class.

The scenery might best be described as "ferocious." This is particularly applicable to the mountains. They say the God of Wine mapped them out and the God of Muscle tore them into their fantastic shapes.

The large preponderance of male population is noticeable. Vancouver is a city of young men, and youth is ambitious. The difficulties of pioneering is stiffening them into self-reliance. They are united on all that conduces to the welfare of their city. What matters it that they come with only two hands in their pockets? The near future holds an era of splendid prosperity for them.

When people are healthy and prosperous they are instinctively and genuinely hospitable. Nothing surprises an Easterner more than the big-handed, big-hearted generosity of British Columbians. In the years that are to come, this will be a home for old nations that are worn out with wealth, war, and wine. Nor need they fear an influx of weaklings, for the environment of the West will recast and mould men into generous pattern. Families that are now fettered to the bellows and anvil, helpless, hopeless, hungry, will have time to "loosen, halt, and regather their dreams" in the glorious, abounding, open West.

May these things be!

INDIAN CURLERS

INDIAN CHILDREN AT HOME

By JANEY CANUCK

> And I think that saving a little child
> And bringing it to its own
> Is a dern sight better business
> Than loafing around a throne.
>
> -Colonel John Hay.

WINNIPEG curlers have no conceit. They had a great deal once, but that was before the Indian lads of the Elkhorn Industrial School literally wiped the ice with them. In the bonspiel the Indians obtained fourth place in a competition of seventy-six clubs. A prominent member of a beaten team said: "They not only play a good game but they play a gentlemanly game." We had heard all about it in the Prairie City, so when Mr. A. E. Wilson, the Principal of that Institution, invited us to visit Elkhorn we accepted without even waiting to consider.

It was nearly a ten hours' "run" from Winnipeg, but in Manitoba that is only a few blocks and does not signify anything of account. We arrived at the witching hour of 1.30, were bundled into a smart trap and driven across the moonlit prairie to the new home of the Prin-

cipal. Do not conjure up in your mind's eye a mission-house of logs with mud-stopped chinks and a "lean-to" at the back, the puny offsprings of haste and economy that so often harbor Indian missionaries. On the contrary, you must think of a handsome villa with strong construction lines. The interior joinery and floors are of oiled woods showing the undulations of the grain. The rooms have been furnished chiefly to demonstrate that aesthetic taste and inexpensiveness are by no means incompatible with solid comfort. It was in every sense of the word a "Wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnily."

A GROUP OF INDIAN CHILDREN

"Babbie" had tea and sweetmeats for us. "Who is Babbie?" An Indian—"a fair girl graduate" now one of the staff.

Beautiful Babbie! whose olive skin has a mantling of red, and warm glowing

beauty. Babbie, with her black, deep-lighted eyes that have strange depths of unstirred passions and whose lips would pale the traditional cherry.

Babbie, slim and supple as a stalk of maize; sweet and unaffected of disposition—but I shall not enlarge on the amplitude of Babbie's charms lest the Elkhorn home be suddenly overwhelmed with young men interested in missionary work.

The School

The first school was built here in 1889, and six years later it was entirely destroyed by fire. For four years Mr. and Mrs. Wilson bravely continued to carry on the work of battling against well-nigh overwhelming odds. In 1899 the Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior, interested himself in the matter and the school was taken entirely under Government control. The present school, residence, shops, laundry, gymnasium and stables were erected, the cost of which totalled nearly $50,000. The older pupils under the direction of competent workmen performed much of the work, thus acquiring a practical knowledge of house-building which they could not have obtained in any other way.

The school is of brick veneer with a mansard roof and rests on a stone foundation. It is built in the shape of the letter T and is four stories high. A handsome tower and broad flight of steps add balance and dignity to its exterior. The main floor is divided into well-equipped school-rooms, a dining hall, an office, and a sitting-room for the staff. The basement contains wash-rooms and bath-rooms, the latter being fitted up with shower baths. The hot-water furnaces, kitchen, store-rooms, and larder are also on this floor.

The dormitories are four in number and each contains thirty beds. Every child has a clothes closet, and if you peek therein, you will find that the little Indian miss has her tiny share of treasure and finery stored away, just like her white sister. The water-tanks are on the fourth floor and are built into the framework of the building. They are kept full by a hot-air pump, thus supplying water to all parts of the building and being a safeguard in case of fire.

The sick rooms on the top floor are well equipped. In one room an Indian youth lay dying. "You set your heart on a promising Indian boy," said little Mrs. Wilson, "then you notice dark streaks under his eyes and he does not eat. In six months we lay him in our little cemetery. He just fades away."

It was not the speech that struck me so much as the affectional force of the speaker. The hardest thing to get rid of is race prejudice. We all start with it, few graduate, and yet all men of all shades are the same. It is only the surface that is different. Mrs. Wilson seems to have entirely forgotten it. She only sees the needs and latent possibilities of her dusky wards. She was a Miss Vidal, of Sarnia, Ontario, and is a beautiful refined woman of engaging personality.

Speaking of the sick rooms, they tell us that their most dreaded disease is measles. It is more serious with the Indians than scarlet fever, for it is usually succeeded by pneumonia. Tuberculosis makes its appearance in sore eyes and swollen glands, for nearly all the children carry its taint in their system, but sanitary surroundings, nourishing food, warm clothing, and regular habits are working wonders in combatting its dread advance.

The pupils come from different tribes, the Piegans, Bloods, Blackfeet, Crees, Chippeways, Salteaux, Sioux being here represented. The old tribal feuds have passed away and are succeeded by brotherhood and "the piping times of peace." Perhaps in a golden age to come the English, French, German, Dutch, American, Russian and Chinese will also have learned to eat off the same plate.

INDIAN MUSICIANS

Indian Boyhood

In order that we might be introduced to them, we were taken into the huge hall where they had just dined. An ear-splitting round of applause greeted our entrance and there was no way out of it except through speeches and congratulations, followed by more hand-clapping and reciprocal smiles. On closer acquaintance, I found them to be shy and reticent. The little boys were afraid to tell me their names, but slyly looking into their labeled hats which they respectfully carried, I was able to "guess" every time. Nothing could exceed their astonishment, and they would probably burn me as a witch were I back on the Reserve.

Somebody has said that a boy should be whipped whenever caught, because he had been in mischief or was going in. This is not applicable to the taciturn Indian, for the first thing that strikes a teacher when he enters the arena of Indian work is the fact that no time need be wasted in endeavoring to keep the children at their work, as is the case in white schools. They will attend to that part of the business of their own free-will and accord.

On the Reserves, an Indian lad's life is a book without pictures. His existence is set to slow music. From his earliest years he looks forward to the day when he can read his title clear to the coveted term of "brave." The ordeal is so gruesome that one shrinks from picturing it. On the day appointed, which is one generally set apart for the mystic "Sun Dance," the whole tribe is assembled and the youthful candidates are suspended from the trees, not by the hands or even feet, which in all reason would be harrowing enough, but thongs of buckskin are passed underneath the sinews of the chest and back which have been laid bare for that purpose. These lacerated muscles bear the weight of the whole body and drag on the other sinews in agonizing tenseness. At the same time the youth's female relatives cut small pieces of flesh from his arms to test his power of endurance. Should he flinch once or even groan, all his sufferings count for nothing, but most of the youths bear it with Spartan-like fortitude, not one trace of the ghastly torture writing itself on their immobile faces. Stoicism reaches its zenith in "the noble red man." Their taciturnity and sedateness invite your curiosity. Impassive and preoccupied in mien they seem pitiless, unfathomable types of the Pharaohs. Some way or other they impress you with the uncomfortable sense of "taking you in." They do, too, and it would doubtless be a thorn in our conceit if we knew what they think of us. If this natural reserve and strength of will were turned into proper channels, the result could not but be admirable, and we feel that the government in establishing these schools, has taken the right steps to accomplish this very desirable end.

Routine

One of the weakest points in an Indian's character is his absolute ignorance of system in any shape or form. Once an Indian boy realizes the fact that his work will be done more easily and quickly when controlled by a schedule, he will adopt it cheerfully and willingly. That regular methods of living are instilled into the children's minds, is seen by the following Summer Time Table:

Time.	
a.m.	
6.00	Rise, wash and dress.
6.30	Roll call in the schoolroom.
7.00	Breakfast.
7.30	Preparation classes.
8.00	Prayers in schoolroom. After prayers go to work.
9.00	Morning school.
12.00	Dinner; 10 minutes allowed for washing.
p.m.	
12.40	Pupils leave dining hall. Kitchen girls remain.

A RECRUIT

p.m.
1.00 All afternoon workers go to work.
1.30 Afternoon school.
4.30 School closes.
5.00 Boys leave trade shops.
5.30 Supper.
6.00 Children leave dining hall.
7.00 Prayers. Roll call.
8.30 Small pupils go to bed.
9.30 Medium pupils go to bed.
10.00 Senior pupils go to bed.
All lights out at 10.15.
Dormitories inspected by the staff at 10.30.

From this it will be seen that during the week, both boys and girls divide their hours equally between the trades and the schoolroom. Those who go to school in the mornings work physically in the afternoons. On Wednesday afternoons there is a general inspection of the Institution by the Superintendent, after which the boys are instructed in fire drill, and the band holds its practice.

All the children are passionately fond of music, and the Principal recognizing in it a healthy outlet for their emotions, does not stint them during their hours of recreation.

The boys learn carpentering, shoemaking, gardening, saddlery, and farming. From his childhood the boy is trained to use his knife and consequently it is in trades that involve knife-work that they are especially adapted. Farming in Manitoba, for the laboring man, means summer work and winter idleness, but if he has a trade to occupy himself with during the cold weather, then he is at once placed in a position of competency. There are 360 acres of land in connection with the Institution.

The girls are taught cooking, knitting, washing, and housework generally. They thoroughly understand all the intricacies of "band and gusset and seam" for they make their own frocks and underwear. It is to be lamented that this industrial element is not incorporated into our public school system.

What They Say

The quaint remarks and dialects of some of the children are well worth repeating. For instance, two boys wanted to comb their hair. One of them said to the other, "I go hair my comb." "Ugh!" replied his friend, "What for right you don't say it?"

A teacher recently asked one of the pupils what lbs. stood for. "Elbows, I guess," was the unexpected reply.

Francis had prepared a piece to recite at the entertainment and went up to the

platform with beaming face evidently expecting to make a sensation. With laughter in his eyes and on his lips he began, "There's a good time coming boys." Something about his joyous tone made all present laugh, and when some naughty little boy in the rear seat suggested aloud, "He tell lie that one," all went off into roars of laughter and poor Francis and his piece suffered a complete collapse.

Indian Babies and Girls

There are several papooses in the school,—children of the Indian staff—velvet-eyed babies and weanlings, who have won their way into the hearts of the girls and consequently are very much mothered. One recalls a stage incident wherein a stylishly dressed woman was elaborating to her husband on the culture and perfectly useless accomplishments of their daughters. At last, like the practical man that he was, unable to longer endure the recital, he burst forth into the terrifying question, "That's all very well Ma'am, all very well, but *can either of them wash a baby?*"

The girls are often married from the Institution and go to live on the Reserves, where their houses are kept in apple-pie order and serve as models to their less instructed sisters. Others go out to service and prove to be really "neat-handed Phyllises."

A freshly recruited girl from the Reserve is not always promising material, she is often taken from a hut or tepee where there is nothing to live on and plenty of it. She is wretchedly ignorant of the simplest sanitary laws and the yoke of restraint lies heavily on her. Very often her vocabulary seems restricted to the words "I dunno" or "I won't." It is only under years of gentle and refining influences that they become like the beautiful "Babbie."

In their leisure hours, tennis, quoits, bean-bags, ping-pong, curling, football, and skating serve to keep them in health and spirits. For two years in succession the boys captured the cup of the Western Football League. Their medals and diplomas for play and work make a pretty showing. At the Columbian Exhibition, Chicago, they won the medal for the best exhibit of Indian pupils' work, and in 1893 the Indian Commissioner awarded a flag to Elkhorn as being the best Industrial school in Manitoba and the Territories.

The Principal, Mr. A. E. Wilson, is a son of the Rev. E. F. Wilson, who for many years had charge of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes at Sault Ste. Marie, and inherits his father's stalwart

WORLD'S FAIR AWARD, CHICAGO, 1893

WORLD'S FAIR AWARD, CHICAGO, 1893

endowments of mind and character. He is a wide-awake man who does not "see through a glass darkly," but looks out with clear eyes on all Indian problems. He treats his wards with courtesy and consideration, but withal firmly. His methods are not so much summed up in the words "go on" as in "come on." Hundreds of Indian children have been reared and trained by Mr. Wilson, and nothing is more certain than that his personality will be the main factor in shaping their futures, and their influence for good throughout the eight tribes which they represent. His position is assuredly a big one and he is quite big enough to fill it.

BRITISH COLUMBIA WILD FLOWERS

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

IN British Columbia the Poll-tax and Disability Act may keep out the Chinese, but never the sly seeds that find their way hither and hide in the mountains, meads, and forests. Seeds are "Vegetable tramps," says John Burroughs: "they are going east, west, north, south. They walk, they fly, they swim, they steal a ride, they travel by rail, by flood, by wind; they go underground, they go above, across lots and by highways." The vegetable life like the fires of Promethens, cannot be extinguished on our planet, for the plants throw their pollen and seeds on the threshing floor of the earth and the wind is the flail that beats them hither and thither. Called out by the *reveille* in Spring, they peep out through the resurrection tints of the grass till the earth's carpet is a riot of capricious colors rivaling the Eastern praying-rug. Gold twists with purple in gay audacity, while blue, scarlet, and yellow form a happy triple alliance. They are Nature's bright mosaics.

The violets grow in family groups but never with spendthrift prodigality. Sir John Lubbock says that the ants sow the violets, for they carry the seeds to their nests. The blue violet is a harbinger of the Spring. It has a sly habit of curtaining itself with its own leaves. The white violet, too, is "clothed with humility," but its hidden secret steals out "sweet smelling as a thousand perfumes." They are the "angels of the grass," and like angels, rarely seen. "So sweet are violets," writes Christina Rosetti, "that violet is but a second name for sweetness." It makes a great difference in regard to its personal appearance where a flower happens to grow. The blue violet is reared in shady dells and sprinkled over the hillside. It droops sadly after being picked, just as shy, modest flowers are wont to do.

The dandelion makes no secret of his presence, but he is far less common on "the slope" than in Eastern provinces. Why are we prone to despise this:

> "Dear common flower that grows beside the way
> Fringing the dusty way with harmless gold?"

"A mean flower," yes! but "the meanest flower that grows gives thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." Once in the springtime, we twisted their sun-kissed blooms into wreaths for a sunny head, and when the dandelions were "changed to vanishing ghosts" we longed for "the touch of a vanished hand." They say, the gipsies call the dandelion the Queen's great hairy dog flower—a number of words to one stalk. There is a place in England, in Kent County, called Dandelion Castle and it has a bell with this inscription:

> "John de Dandelion with his great dog
> Brought over this hill on a mill cog—"

Within a hundred yards, we find as many varieties of flowers, for it is "'long about knee-deep in June." The snake-lily is a queer thing. Its dark brownish-green coloring and the odd way it droops and wriggles about on its stem, reminds us that its name is not inappropriate.

It is in deep leaf mold that the Dutchman's Breeches blow. Its grain-like tubers are white tipped with pale yellow. They grow in a raceme on leafless scapes and are perhaps the prettiest of the wood-dwellers. The cultivated species is called "the bleeding-heart."

The wild strawberry smiles a greeting at me from its shelter 'neath the feathery frondage of a giant bracken. I never pick one without thinking of Whittier's lines:

"Barefoot boy with cheek of tan,
With thy red lip redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill."

The triune leaf of the wood sorrel is prettier perhaps than its flower. This is one of the plants that conspicuously "sleep" and folds its leaflets at the approach of night. It lies on the ground in little bunches or clusters. The sorrel belongs to the geranium family and comes from a word meaning sour. It blooms all summer and pickle-loving school girls are pleased with the acid juice of its leaves.

The sheep sorrel which grows hereabouts can claim no relationship but belongs to the buckwheat family. It is a pernicious weed that grows riotously,

THE TRILLIUMS TROOPED DOWN THE HILL IN SERIED RANKS LIKE A WHITE-BANNERED ARMY

and should be called the farmer's bane. In color it is a pretty terra-cotta.

It was here in "the far west" that I first saw the skunk cabbage, which is a coarse, singular plant with shining, heart-shaped leaves and ill odor. I find it in soft places, for it loves darkling ground, and the woodmen tell me that the bears eat of it. Push back the wide-flapping, aquatic leaves and you will find that each is a cemetery for the bees and insects that are attracted by its abominable odor. I have no doubt from its similar formation, it is cousin to Jack-in-the-pulpit, that rakish looking fellow with his striped suit which reminds us of the conventional circus clown.

The woodmen are nothing if not practical. They always tell me the utility of each plant. That is how I know that the Oregon grape-root is an excellent blood purifier, and that the marsh marigolds are agreeable and wholesome as "greens." The botanical name of the marigold, *caltha palustris,* is a suitable one, for it means "golden cup." Indeed, it looks very much like the buttercup except that it is more thick and stalky. "How does it grow?" By an inexplicable and unerring process of Nature, it turns the mud and sugar into starch, into bright yellow food for the bees and some day it will be honey for us.

The marsh cress, which belongs to the mustard family, grows beside the marsh marigold and its botanical name, *nasturtium palustre,* is no less appropriate, for translated, it means "twisted nose," alluding to the effect of the pungent leaves when eaten.

The Iris or *fleur de lis* is the proud queen of the marshes. Her blue, yellow, and white are a brilliant blazon of heraldry. Nature has lavished the richest of her colors on "the flag," touching her petals with a surpassing brilliancy and defying the deftest artist to touch her wondrous beauty. She is named for the goddess of the rainbow Iris, a divinely radiant maiden, borne in swift flight on golden wings as a messenger of the gods.

Before leaving the marsh, I pluck some modest pimpernels. They are delicate white flowers that grow in racemes on smooth, slender stalks.

There is a shallow gorge in this forest where a few weeks since our woodland lilies, the trilliums trooped down in serried ranks like a white-bannered army. They are all gone now to make way for the full-toned glories of summer. Gone, too, is the blue wind-flower with her dew-filled chalice:

"The coy anemone that ne'er uncloses
Her lips until they're blown on by the wind."

In their place clambering vines describe curves and spirals in athletic evolutions. The wild pea is everywhere evident. Its inconspicuous flower called "the old maid's bonnet," droops its head in a manner altogether coquettish.

The slender tendrils of the clematis or Virgin's bower are starred with rayed blossomings and twist in and out for mastery with the assertive vetch. The clematis was a foreigner from Japan, but some there are who tell us she came from the garden of the gods. Be that as it may, she has so firmly planted herself on "the slope," we may almost call her an indigene. Later in summer, the heads of the fruit with their airy appendages will once more robe this gorge in white. In the deep mosses, the deep, deep mosses of "Flora's Paradise" one may look for and find "the sweet forget-me-nots that grow for happy lovers." They peep out of their soft green beds with the placid eyes of a sleepy baby.

The sweet briar with its vicious thorns grows everywhere. Originally it was white, but in Eden young Eve kissed an open rose and straightway it drew its red from her lips. It was a strange coincidence that even as I was thinking of Eve, a small dark head should appear from 'neath the bush—an adder, a twisting, crawling thing with a deadly tooth. In an instant my heel was on his head and again the woman and the snake fought

for mastery. Many snakes are entirely harmless and our fierce hatred towards them is unaccountable. I used to think it was because of the serpent's pranks in Eden, but men do not love Eve the less for her part therein. Is it because the snake was condemned to eat dust all the days of its life ? But the snake does nothing of the kind. I am still seeking light.

THE DEVIL'S CLUB

The sweet clover carpets the earth in wide washes of color, with here and there restful interludes of green spearmint. Its tang and freshness offsets the sick-scented odor of the clover. This mint comes of a very important family. It has 136 genera and 2,600 species.

We need to build up a fresh system of color language by means of flowers and natural objects. Our old words seem effete. It were better to say spearmint green, larch green, wasp yellow, humble-bee amber, raspberry red—ah !—oh !— It must have been the Devil's Club that so fiercely struck me as I passed through its giant foliage. My face quivers and burns as though stung by a million nettles. There is only a scolding chipmunk to witness my agony. He seems to be very cross with me for walking blindfold into such a trap. He imprecates me freely, and in at least three different tongues calling me several kinds of a fool. Applying soft, wet clay to my throbbing flesh, I lie down on a dry bed of last year's bracken and await relief. Our good

Mother Earth has always a balm for her hurt children and she has one for me, for soon I have forgotten my pain and find myself lazily contemplating the freaks and fantasies of the woodland.

Hemlock, cedar, maple, fir, oak, dogwood, wild-cherry, and evergreen arbutus jostle each other like politicians struggling for a foothold. On a rock that is as big as the parish of St. Swithin's in London stands a huge pine. It is no mushroomic growth of yesterday. One of the oldest and most stupendous vegetable products existing on the earth, it is over 60 feet in girth. A sapling in the days of King Solomon, it is now one of the pillars of the State and a very Anakim among trees. The stone is clutched in the tentacles of the pine roots as though by an octopus. Yet the roots of these mammoths have not depth comparable with their height and a storm works great havoc among them. Wherever the eye wanders, the trees are stripped of branches on one side, sometimes on both, by the sudden fall of their neighbors. The moss hangs from the wounded limbs in long trails like wool on sheep before shearing time.

The sad conifers are never tremulous or trivial. The sun glows through their dark green branches as through a Gothic window and fills me with "reverential wonder." When "Wind, the grand old harper strikes his thunder harp of pines," you may hear wondrously weird tones, a soft human sobbing, a subtle, sibilant sweetness not all of sorrow, nor all of joy either, but merged together.

The bark of the cedar stained by the hues of its own enormous growth, spotted with close-grown lichens and "toned down" by centuries, is in itself a panel to study. The copper birch is a woman—an Indian. In an old stump filled with the decay of its own wood, sword ferns and golden rods have taken root, flourishing in death. The golden-rod is not yet in bloom. Its showy, pampas-like plume and falling fountain of color predict the autumn.

Through the perspective of the trees, now and then I get glimpses of the Coast Range higher up. I go thither nearly every day and lose myself in wonder and admiration. A sceptic "tenderfoot," I had pictured the mountains as arid and destitute of vegetation, or at best, producing the spectral sage-brush, that emblem of barren desolation. On the contrary, boon nature has scattered her mountain children far and wide. Nowhere else on earth will the lover of floral beauties find such rich and varied hues.

On the canon sides, I find the *Castilleia* or "Indian's paint brush." It is hardly a flower and yet more than a leaf. It is like a bunch of leaves with scalloped edges, half green and half red and breaking into flame-color at the tips.

The flower of the mountain coral resembles the English meadow-sweet. It belongs to the orchid family. Its roots are like a coral branch and feed on the roots of other plants.

Cleopatra, when she received Marc Antony in Cilicia, had the floor covered eighteen inches deep with roses, but the watercourses of the mountain sides have acres and acres of roses whose inflorescence would shame such a small feat. No Turk could tread here, for he holds the rose-leaf owes its origin to the perspiration which fell from Mahomet.

The flowers of the salmon-berry are so big that they might almost be taken

THE CONE OR COLUMN FLOWER.

for roses. The fruit is the same as our raspberry only pinker, larger, and not so well flavored. The wild currant or "ribes," larkspur, dogwood, hydrangea,

SHOOTING STAR OR DODECATHEON

shooting-star, and the orange honeysuckle brighten up the dun rock masses. The tall, graceful spiræa grows in great abundance. It has a soft hairiness over the flowers and is the ghost of the goldenrod.

You can smell the delicate perfume of the Linnea long before you find its blossom. The flower is pale pink and bell-like in shape. In Norway it is the bridal flower. The Canadian bridal flower, the wild orange or syringa grows nearby. Its languorous sick-scented odor goes clear through the soul of me.

The columbine is a wild mountaineer and nods its greeting from a cleft in the rock or from a shady nook among the foothills. Nature's artist dips her brush deep into the red and paints the exterior of the columbine. She dips again and lines its cornucopia with yellow. It is the State flower of Colorado, and well it may be, for its ornamentation is completed by its insignia of office, five spurs, one to each honey-laden sepal.

A queer plant is the cone or column flower. At first I passed it by thinking it to be some common wild flower gone to seed. The bright colored rays that droop from the long, peduncled, showy heads are scented with pollen strongly resembling the ravishing odor of the wild grape.

The whole mountain slopes of the Pacific Coast are a vast treasury where for years to come the botanist may explore untrodden and inviting fields.

FROM "LEAVES OF GRASS."

By WALT WHITMAN.

Come, I will make the continent indissoluble,
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon,
I will make divine magnetic lands,
With the love of comrades,
With the life-long love of comrades.

I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of America, and along the shores of the great lakes, and all over the prairies,
I will make inseparable cities with their arms about each other's necks,
By the love of comrades,
By the manly love of comrades.

For you these from me, O Democracy, to serve you ma femme!
For you, for you I am trilling these songs.

THE NIAGARA COUNTRY, CANADA'S GARDEN

A BANNER FRUIT-GROWING DISTRICT ON THE SHORES OF LAKE ONTARIO—IMMENSE ORCHARDS AND VINEYARDS, WHICH PRODUCE THE BEST FRUIT IN CANADA—FERTILE SOIL AND FAVORABLE CLIMATE—A GREAT AND GROWING INDUSTRY.

By J. H. A. THOMSON

THAT portion of the Province of Ontario lying between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario is becoming as famous for its fruit as for the great waterfall which marks its American boundary. The Niagara Peninsula is quite fitly known as the "Garden of Canada," and the advantages of nature and the industry of man have together made it one of the finest farming districts in the world. Fruit-growing is carried on very successfully in other parts of Ontario, the great extent of lake coast furnishing climatic conditions that make garden-farming both possible and profitable in nearly all the lake counties; but the premier district is the Niagara Peninsula. In no other part of Canada are there to be seen such vistas of orchard and vineyard, such a succession of garden-plots, so many thousands of fruit-laden trees extending for miles along the lake shore. For those whose idea of fruit-growing is a few indifferent apple trees, or a ten-by-ten strawberry patch, there is a revelation in this Niagara country. We have mentally feasted upon descriptions of vine-clad hills and smiling orchards in other lands, and have supposed that these other countries are more favored than ours, but in all the world there is not a place where natural bounty, diversity of crops, advanced methods of culture, business enterprise, and beauty of landscape are more happily and successfully combined than here, in the Garden of Canada. The vineyards of the Old World are fruitful, but still primitive, and are farmed by peasantry; the Ontario fruit-grower has his telephone, his daily paper, and a handsome home. In many of the best farming districts in other parts of America the products are largely confined to some one or two particular fruits; in the Niagara Peninsula each farmer has a succession of various crops from June to October. And the country is so situated that access to all the central points in the Dominion or the continent is easily possible. Social and natural advantages are thus presented in an unusually bountiful measure.

The Lay of the Land

The Niagara Peninsula is a system of natural terraces, the land sloping toward Lake Ontario. The geological formation of the country is peculiar. The waters of the three westward lakes, after emptying into the narrow confines of the Niagara River, tumble over a rocky ledge 160 feet high before finding their level again in Lake Ontario. This is Niagara's great waterfall. It is believed by geologists that 350 centuries ago this volume of water fell over the cliffs at a point some three miles nearer the mouth of the river than the present Falls, the mighty cataract having in the ages since eaten its way back through the rocky hill, and left a rough-cut gorge behind it. If this be so, the Niagara Falls were once but a short distance above the present sites of Lewiston, on the American side, and the village of Queenston, on the Canadian side. At any rate, it is at Queenston that the Niagara escarpment begins, continuing for forty-five miles along the south-western shore of Lake Ontario what is evidently the same natural elevation that forms the precipice of the Niagara

Falls. Known now as "the Mountain," this elevation reaches its highest point between Hamilton and Grimsby, where it is 300 feet in height, nearly twice as great as at the Falls. From the top of the mountain stretches back a fine level farming country, where some of the best Ontario wheat is raised; from its foot is spread out another level, this lower terrace being pre-eminently a fruit-growing country. At the Niagara River the distance of the escarpment from the Lake shore is about eight miles; at Hamilton it is two miles. It is thus a comparatively small area, but it is this part of the country, sheltered by the protecting mountain on one side, and tempered by the Lake on the other, that constitutes especially the Garden of Canada. From a horticultural standpoint there could be no better natural conditions. Not only is the situation favorable and the climate particularly adapted to small fruit culture, but the soil is fertile, and every acre has possibilities of great value. It is this long and narrow strip of farming country which produces the best fruit in Canada, in the greatest variety, and most prolifically. From here go the fruit supplies for Toronto and Montreal, and the towns intermediate, as well as beyond, east and west. It is here that the finest orchards and vineyards are to be seen, and here that fruit farming assumes most remarkably the appearance of gardening on a gigantic scale.

The Acreage in Orchard and Vineyard

In the entire Province of Ontario, which is one of the finest agricultural countries in America, there is a total acreage in orchard of 339,400 acres, and in vineyard 12,227 acres. The orchards include apple, peach, pear and plum; the acres of vineyards mean acres of grape vines. Of this total acreage the three counties of Wentworth, Lincoln and Welland, in which lies the Niagara Garden district, have 40,000 acres of orchard, or one-eighth of the whole, and 6,000 acres of vineyard, or one-half of the whole. Of the area in orchard, that in the Niagara district is chiefly peach, pear and plum. The apple orchards are more numerous in the St. Lawrence, Huron, and more northerly districts. The apple crop is a most important one. There are in the province 7,000,000 trees in bearing, and half as many more young trees; and the annual yield is about 15,000,000 bushels, or 5,000,000 barrels. In the Niagara country, however, the farmers have found that while the apple is an excellent crop for domestic use, they secure greater profits from the peaches, pears, and plums, for which there is an increasing demand in the city markets, and for which that part of the country is peculiarly adapted. They have therefore practically ceased in some districts to plant apple orchards, and are putting out more peaches and plums; and in this they are making a fair division, for their southern lake climate gives the best peaches and plums, and the country to the north grows better and firmer apples. It is only within the past fifteen or twenty years that the Niagara farmers have realized the possibilities of their country. The fruit business is even yet not fully developed, but great progress has been made. Every year an increased acreage is being planted, and the markets are being correspondingly extended. That there is room for further development may be shown by the fact that not more than one-third of the available land in the district between Niagara and Hamilton is at present in orchard cultivation. The farmers are still carrying on mixed farming to some extent, and this is perhaps a wise course for the time; but as soon as they become convinced that there is more profit in orchards and vineyards and sufficient market for all they can produce, they can very easily plow up their hay land and grain fields and set out trees. They can not do so indiscriminately, however. The soil varies greatly. On the same farm, within a half mile may sometimes be found two or three very different grades of surface earth and sub-soil. One soil is adapted to pears and another to peaches, and to get the best results the farmer must plant what the soil is best fitted for. In this way horticulture has become a science, and constant experimenting has now given the fruit-grower information which prevents him from making mistakes.

The Business Tide

The business transactions involved in the shipment and marketing of these immense fruit crops are of sufficient proportions to entitle them to rank with the best of our commercial interests. The fruit business is necessarily a quick business. Orders are sent in by outside dealers, or are worked up by the shipper, by telegraph, or locally by telephone. Daily reports of market prices are given by wire, and the fruit-grower is well informed as to what his fruit will bring him in cash. Shipment is then made by express. The shipping facilities of the district are excellent. Railway connection is given with points east and west, and from either end there runs two well-equipped electric roads through the heart of the fruit country, providing an almost perfect freight and passenger service. One of these roads is operated by Niagara Falls power, and both are built on standard railway gauge. The express cars of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways are run over these electric roads and distributed at such points as there is demand for them. These cars are special refrigerator cars, and are dispatched to their destinations without any re-handling of the fruit. During the shipping season an express service is given three times a day. Fruit may be on the trees at three or four o'clock in the afternoon, and at six the next morning it may be in Ottawa or Montreal, ready for the grocers' counters. Thus, with the electric and the steam railroads an enormous amount of fruit can be handled in the shortest space of time. One shipper loaded and dispatched eighty cars last year within eighteen hours. Operations as extensive and as speedy as these require that men as well as locomotives and motors work at high pressure. It is a busy time with the people on the farm—the fruit is perishable, the season goes fast, and the crop must be disposed of; and so shipping days on the fruit farm bear some resemblance to bargain days in the city.

The bulk of the fruit crop in the Niagara Peninsula finds its market in Toronto and other cities and towns of Ontario, and in Montreal. Large quantities are consumed locally, and the smaller growers dispose of their crops by selling to the larger shippers, by sending to the city on commission, or even in some cases by peddling. Wider markets are, however, being opened up each year. Large quantities of Niagara fruit are sent to the Maritime Provinces and to Winnipeg, and the careful system to which the express business has been reduced makes these longer distances quite practicable for extensive shipments. Peaches and grapes grown on the shore of Lake Ontario are sold in Halifax perfectly sound and fresh. It is a still farther cry to the markets of Europe, but even there Ontario fruit has been sent, and it is hoped that a profitable trade may before many years be worked up with the English commission merchants. The solution of the problem is an adequate system of cold storage on each freight steamer, and a fast service across the Atlantic. Grapes kept in cold storage have been taken out in January as sound as if just off the vine, and the matter of one week's transit in a properly fitted steamship ought not therefore to prove an insurmountable difficulty. When these wider markets in our own country and outside are more fully developed, still greater things may be safely expected of the Niagara district, which has already proved its title clear to the "Garden of Canada." And it not only produces immense crops, but the quality of its fruit is of the best. Niagara peaches and grapes are comparable with any in the world, and beside the native varieties of grapes some orchardists have imported seedling stock from the famous vineyards of France, so that the best that the Old World can produce is duplicated in Canadian soil, together with the ordinary Canadian and American varieties.

How the Work is Done.

The Niagara district is not only the banner fruit country of Canada, but it is the source of much of the finest nursery stock sold throughout the Dominion. A number of the leading business men of the district divide their interests somewhat

equally between the raising of fruit for sale and the growing of fruit-trees for sale. The same conditions that make the country adapted to fruit culture make it peculiarly fitted for the early growth of nursery stock, which finds its way in carloads to all parts of Canada. This branch of the industry has proved most successful. One establishment, probably the largest fruit nursery in Canada, keeps an average stock of nearly 700,000 young trees of pear, plum, peach and apple, one hundred and fifty acres being given up to nursery purposes. Beside the sale of fruit trees, a good business is done in ornamental shrubs and roses; for the Niagara country seems to be the home of the rose, of which many farms have handsome hedges and garden boweries.

A great amount of labor is involved in the management and cultivation of these Niagara fruit farms. There is work for hundreds, but considerable difficulty is being experienced in securing a sufficient number of laborers, owing to the drain made on the labor market by the demands of the Western wheat fields, where so many have gone from the East. During the fruit-picking season the ranks of the farm laborers are increased by numbers of girls and women, who are more successful in the berry fields than men. Some Indian women find employment in this way and make very material additions to their somewhat precarious incomes during the summer months. The best berry districts are in the country immediately east of Hamilton and along the lake shore to Toronto, where immense quantities of strawberries, raspberries and currants are raised for the city markets. But all through the Niagara Peninsula berry fields alternate with orchards, and not infrequently there may be seen rows of bushes between rows of grape vines, or pear and plum trees mixed in with both vines and bushes. There is money in berries. An acre of strawberry plants will yield a profit of $200. The pickers, too, make good wages, sometimes as high as $3 per day. After the berry and fruit-picking season is over there is still work to be done. All the large fruit farms keep a staff of workmen the year round, for even during the winter there is a great amount of pruning and grafting which must be done if the orchard is to be kept in good condition. The trees are not allowed to grow to full size, but are restrained and cut down in order to direct their strength to bearing rather than to growth. The trees bear best at from five to ten years old, and by skilful pruning an orchard is retained in what might be called a standard size of tree. In the spring there is plowing to be done among the trees, and then spraying. Each orchard must be gone over a number of times and each tree carefully sprayed with a death-on-insect mixture, this part of the season's work being perhaps the hardest and most disagreeable which the farmer has to do. Then comes berry-time, followed shortly by fruit-picking and shipping, as already referred to. The fruit farmer's year is thus a busy one. He must do his work systematically; shiftless methods in the fruit business are disastrous, and the success of so great a number of growers has been achieved only by industry and prudence. Fruit culture is both the art and science of farming.

A subsidiary industry which derives its support from the fruit-growing business is the manufacture of fruit baskets and berry boxes. There are in the district a half-dozen factories, one of which will make this year 1,000,000 baskets, 30,000 crates, and 625,000 quart berry boxes. This may be taken as the average output of the six. All the fruit packages are made of wood and are of standard size. They cost the fruit-grower from $30 to $40 per thousand. The manufacture of these baskets and boxes has come to be a business in itself and is rapidly increasing. Shipments are made to the Maritime Provinces, and one firm has recently received a large order for berry boxes from South Africa.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

By EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER VI.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

October 10th, 1898.

Thackeray wrote, "If I have cares in my mind, I come to the Zoo and fancy they don't pass the gate. I recognize my friends, my enemies, in countless cages." Perhaps it was something of this feeling that made K. and E. want to go directly to see the monkeys, for are not these loud-tongued, gamesome creatures "a little less than kin?"

The children were much interested in a lemur who was dying of consumption. He had a racking cough, uncanny staring eyes, and a voice like a banshee should have. The lemurs are called the monkey's poor relations because of their woe-begone, humiliated expression and air of general miserableness.

We were greatly entertained by the frolicsome antics of these impish young Simians, who somehow looked human—very human. Could it be possible that the great Editor forgot to correct His proofs, and these pitiful caricatures of humanity were turned out? Hawthorne says that Satan perpetrated them with the malicious purpose of parodying the masterpiece of creation, for the Creator could not have meant to ridicule His own work.

We looked rather nervously at the glass at the reptile house, and wondered if it were quite strong enough to hold back those "running brooks of horror," the gigantic monsters, that crouched behind.

We visited the lions, too, who give vent to their royal feelings in roars that were offensively dogmatic.

None of the birds attracted us more than the eagles with their mighty wings, those peers of the sky that "soar close to the sun in lonely lands." Like the old gods, they are mean and ugly, only when they descend to earth. What a pleasure it would be to liberate them and watch their flight upward!

We had rides too, on a scrawny, knock-kneed camel. It took no small ability to navigate this "execrable hunchback." Nor were our experiences on "Jingo," the African elephant, more pleasant. When this dawdling creature put his best foot foremost, we felt all his bony and twisted irregularities. The sensation was not unlike a storm at sea and we descended from his back, thanking Heaven for the luxury of still being alive.

* * * * * *

As you ascend Ludgate Hill to the highest ground in the metropolis you see "a huge dun cupola like a foolscap crown on a fool's head." There is no need to be told that it is St. Paul's. You have seen it a hundred times in your mind's eye, yet it is different. You are surprised into a wordless incompetency; it is vague, dim, unreal. Its smoke-corroded walls, its mysterious perspectives, and simple yet grandiose proportions, loom up in the homogeneous light like a half-finished drawing in grey chalk.

On all sides the adjacent buildings press about it. It is a shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Whatever may be his political views, there is no spot in this mausoleum of British heroes, where a Canadian's pulses beat quicker than at the foot of the crypt stairs, where the nation has erected a superb bust of the late Sir John A. Mac-

donald, and underneath in jet black letters, sunken in the snowy whiteness of the marble, have carved the words:

"A British subject was I born,
And a British subject will I die."

Near by lies Lord Nelson. His coffin was made from *L'Orient*, one of his trophies in the battle of the Nile. The mosaic floor surrounding the tomb, records his victories. At his feet lies "the Iron Duke." Side by side is England's greatest Soldier and greatest Sailor.

When Wellington's body was brought here, Tennyson makes Nelson to ask:

"Who is he that cometh like an honored guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping and breaking on my rest?
Mighty Seaman, this is he,
Was great by lands as thou by sea.
Thine Island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since the world began,
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest sailor comes,
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea."

In this gloomy, soul-oppressing crypt is the quaintest monument in England. It was erected to the memory of Dr. Donne. His marble effigy stands on an urn, wrapped in a winding-sheet. He designed this monument himself and had it carved in wood, causing it to be stood by his bed-side till his death.

Here also lie the bodies of Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Canon Liddon, Turner, Opie, West, and Sir John Millais.

The compact and solid walls of the crypt are twenty-four feet in diameter. In 1830 while excavating here, a stone altar, dedicated to the goddess Diana, was brought to light, so that it is believed that the first temple erected on this spot was by the Romans.

St. Paul's is the largest Protestant church in the world, and the first monument in it was erected to Howard, the prison philanthropist. His statue, with fetters and manacles underfoot, and a great key in his hand is most appropriate, although it might also do for St. Peter.

It is a bright galaxy of stars this Minister has set in her crown, yet you wonder that so many of the huge monuments are feeble—even ludicrous. It would seem that the English sculptors have a tendency to represent their heroes as "naked and not ashamed," or at least with but a minimum of clothing. Dr. Johnson is represented as a half-naked, gladiatorial figure. Captain Burgess receiving a sword from a female figure is stark naked. Captain Westcott is also nude. Sir John Moore, who died at Corunna, is being lifted by a soldier who belongs to the *genus* known as *sans culottes*. Lord Collingwood's clothing weighs about two ounces. Sir William Ponsonby is wholly in undress, and General Andrew Hay is caught by a soldier absolutely innocent of plumage.

The cold, slaty, grey walls and ceilings are being decorated and among the *connoisseurs* a fierce battle of tongues is waging. The ornamentation is considered by some to be overloaded and in poor taste. Londoners are not accustomed to the luxury of color, and prefer the time-honored dirt of these walls to any irridescent or gorgeous scenes of Holy Writ. Perhaps I am ignorant of what constitutes pure art—indeed it is most likely—for these decorations presented to me an harmonious *tout ensemble*. Or it may be, that coming from a land of fierce sunshine, of raw cobalts, scarlet and blood-red; a land where even the moonlights are of sharp, silver intensity, that my eyes are strung to higher lights. The luxuriant beauty of the work delighted me at every turn. It is a symphony in green and gold, illuminated like an old missal with touches of olive, amber brown, and deep tawny orange.

The torn and blood-stained colors used at Alma, Inkerman, Sebastapol, and Balaclava hang over an emblazoned tab-

let, erected to the memory of the soldiers who fell in these battles. It is passing strange that trophies of slaughter should hang in a temple dedicated to the Prince of Peace.

At four o'clock there is evensong. The exquisite harmony of the young, elastic voices "might create a soul under the ribs of death." To the heated and weary, they sing how "He healeth the broken in heart." To those longing for home, their cry is about "the waters of Babylon." To the penitent, it is the sobbing wail of the *De Profundis;* to the irreverent and worldly, how "He bowed the Heavens also and came down, and it was dark under His feet." I shall come often, for it is rest beside the weary road to hear the angels sing.

Then climb the toilsome ascent to the great dome with its dizzying depths, and look out over London. It is not a city—it is a Kingdom. In the ashen, filmy light it looks like pictures of the disentombed Pompeii. There is a peculiar charm in its atmospheric tints. It is a rayless light, like one sees when the sun is in eclipse. It softens the flamboyant, and harmonizes the rough. There is a look of unreality, an unearthliness, which mystifies, blends, exaggerates, and throws a nameless glamour over an ocean of sordid roofs and a monotonous pile of blackened bricks. One could get to love this cruel London almost with passion. She bewitches, and fascinates; she represents a different face to different people. To Wordsworth, she was "a crowded solitude," to De Quincey, "a stony-hearted stepmother." Shelley wrote of her as, "London, that great sea whose ebb and flow at once is deep and loud, and on the shore vomits its wrecks and still howls on for more, yet in its depths what treasures!" Dr. Johnson said, "He who is tired of London is tired of existence."

Near St. Paul's is the sanctuary of St. Martin-le-Grand, founded in the reign of Edward the Confessor. In this "City of Refuge," avenging sleuth-hounds breathing out threatening and slaughter, relentlessly "cornered" their terror-stricken victim, but dared not break sanctuary by laying hands on him. These coverts became the strongholds of hulking ruffians, desperadoes, and other vampires of society, until the privilege of sanctuary was summarily abolished. It was "the vexed question" of those times.

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In the changes wrought by the whirling wheel of Time, the Tower of London has been a castle, a prison, and a fortress, and now is a barracks, an arsenal, and an English show-place.

A grim relic of feudalism, it is haunted by the ghosts of impeached ministers, discrowned Queens, Reformers, Lords, Princes, cowled Monks, Poisoners and Traitors.

What diabolical knaveries, what cruel, implacable things, what plots of treason have thickened to their black finish within these drear precincts! What foul murders, too!—God alone knows, for the dead are silent. A veil of mystery hangs over many a tragic and dramatic episode of the gloomy past; yet it is a weird phantasmagoria of fierce tragedy, laughter, vain rage, drivelling idiocy, romance, madness, and revelry that flit across the sheets of history. "It was the Tower," says Hezekiah Butterworth, "that made America a necessity to mankind."

Here have been imprisoned the captives of Agincourt, and of the Wars of the Roses, the Lollards, and the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot, who were disembowelled alive, for our ancestors knew how to handle the Anarchists.

Through the dim medium of the London atmosphere, the hoary walls with their stout solidity and time-scarred battlements, loom up "grand, gloomy, peculiar," with an inference of imposing vastness.

In the moat, now a parade ground, the Scotch Greys were drilling as we entered. Fine, well-set-up soldiers they are, too ! Straight as spears, with clear skins showing blood underneath, the men of the heather, looked hardy as savage New Zealanders.

The portcullis brings you to the water-gate, better known as " The Traitor's Gate."

" That Gate misnamed through which before,
Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmar, More.'

It is a Dantesque portal where those who entered might well abandon hope.

It was one of the ironies in which history abounds, that at this gate Henry VIII. presented Anne Boleyn to the people as their Queen, and on three years later to the very day, she was executed on the Tower Green. Eighteen years afterwards, her daughter Elizabeth came as a prisoner to the Tower, and entered the same Traitor's Gate. This Henry bulks large in the Tower's history. A merciless, malevolent despot, topful of unbridled lusts, his life is a filthy epistle showing the ultimate vileness, the black and dirty recesses of the human heart.

The crown regalia is guarded and exhibited in the Wakefield Tower. The children were surprised when they saw the Queen's Crown. They thought she always wore it, and sat on a throne. Sparkling amid the seventeen hundred diamonds of the crown is an inestimable sapphire of great beauty, and an enormous heart-shaped ruby, said to have been worn by the Black Prince. Diadems, sceptres, swords, a wine fountain, the coronation spurs, the Royal baptismal font, and many other beautiful things, went to make up a collection that is valued at fifteen million dollars.

The first impression on entering the old Gothic Chapel of the Tower is of standing in a forest of petrified trees. The columns are the huge trunks and the ornate complexities of the groined roof, the limbs. No style of church architecture can be more impressive, or better calculated to trance the hearts of the people in worship. It speaks at once to the eye and soul.

The armour worn by all the King's horses and all the King's men (and by all the Kings, too) has been arranged in chronological order from Edward I. to James I. It is the English history done in steel. The armour may also be classified as milled, white, russet, black, and sanguine. James I. said of armour that " It was an admirable invention as it rendered a man from being hurt himself or from hurting others." This is hardly the case, for when once a knight was down, he was absolutely at the mercy of his antagonist and could not rise without aid. The victor could take his time in breaking the armour with his mace in order to make a chink to drive the dagger home. Not unfrequently, a man only slightly wounded, has been stifled by the weight of his own armour.

The weaponry has been arranged on the walls in designs of passion-flowers, serpents, and coats-of-arms. In cases of glass there are weapons offensive and defensive, dull-jewelled, damascened, and chipped: Crossbows from Sedgemoor, spear-heads from Marathon, the execution axe of the King of Oude, battle-axes, helmets, Greek armour, an assegais from Caffraria, spears, pikes, halberts, rapiers, jousting lances, and huge two-handed swords.

A tablet marks the spot where the bodies of the hapless young princes were found, and from whence they were taken to Westminster Abbey to find honorable sepulture. Pitilessly and in the dark, these victims of Royal ambition were done to death by the misshapen ruffian, Richard " Crookback." To this day, the Anglo-Saxon heart aches for the murdered boys who were hidden away under the awful stones.

Our guide pointed out the little cell

where Sir Walter Raleigh spent twelve years in writing his "History of the World." Depreciated, tortured, and perplexed, this hero who had basked in royal sunshine, and languished in royal shade, was led out to execution with but a few hours' warning. Quietly touching the axe he said, "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases." No greater life was ever snatched away in these human shambles.

I was content to look hurriedly to the headman's block with its gruesome hollow and terrible axe-marks. We saw, too, the cloak Wolfe wore when he fell mortally wounded on the Plains of Abraham. It is of magenta-tinted homespun. Sometime, England may be induced to give us this interesting relic that has been carried from Canada.

By spiral stairs, we ascended the Beauchamp Tower, where many of the nobility were incarcerated and carved their anguish on the walls. In letters of Elizabethan character, Lord Guildford of Dudley, cut the name of his girl-bride, Jane Gray. One inscription runs; "A passage perilous maketh a port pleasant."

On the Tower Green is a tablet marking the place where on May 19th, 1536, Queen Anne Boleyn was executed. On the same spot, in spite of her sex and grey hairs, Margaret of Salisbury, the mother of Cardinal Pole, was hacked to death with as little ceremony as an ox in a slaughter house. When bidden to lay her head on the block, the proud old noblewoman replied: "So should traitors do, and I am none." Speaking of her head, the executioner said he "was constrained to get it off slovenly," for he had to chase her round the scaffold and hit her many ill-directed blows with the axe before he accomplished his horrible work.

Here, too, was executed Queen Catherine Howard and Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Essex, who came to his death on this hill "more like a bridegroom than a prisoner appointed for death."

On Tower Hill, outside the walls, were executed, the Duke of Monmouth, Archbishop Laud, the Protector Somerset, Bishop Fisher, the Earl of Sidney and Stafford, and scores of others. The last person beheaded in England was Lord Lovat, who suffered on this spot in 1747.

In the Tower Green is the historic little chapel built by Edward I. and dedicated to St. Peter-in-Chains. The mortuary brass at the entrance records the names of "the splendid dead" here interred. Into this chapel have been carried the blood-drenched, headless bodies of three Queens and thirty of England's haughtiest dames and knights. Their kindly ghosts, dark-plumed and visored, are said to haunt the altar in the dusk. This is quite true—I talked to them there.

We were ciceroned by one of the magnificent Beefeaters, who looked like nothing so much as the King of Diamonds. It would be an absolute overwhelming insult to designate your largess to this unique personage as a "tip." It is a fee, you could not be small to a man whose raiment was designed by Holbein.

CHAPTER VII.

"IN THE QUEEN'S NAVEE."

Harwich, Nov. 5th.

An air of gentle decay hangs over the old port Harwich. The town is almost given up to soldiers, sailors, and longshoremen. Everything suggests the sea. Even the wooden walls and fences are coated with tar instead of paint.

I have been dreaming away a fortnight here, now and then, making a trip to some neighboring town. Yesterday, I went to Ipswich and dined at "The Great White Horse," thus described in *The Pickwick Papers*. "In the main street of Ipswich, on the left-hand side

of the way, at a short distance after you have passed through the space fronting the Town Hall stands an inn, known far and wide by the appelation of "The Great White Horse," rendered the more conspicuous by a stone statue of some rampacious animal with flowing mane and tail, distinctly resembling an insane cart-horse, which is elevated above the principal door. The Great White Horse is famous in the neighborhood in the same degree as a prize ox, or county paper-chronicled turnip or unwieldy pig —for its size. Never were such labyrinths of uncarpeted passages, such huge number of small dens for eating or sleeping in, beneath any one roof, as are collected together between the four walls of The Great White Horse at Ipswich."

If you want to know what I ordered for my dinner you must look up what Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Peter Magnus indulged in, on the occasion of their visit here.

The old houses in the town are of the half-timbered order, and are sadly out of plumb. The skeleton of each is of dark oak, while the flesh is a conglomerate of stone and mortar. What Mr. Ruskin has called "the brick and plaster system," has not yet found its way into Ipswich, for there are no interminable rows of houses, each the counterpart of its neighbor, but in streets that deviously twist through labyrinths of bends, and curves, sometimes striking an unexpected angle, these quaint houses stand as models, not only of utility, but of taste—even of simple grandeur.

To-day the Padre, Babe and I spent three hours aboard H.M.S. *Severn,* which lies in the harbor at Harwich, hourly awaiting orders to get under weigh, for England claims Fashoda and the French must clear out. This word "claim" seems to be the watchword of modern times. It is Rob Roy's old rule: "They should take who have the power, and they should keep who can." It is the watchword that lifts a person or nation out of the rut or a narrow and exclusive antiquity and places them on the wings of the prevailing mode. Be that as it may, the live nerves of "The Dear Neighbors" are a-quiver, and they long for each other's blood.

At a given signal, a boat manned with young marines, set out for shore, and taking us in, returned to the vessel which we entered by means of a rope-ladder, thrown over its side.

The vessel, which has been ammunitioned and coaled for three years, is undergoing a resurrectional process. It is being swept, garnished, painted and otherwise put in what is known as "ship shape."

The sailors crowded around D——— all eagerness to carry her, for a baby aboard a man-of-war creates almost as much interest as did *Tommy Luck* in *The Roaring Camp.* They called her "a jolly little shaver" and other endearing diminutives, finally carrying her aloft where her little high mightiness crowed and laughed to their admiring overtures.

The Master-at-Arms was our escort and explained how these lusty, full-blooded young marines are put through their facings, taught to climb a pole or stand on their heads. A man is not long a 'prentice hand "in the Queen's Navee."

One is apt to think of the armament as separate from the vessel, but when you examine a man-of-war every inch of it seems to be an implement of death planned with devilish ingenuity. Our escort told us all about the lock, stock, and barrel of the wonderful quick-firing gun; of its power of horrible destructiveness, and of the unerring sight which the gunners take, for their aim is based on mathematical calculations. Truly the "Q.F." is

"A preacher who speaks to the purpose,
Steady, straightforward and strong with irresistible logic
Flashing conviction right into the heart."

The Master-at-Arms sat on the torpedoes while he explained to us their *modus*

operandi. A door under the water level is opened and the torpedo is discharged by means of compressed air, from a tube which is really a gun, and is driven through the water by a propeller that is set going as it is discharged from the tube.

There is no room for fastidiousness or fine stomachic sensibilities in the matter of food, on Her Majesty's ships, for the range of *menus* is limited. It consists of salt beef, salt pork, and every two days, fresh meat; rice and potatoes are served on alternate days with biscuits, and when in port, bread.

Being married a few days ago, the Captain is away on his honeymoon. On the last trip, they picked up a young lady-missionary at Mombassa and the Captain—ah, well! "'Tis an old tale and often told."

London, Nov. 10th.

Mounting an omnibus yesterday in front of the ugly, cumbrous Mansion House, I rattled down Cheapside, all the while thinking of John Gilpin's ringing ride on that same old thoroughfare.

"Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad."

Along we swung past the Bow Church, my thoughts still running metrically:

"Go back, go back,
Turn again, turn again,
Once—ding,
Twice—dong,
Thrice—bell,
Thou shalt be Mayor of London,"

for it was the Bow Bells of Cheapside that brought promise to the 'prentice boy, "Richard Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London, a virtuous, godly man full of good works, and these famous."

It was the 9th of November, and I was to see the new Lord Mayor ride through the city.

Descending at St. Paul's Churchyard, I looked about for the big shop from whence I was to witness the parade, but alas! my fate was that of the foolish virgins, and so I searched for another point of vantage. There seemed to be millions of people and all bigger and taller than I. Hundreds of little ragamuffins were perched on the stone balustrades of St. Paul's Cathedral and for the modest fee of a shilling, I persuaded two of them to descend and let me have their place. It was a high climb, but presenting a bent knee to them, they lifted me as though to mount a horse. It is not the smallest pleasure in sight-seeing to feel that you are absolutely unknown, and consequently rather enjoy than resent rude remarks, even when they apply to such sacred things as your ankles and garters. Once seated, I had an uninterrupted view of all that was going forward. The scene presented a vast mosaic of different colored hats—nothing more, except that here and there merry Andrews and madcaps capered and sung for their copper harvest. Plumb beneath was an ambulance station, whither the bruised, fainting, and broken-limbed were borne. My seat was worth several shillings.

It seems the proper thing to sneer at the Lord Mayor's show, and to say, "we have lost the art of pageantry," but being an unworn Colonial I found it delightfully diverting, an excellent opportunity to shout and clap my hands.

The procession was made up of numberless military bands kept apart by detachments of volunteers, police, cavalry, provincial firemen, yeomanry, commissionaires and others, trying their best to drown the brazen, obstreperous jargon of the church bells. A lifeboat, the boys of the Warspite training-ship, and the lads from the Duke of York's Military School were noticeable features. The Worshipful Framework Knitters, Cordwainers, Patternmakers, and Loriners drove along, not much to look at, it is true, but still raising their hats and bowing in true Royal style. In state coaches came the

fur-clad City Fathers and other bedizened dignitaries looking for all the world like the ribbon department on "bargain day."

When I die, I want to be the Lord Mayor's coachman, and wear his incomparable dress. Solomon in all his glory and the Queen of Sheba never dreamed of anything half so grand.

A car, emblematic of the English-speaking races, met with rapturous applause. It bore such emblems as "Hail Columbia;" "Defence, not Defiance," and "Blood is thicker than water." Following it were the Colonial flags, and one person shouted for the Canadian banner with a patriotic thrill mildly resembling hysteria. The American Ensign was borne by a British soldier and the English Standard by an American sailor. And what does it all stand for? To the thoughtful it is something more than a gaudy parade. Perhaps George Augustus Sala comes nearest the mark when he says, it is "An annual assertion of the principle of the middle classes, and an outward and visible symbol of the power and influence of the oldest, the most dignified and most hospitable municipal corporation in the world."

THE HOME

OUR SPENDINGS

THERE are some who urge that it is better to raise your income than to lower your expenditure. Now, while an ambition for comfort and luxuries is laudable, at the same time we must not lose sight of the fact that while our wants are illimitable, our earning powers are not. Even though "making money like a minting machine," our wants would far outstrip our gold.

While it is necessary that our expenditure should not exceed our income or prevent our making some slight savings, it should be carefully guarded that we do not live meanly. We should rather endeavor to be prudent economists, and it is not prudence to stint unduly either body or mind in order to make our savings a molten calf before which to bow down and worship. On the other hand, it is wisdom to defend ourselves against adversity and to throw up a barrier against destitution.

Freedom from debt and a little store of capital enable a man to walk with a lighter step and a better poised head. Economy drives away care, produces a well-regulated mind, and lays a basis for individual energy and enterprise.

To know then what we may spend, it is necessary first to ascertain what is our income—not an approximate estimate, or a vague idea, but *exactly*. This once arrived at, fix the limit of your expenses a little below your income, for the coming week or month is apt to bring unforseen occasion of unusual expense, and unless prepared for this contingency, the result will be a disturbed equilibrium. Mr. Micawber was quite right when he said that if a man has £20 a year for his salary and spends £19.19.6 he will be happy, but if he spends £20.1.0, he will be miserable. Too often, over-sanguine people in view of some prosperity in the future, anticipate it by their mode of living. The result of this over-expenditure is ultimate poverty.

It is indispensable to the proper spending of our earnings that we shall classify our wants. They may be divided into four classes: our necessaries, our conveniences, our comforts, and lastly, our ostentation.

To explain more fully, it is *necessary* that every family should have a home, it is a *convenience* to have a washing-machine, a *comfort* to have an easy chair, an *ostentation* to have lace on the win-

dow-shades. Too often people look only to the ostentation, even before they are able to earn it. Even in the necessity of a home, people are apt to be ostentatious. Instead of selecting one more in keeping with their income, they take a large house that they may entertain mobs, or in other words, "give parties."

This rage for ostentation thrusts out its head under different forms. People "must keep up appearances." It is this spirit that has before now led people to commit suicide for diamonds. One rarely does so for bread. We are too apt to spend as society directs and to dress or eat according to class notions. In other words, we allow an artificial standard to be set up for us. This is moral cowardice, pusillanimity, a want of manly independence of character. A restlessness to have something which we have not, to be something which we are not is the root of much immorality. The mask of wealth is a foolish cover for any face, because it is usually a very transparent one, and at any moment is liable to be removed to the wearer's demoralization. Such pretensions are only pitfalls for unwary feet. Besides, there is no material loss sustained in being deserted by alleged friends, to whose society money alone is a passport. Respectability does not consist in ostentation.

It may be argued by a very large proportion of the public, that they are already keeping as sharp an eye on their spendings as they conveniently can. Yet, most of them will remark: "It is a wonder where all my money goes." Few will go so far as to satisfy themselves on that point.

It will be found on closer examination, that it has not been spent on extravagant foibles, but an undue proportion has gone in "catch pennies," and it is just these small things we may do without, with no serious inconvenience. We can rarely save big amounts so should begin on small ones. It is the "many mickles" that "mak' a muckle." The pennies that lie loose in our pockets should be our first care and after awhile we will find ourselves in a position to deal with the fractional currency. The trouble is it always seems easier to economize next month than this and so we shrink from the judicious application of the economic pruning knife. Few of us have learned to steel our hearts against the temptations which beset us to dribble away money. It may be only "a penny for a spool of thread, a penny for a needle," but in the aggregate it is the difference between running in debt and living within your means.

To those who live in large cities there comes the temptation of bargain-buying. It has been wisely said "not to have a mania for buying is to possess a revenue." Max Mordan classes the "buying craze" as one mark of degeneration.

Who does not know how money burns one's pocket before a bargain-counter? You are generally pretty safe not to buy the article unless you have gone there with that purpose in view. The inforcement of this principle may require sharp self-denial, but you will not be sorry next day.

One of the quickest and most unsatisfactory methods of spending money is that of "running bills." The necessity of paying cash cannot too strongly be insisted upon. Debt has a very seedy side. It is licking honey from thorns and drives one to sorry expedients. When Maginn, always submerged in debt, was asked what he paid for his wine, he answered that he did not know, but he believed they "put something down in a book." The "putting down in a book" is accountable for a great many holes in the family budget.

The following recipes may be found helpful in assisting those who wish to live honestly within their own means, rather than dishonestly upon the means of others:

1. Do not spend only for the present regardless of coming time.

2. "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy."

3. Keep a regular account of all you earn and all you expend.

4. Waste nothing and save everything.

5. Buy your goods as much as possible in the first market.

6. Do not put your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

7. Never anticipate profits by spending them before they are secured, thus allowing an exuberance of faith to make up for a deficiency in funds.

THOUGHTS ABOUT THOUGHT

Do not talk about your "bad luck." It betrays your weakness, for within yourself lies the cause of whatever comes to you. You have the power of determining your destiny. Everything material originates in the unseen thought realm, in the hostelry of the mind. The great lesson of modern science is that nothing happens. There is no such thing as chance, for every act in your life has a causative force: everything is pushed from behind. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings.

"Would you be strong, self-composed, happy? Then have a care as to how you live in your thought world, for "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

* * * *

The state of your thoughts is what draws success to or from you. A well-controlled mind draws to it that which it *determines*. It is one thing to *wish* a thing, quite another to *will* it.

Have unbounded confidence in your ability to perform some specific work. Do not allow despondency or haste to destroy this frame of mind. Neither must you be pulled here and there mentally. It is the concentration of your forces on the long, steady pull that tells.

Avoid like a plague the company of despondent people, Pessimism leads to weakness as optimism leads to power. It is the man of courage who is the master of circumstances. He does not have to go to the world, for he draws the world to him.

* * * *

To have this drawing power of mind, lean on no one. Find your own centre and live in it, surrendering it to no person or thing. The trouble with so many lives is that they allow others to come in and shape their course. No person can *quite* enter into your feelings or circumstances. If you are working in the right direction, your strength and success will not depend on live men's props or dead men's shoes.

* * * *

Do not waste your powers by disclosing your plans to people of whose sympathy you are not certain It will cripple your decisions. In this way you literally give away your force or thought. Remember great success depends in a large measure on great secrecy. Develop an inner and spiritual armour, an impenetrable shield.

* * * *

To be strong mentally, avoid fear. It is the mother of failure and is a most expensive guest to entertain. How many have their energies crippled for fear of want, fear of sickness, fear of death, fear of family or public opinion. Almost every mind has some "skeleton in the closet" of whose existence even closest intimates are unaware. There is some indefinable foreboding, some morbid imagining or spectre which you find hard to dismiss.

Awaken recuperative forces to action and resolve to conquer them. Often this is easiest done by putting yourself in harmony with the trouble. You are in a draught and fear it, hence you take cold. The draught may occasion the cold but not unless you are susceptible. Open yourself to the draught. No evil can come to you unless there is something to attract it. Change your mental attitude. Do not link deadly qualities to the air. Welcome it as that which is fresh and invigorating. In this state of mind it will bring to you beneficence instead of injury.

EDUCATION

Libraries for Rural Schools

THE Education Department of Ontario has taken steps to encourage the establishment of school libraries in the rural districts of the province. A list of books has been carefully selected, and any board of trustees choosing a library from this catalogue will receive a grant from the Department equal to half the amount expended by the board. The principal of the school is to be librarian and the pupils are to have access to the books for school or private use. The list of books selected by the Minister of Education includes works of biography, travel, geography, science, etc., and while the grants are conditioned upon the adoption of the authorized list, in whole or in part, each local school is free to purchase such other books in addition as it wishes. This is the beginning of what it is hoped will develop into a general system of local libraries throughout the country. Especially in the rural districts, where facilities are meagre, libraries of this kind under the auspices of the public schools will be of great benefit to the younger generations.

Women's Institutes

Another movement in the interests of rural communities has been in porgress in Ontario for the past few years, by which farmers and farmers' sons are being instructed in the science and business of farming. Agricultural schools and Farmers' Institutes have been organized, lectures given, demonstrations made, and literature distributed, all of which has had a good effect in elevating the work of the farmers in their own eyes. A similar work is now being done for their wives and daughters, some 1,500 of whom are banded together in the Women's Institutes. The objects of these organizations are "the dissemination of knowledge relating to domestic economy, including household architecture, with special attention to home sanitation, a better understanding of the economic and hygienic value of foods, clothing, and fuel, and a more scientific care and training of children, with a view to raising the general standard of health and morals of our people." This ambitious but very excellent programme is covered by means of a course of lectures, under the supervision of the Department of Agriculture. Conferences are also held, at which the different subjects are discussed. The two best known and oldest Institutes are the Salt Fleet and South Ontario.

At the Agricultural School at Guelph there are also classes for women. Practical instruction is given in the chemistry and physics of farm and domestic life and light gardening.

Men or Women Teachers

An increase of women teachers in our public schools, over men, is apparent. Cause and effect have operated interchangeably in this matter, the greater number of women having lowered the rate of salary and the low salary having kept away the men. On the staffs of the high schools only about one-fifth are women, and the average salary is about $1,000; but in the public schools the salaries average only $400 for men and $290 for women. Male graduates of colleges have been known to begin at less than $300. The teaching profession, at these figures, is not encouraging for men of ambition. Similar conditions obtain in the United States and England, and numerous remedies have been proposed, such as raising the standard of teachers' certificates and reducing the number of candidates and even the formation of

some kind of a trade union among the teachers has been suggested as a means of securing better treatment for themselves. As far as ability is concerned, it is generally conceded that for junior work the women teachers are better and more successful, while men are needed for the advanced work, particularly among boys.

Notes

A conference of Dutch and English teachers was held at Johannesburg, South Africa, in July, for the purpose of discussing school methods. Much depends upon the educational policy adopted during the next few years.

While the official announcement of the Rhodes scholarships has been made in accordance with the original provisions of the will, it is promised by the trustees that each Canadian province will be on equal footing with each American state.

A number of students at Yale, millionaires' sons, failed to secure their diplomas last spring. It is pleasing to note that the colleges have no intention of lowering their standard in deference to wealth, however acceptable benefices from that wealth may be.

Candidates for teachers' certificates in Ontario will not in future be required to study Latin, but Chemistry will be compulsory.

It is the opinion of President Harper of Chicago University that the destiny of the smaller colleges is to federate among themselves and affiliate with some university. Such amalgamation is in keeping with the business spirit of the age and would doubtless secure more efficient work. Resistance to any such proposal may be expected, however, from the denominational schools.

A technical school is to be established in the Highlands of Scotland, the movement being initiated by the Duchess of Sutherland and assisted by Mr. Carnegie. Such an institution will be an innovation in the Highlands, but will be of real assistance in providing the Scottish youth with an opportunity to train for skilled artizans.

The institution for which Mr. Carnegie has provided the sum of $10,000,000 is to be chiefly for purposes of research. It will not rival the universities already existing but will follow along special lines. The expansion of knowledge is to be encouraged in various ways, such as stipends to individuals or other institutions, providing apparatus, or furnishing funds for expensive investigations. Dr. Gilman, late of Johns Hopkins, will direct this new enterprise.

An agricultural school is to be established in the West, probably at Winnipeg. It is hoped to bring the matter to a head this year, and the character of the school will be somewhat similar to the famous School of Practical Farming at Briarcliffe, N.Y.

The Ontario School of Art and Design had 215 students in attendance on the various classes last term. The income of this school is derived from grants by the Legislature and Toronto City Council and from fees paid by the students.

There is an excellent School for the Blind at Halifax, Nova Scotia, which is perhaps the most successful of its kind in Canada. An effort is being made now to increase the equipment, and ten or twelve public meetings per month are being held throughout the province to arouse an interest among the people.

At the Summer School of Teachers in Toronto Mr. John Millar, Deputy Minister of Education, pointed out the need of bringing our public schools more into touch with every-day life:

> The young man leaving college had to go out to learn the world, whereas he should have been in touch with the world during all his course. During the past fifty or sixty years science had revolutionized production and transportation, and opened new avenues for effort, but schools were still conducted too much under the assumption that the world was as it had been before these new fields were opened, and before the Public school had made widespread the benefits of education. The need of adjusting education to the surroundings and the need for Canadians to realize the resources of their own country was pointed out.

LITERATURE

ECONOMICS OF INDUSTRY: By Alfred Marshall.

THIS second edition is an adaptation of Mr. Marshall's first volume entitled *Principles of Economics*, to the needs of junior pupils. The author has effected the necessary abridgment, not by systematic compression, but by the omission of minor points of importance, and of some difficult theoretical investigations.

It is impossible in a brief limit to satisfactorily review this remarkable work which throws so much light on the subject of economics. It could only have been produced by a man of ripe scholarship, who was at the same time a profound reasoner. I know of no book on the subject that has the same amount of available information in so convenient and condensed a shape. It is boiled down and pressed together under the hydraulic; skimmed, strained, and pressed again. Its frankness, clearness and philosophic insight into some of the knottiest problems of the day distinguish it as a volume of notable merit. The questions are discussed exhaustively and with a judgment that is entirely free from partiality or rancor. A copious table of contents increases its practical value.

The author never loses sight of the subject from a humanitarian standpoint. Economics, he tells us, is a study of a man's actions, in the ordinary business of life. It inquires how he gets his income and how he uses it. On one side it is a study of wealth, but on the other side it is an equally important study of man. The material resources a man produces mould his character.

The religious, artistic, or military spirit are here and there predominant for a time, but the business by which a person earns his livelihood fill his thoughts by far the greater part of the day, and it is during these hours that his character is largely formed.

A study of economics is necessary if we are to benefit humanity. We must learn that Poverty causes degradation, that the conditions which surround it tend to deaden the faculties. Broadly speaking, "the destruction of the poor is their poverty," and a study of indigence is a study of the causes of the degredation of a large part of mankind. Poverty is not necessary. We are setting ourselves seriously to inquire whether it be necessary that there should be any so-called "lower classes" at all. During the last one hundred years, the steam-engine has relieved the working man of much degrading toil, wages have risen and education has improved. A growing demand for intelligent work has called out skilled artisans who are educated, refined men. This progress gives rise to the question whether it is possible that all should start in the world with a fair chance of leading a cultured life, free from the stings of poverty and the stagnating influence of excessive mechanical toil. Economic Science cannot fully answer this question. It is partly upon the moral and political capabilities of human nature that the answer depends. These must work out their own salvation. The other part of the answer depends in a great measure upon facts and inferences which are within the province of economics, and this it is that gives to economic studies their chief and highest interest.

Much of the rancor that is borne to Trade Unions would abate if we would endeavor to look at the question from this humanitarian standpoint. Henry George expressed this in other words when he said, "At the bottom of every social question there is a social wrong." In discussing this topic, Marshall points out that the recent progress of the working classes and the growth of Trade Unions have been identical, each being at once partly a cause and partly a consequence of the other. The combination laws of mediaeval times, which have been repealed step by step, made it a crime to refuse work in order to obtain higher wages. To-day, nothing is illegal if done by a workman, which would not be illegal if done by anyone else; nothing is illegal

when done by a combination of workmen, which would not be illegal when done by a combination of other people, and the law no longer refuses to protect the property of Unions. The policy of Unions varies in detail with time and circumstances; but its chief aims are generally the reduction of the hours of labor, the securing healthy, safe and pleasant conditions of work, and the defending individual workers from arbitrary and unjust treatment by their employers.

Trade Unions found the artisan with little independence or self-respect, incensed against his employers, but with no well considered policy for compelling them to treat him as an equal, who had something to sell that they wanted to buy. Where Unions have been strong the standard of life has risen and few skilled workers are depressed or oppressed. The author deals with the impossibility of Unions extorting unfair wages which cannot be maintained. In such cases the evil falls back upon themselves.

In other chapters, Mr. Marshall writes in an interesting and luminous manner on the subjects of Demand and Consumption; the agents of production, such as land, labor, capital and organization; the theory and equilibrium of Demand and Supply; and Distribution and Exchange. On every page we feel ourselves under the guidance of a competent economist. His style is never monotonous which fits the work for wide dissemination in the homes of the people.

MISS LAUT'S "HERALDS OF EMPIRE."

THIS is a book worth while. It is an historical tale interwoven with the old, yet ever new romance of youth and love.

It is told by one, "Ramsey Stanhope, Lieutenant to Pierre Radisson of the Northern Fur Trade," in the quaint and pleasing language of the times of the Merrie Monarch. The story is full of exciting incident. It begins in Boston Town and gives a vivid portrayal of a witchcraft trial. It transports us to adventures on the high seas with storms and pirates to the wilds of a Hudson Bay trading post, where Indians and rival traders fight and finally shifts us to the lively, dissolute Court of Charles II.

The centre of the story is one, Pierre Radisson an iron-muscled, iron-willed adventurer, a fair type of the advance guards of Empire over whose bodies we march to victory. Miss Laut thus describes him: "Swarthy, straight as a lance, keen as steel, in his eyes the restless fire that leaps to red when sword cuts sword. I see him yet—beating about the high seas, a lone adventurer, tracking forest wastes where no man else dare go, pitting his wit against the intrigue of king and court and empire. Prince of pathfinders, prince of pioneers, prince of gamesters, he played the game for the love of the game, caring never a rush for the gold which pawns other men's souls. How much of ill was in his good, let his life declare! He played fast and loose with truth, I know, till all the world played fast and loose with him. He juggled with empires as with puppets, but he died not a groat the richer, which is a better record than greater men can boast."

Miss Laut's style is clear, lively and even brilliant. She has a very pretty turn of humor and her pages are sprinkled with little nuggets of wisdom and bits of wilderness philosophy. The book deserves its success.

The authoress is a native of Winnipeg. While a student at the Manitoba University her health failed and she sought the Rockies for renewed strength. The electric tension of the atmosphere and clear glad sunshine of the mountains led the young Canadian girl back to health and life. It was at this time she gathered material for her first novel, "The Lords of the North."

Miss Laut has since worked on the Free Press, Winnipeg, and on some of the larger journals in New York. Her winters are usually spent in New York, while the summers have seen her engaged

in somewhat ambitious cruises. Last summer, with two other women, a boy and some guides, and taking with her fourteen pack-horses, she spent a month in the glacier regions of the Selkirks.

William Briggs, Toronto.

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD'S "LAZARRE."

WHEN prefacing the word novel, "historical" might often be spelt "hysterical." Not so in *Lazarre*. Although incident and adventure are scattered with unsparing hand, yet always strictly within the bounds of a broad sanity. There is no manner of doubt that the Dauphin did perish from ill-usage in the Temple during the Reign of Terror, but Miss Catherwood, struck by the numerous legends of the false Dauphins, supposes a true one. She leads us through his extremely fascinating career to his final abdication of the Bourbon succession for the love of a woman. This is the red thread that hales the reader breathlessly along from the first page to the last.

Lazarre is the name the Indians gave the Dauphin when he came to them a little boy clouded in mind. On the restoration of his reason he travelled to Paris and among his other adventures was rescued from a slab in the morgue.

One of the best drawn characters in the book is *Skenedonk*, the Oneida Indian. With imperturable self-confidence and as little emotion as might be expressed by a well-regulated gun, the redman guarded the haps and mishaps of the young prince, hiding all the time an affection which no white man's plummet could fathom. *Skenedonk* should live as the standard for an ideal gentleman.

If he has few entrances, no less interesting a personage is *Johnny Appleseed*, a wilderness prophet. The Indians said he was "a man that God had touched," thus using the aboriginal term signifying a man who was demented. He cared nothing for money, was under a vow of poverty, and journeyed throughout the country carrying bags of appleseeds which he sowed over the length and breadth of the country. Many who read this story are not aware that Johnny Appleseed is not a fictional character, for the Congressional Records preserve his history. In 1801, he passed through the territory now known as Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, which were then unbroken lands. To this intrepid man these States owe their treasure of vineyard and orchard. When he came to an open sunny spot in the forest he would plant his seeds and protect them with a brush fence. Years afterwards new settlers found these embryo orchards in the forest.

"Lazarre" is well done. It is a powerful drama of human passions which touches life on many sides. The feelings, thoughts, and doings of historical personages are described in a way calculated to arouse the feeling of dramatic reality, yet never outreaching the propriety of historical accuracy. The situations are novel and adroitly handled. Andre Castaigne has admirably illustrated the work and Otis Skinner is working on its dramatization.

McLeod and Allen, Toronto.

RALPH CONNOR, AUTHOR AND PASTOR:

THE Rev. Charles Gordon, of Winnipeg, better known to us as *Ralph Connor*, is a most interesting personality. Perhaps, to the casual observer, his most marked trait is modesty. He who runs may read it. Indeed, it is almost disconcerting in a time wherein vanity varies inversely with ability. His modesty is almost genius. He has an utter lack of "side" or professionalism. This is one reason why his congregation idolize him. A lady who attends his church, and who was an Anglican in Ontario, explained to me that she had not joined the Presbyterians but was "a Gordonite."

Mr. Gordon is a study in black and white. The pallor of his skin brings into relief the burning black eyes—jet on marble. His mouth is hidden behind a black ambush of moustache and beard.

He is an active backer of Church Extension in the West, and journeyed to England to secure funds to carry on the work extensively.

He has just completed a book entitled "Glengarry Sketches," which he tells me are pictures of schoolboy days in Glengarry. Mr. Gordon is also working on a biography of the late Dr. Robertson. He has no regular system of work but just keeps "pegging away" in such intervals of leisure as his parochial duties will allow. One thing is certain, he has little chance to "rust unburnished." Up to this time Mr. Gordon has published his books on the royalty system and his returns are reputed to have been enormous. With this genius for accumulation, he has also the genius for distribution, the bulk of his rewards having gone in missionary and philanthropic work. His home, while comfortable and tasteful, is entirely free from ostentation.

The author's father, an aged clergyman who was so cleverly delineated in "The Man from Glengarry," lives with his gifted son. Mr. Gordon is a nephew of the celebrated African writer, the Rev. Andrew Murray.

In the pulpit Mr. Gordon uses words "easy to be understanded by the people." He has not the orator's temperament, but his thoughts are well-considered. His gestures are few and inexpressive. Indeed, he keeps his hands in his pockets most of the time, just as his photographs show. There is none of the mustiness of old folios in the author's sermons, but they are exceedingly practical and eminently calculated to inspire with high resolve. His views of life are large and he looks out with clear eyes upon the world as it is.

THE METHODS OF LADY WALDERHURST: By F. H. Burnett.

THE book is incorrectly named. It should read "The Methods of Ameerah, or Murder Made Easy."

The Marquis of Walderhurst, an "icily regular" Englishman well past middle life, marries Miss Emily Fox Seton, a wholesome girl whose chief characteristics were frankness, generosity and pureness of heart. These made themselves into a shield which completely disarmed the murderous designs of Captain Alec Osborne and his wife's maid, Ameerah.

Captain Osborne, who was stationed in India, lived in the gradually strengthening belief that being the next of kin he would inherit the titles and estates of his cousin, the present Marquis. When the news of his cousin's marriage reached him "Alec Osborne went into his quarters and blasphemed until his face was purple and big drops of sweat ran down it. It was black, bad luck—and it called for black curses. What the articles of furniture in the bungalow heard was rather awful, but Captain Osborne did not feel that it did justice to the occasion."

The scene shifts to England, where the Osbornes are the guests of the young Lady Walderhurst. By no stretch of charity can they come under the class of "Angels unawares."

When Hester Osborne's better feelings triumphed and she dashed a glass of poisoned milk out of her rival's hands, she explained the methods of her husband and maid in these words: "If you had gone out on Faustine, you would have met with an accident. It might or might not have killed you. But it would have been an accident. If you had gone downstairs before Jane Cupp saw that bit of broken balustrade you might have been killed—by accident again. If you had leaned upon the rail of the bridge you would have been drowned and no human being could have accused or blamed."

But Ameerah, the she-dragon did not always fail. She was eventually successful in one murder. The story is clever, gruesome, and unhealthy enough to be undeniably interesting. That is its danger. Mrs. Burnett is always "smart" and readable. Her latest work is no exception.

William Briggs, Toronto.

FINANCE

THE season is now far enough advanced when a statement as to the probable outcome of the crops may be made with considerable confidence. While not in every particular favorable the general indications are that the farmers in this Province as well as in the West have another period of prosperity ahead of them. Heavy and long continued rains in Ontario are responsible for considerable damage, particularly to hay, peas, and corn, and the latter indeed is not expected to be more than half a crop. This is the only unpleasant feature, and apart from this the farmers are promised bumper crops. The recent changes in methods of farming, too, have all tended to help the agriculturalist. Wheat growing, once the mainstay of the farm, is now of secondary importance, and mixed farming, particularly live stock raising and dairy farming have taken its place. While the wheat crop of Ontario is estimated this year at 16,000,000 bushels, 4,000,000 bushels more than last year, this is not actually enough for local requirements, and the Western product will be required to keep Ontario mills going. The crop conditions are reflected in business circles, activity being seen on every hand. Manufacturers are particularly busy, payments are good, while the list of failures is a light one.

* * * *

From Manitoba and the Territories continue to come favorable crop reports. Advices now reaching Winnipeg from various sections of the country corroborate the general impression now current that the crop is likely to be an exceptionally fine one. The general yield is estimated at from 25 to 35 bushels per acre of wheat, while barley would probably run as high as 60 and oats 75. From the central portion of Manitoba reports are likewise most encouraging. The same condition is found in the Brandon and Portage plains, where the prediction is made that the yield will exceed that of last year should the weather prove favorable. The northern part of the province appears to reflect the bright prospects south of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and in the Dauphin district, where the damage by rains is supposed to be the greatest, an average crop of 20 bushels to the acre is expected. The grain, however, is maturing late this year, which adds to the danger of damage by frost, a danger that is always present in Manitoba.

* * * *

Two serious difficulties are facing the farmers of the West, first, the harvesting of the enormous crop expected, and second, the getting of it out of the country. The call has gone forth that fully 20,000 extra harvesters will be required, but where they are to be obtained is the problem. The Westerners are looking to Ontario to supply the most of these men, but times are so prosperous here, work so plentiful and wages so satisfactory that it is very doubtful if the required number of harvest hands can be secured. The railway situation is likewise a serious one. Although the roads tapping the West have made extensive increases in their rolling stock it is admitted that the facilities are yet inadequate, and a grain blockade this fall appears to be inevitable. Under these circumstances the Westerners are naturally turning their eyes to the South and are asking that the American railroads be allowed to come in and relieve the situation. The roads already in possession of the country oppose this, but the feeling is growing stronger in the West that greater railway facilities must be provided, no matter where they come from.

That the railway companies themselves recognize the necessity for greater equipment not only for the West but for their Canadian business generally, which has increased at an almost unprecedented rate, is shown by the activity in their building and construction departments. For the Canadian Pacific Railway there are now being built 2,300 new freight cars which will be ready for the traffic west of Fort William by the time the fruits of the harvest are ready to be transported. There are also between 80 and 90 new locomotives in course of construction. At Fort William the Company is building a three million bushel elevator which the contractor is called upon to complete in time for this year's crop. Another elevator which was damaged by fire is being overhauled and its capacity is being increased to two and a half million bushels. Altogether thirty-two new tanks are to be built to this evelvator. About sixty men are now employed on it, and on the three-million bushel elevator 100 men will shortly be at work. The Company is also building new coal docks and chutes at Fort William, and a staff of workmen is employed ballasting for a double track west of Fort William.

The Grand Trunk Railway is building an elevator of 1,500,000 bushels at Portland, which will increase their elevator space at that port to 2,600,000 bushels; it is also constructing a 1,500,000 bushel elevator at Montreal. The road from Montreal west is being double tracked through to Chicago, and 2,000 new box cars are ordered for delivery this season. Other lines of improvement are the strengthening of bridges, the laying of heavy rails, and the building of giant locomotives for hauling long trains.

* * * *

In the Dominion of Canada there was a gratifying decrease in the number of bankruptcies the past six months in comparison with the first half of 1901, and also 1900. Yet the amount of indebtedness was larger than in the preceding years. This must be attributed to a few abnormally large failures which occurred in the trading class. Examination of the record by provinces discloses the fact that British Columbia is responsible for the excess over last year's liabilities, the increase in that section alone amounting to $878,500. On the other hand there appears a contraction of $254,823 in Ontario liabilities, and $310,520 for Quebec. Changes are smaller in the less densely populated provinces, but as a rule returns give evidence of improvement. Manufacturing liabilities were greatly reduced from last year's figures chiefly because of a loss of $654,185 in Ontario, while the trading defaults were generally heavier, led by an expansion of $778,450 in British Columbia. This increase is almost wholly due to two large failures in hardware and liquors. The only banking insolvency was of a capitalist in Ottawa, no organized banks suspending.

* * * *

The immigration returns for the year have been completed by the department at Ottawa. They show an increase of 15,490 arrivals of settlers in Canada over the previous year. The increase is as follows :

	1901.	1902.
British	11,810	17,000
European countries	19,352	23,535
United States	17,987	24,099
Total	49,149	64,634

* * * *

The C.P.R. statement for the twelve months ending June 30th is: Gross earnings, $37,503,054; working expenses, $23,417,142; net profits, $14,085,912. For the twelve months ended June 30th, 1901, there was a net profit of $12,109,375, showing an increase of $1,976,537 in the net profits for the year just completed.

* * * *

The aggregate of Canada's foreign trade for the year ending June 30th is

$414,517,358, an increase of $36,827,673 over last year. The imports for consumption, including coin and bullion, amounted to $202,791,595, compared with $181,225,385 in 1901. The value of dutiable goods was $118,657,496, as against $105,958,585 in the previous year. The value of the free goods imported was $77,822,694, as compared with $71,729,540 in 1891. The total exports were $211,725,563. In 1901 they were $196,487,632. Our exports of domestic produce alone amounted to $196,105,240, an increase of $19,366,048 over 1901.

* * * *

Quebec is once more endeavoring to regain its lost supremacy as a seaport, and a scheme is now under way which will give considerable business to that place. Captain Wolvin, of Duluth, with some friends has organized a company, known as the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence Transportation Company. The company was formed avowedly for the purpose of making an experiment. It chartered a number of vessels on the Upper Lakes, purchased eight steel barges and a tug, the E. B. Eddy, from the Prescott Elevator Company, two floating elevators from the Montreal Transportation Company, and began the experiment with this outfit. Up to the end of June its vessels had brought fifteen cargoes to Quebec, but as it was an experiment no arrangement had been made with steamship companies for return freights from Quebec, and every one of the fifteen vessels went back to Duluth empty. These were serious disadvantages, and yet under them all the Company was well satisfied with the result and decided to form on a permanent basis. The capital stock of the Company was increased to $2,500,000, and, instead of chartering steamers, orders have been placed for ten new steamers, with a capacity of 2,200 tons each. The Company is already making arrangements for terminal facilities in Chicago and other great freight centres, and has been granted ample facilities in Quebec itself. In regard to return cargoes, contracts have already been entered into for next year. Even this year return cargoes are beginning to offer. Two of its barges have just carried loads of pulpwood to the International Paper Company at Niagara Falls, and will return with coal. It may be considered, therefore, that an enterprise of considerable moment to the country is fairly launched.

* * * *

The success of the experiment of Minneapolis mills in grinding Manitoba wheat into flour for export promises to be followed by large shipments of grain across the border the coming year. A Minneapolis despatch says: An interesting trade experiment which has been referred to in despatches, is about to become a success. For several months the Washburn-Crosby Company has been trying to get Western Canadian grain into Minneapolis to mill it in bond. As the price of wheat in Canada is likely to be lower than in the United States this is the way the Minneapolis millers figure they will be able to hold the export trade in competition with English mills using Canadian wheat. If the Minneapolis mills can successfully mill in transit Canadian grain they will have nothing to fear from Canadian milling competitors in the English market. It has taken time to work out the experiment. At first the Canadian Pacific was hostile, and the Canadian wheat buyers were hostile. But the railway has now been persuaded that there is more money in it to haul wheat to Minneapolis and flour and other by-products from Minneapolis east than to haul wheat alone east from the Canadian fields. Eventually the Washburn-Crosby Co. expect to employ a 3,000 barrel mill in this trade.

* * * *

So far as can be gathered from the reports that have been received on this side of the proceedings of the conference of

Colonial Premiers in London there appears very little reason to expect that the British Government will depart from its avowed free trade policy in order to give a preference to colonial goods. The two points that have been considered are a preference within the Empire and a system of colonial defence. The colonial Premiers have not, of course, any power to bind their different governments. They can only exchange suggestions and perhaps give an idea as to how far their governments would be prepared to go. How far the British Government is prepared to go is shown in a statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer made in the House of Commons repudiating the suggestion that the Government was contemplating a change in its fiscal policy. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach stated definitely that it was not the policy of the Government to encourage trade of the colonies by initiating a tariff war with other countries. Since then Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has retired from the Cabinet, but it is not likely that whoever takes charge of the Exchequer bench will have any other policy. On the question of defence Sir Wilfrid Laurier has made himself plain, and it is to the effect that Canada is not prepared to go any farther in the future than she has done in the past, that she will not establish a defence fund, but that she will always take care of her inland defence as she is doing now in the strengthening and improving of the militia, while at the same time in the event of war between Great Britain and any other country Canada may be depended upon to help the Mother Country as she did in the South African trouble.

* * * *

The one thing that has developed out of the conference has been that of the fast Atlantic steamship line, and a crisis was almost reached when the Canadian Pacific Railway announced that it had tendered for a fast Atlantic line between Canadian ports and the Old Country upon a subsidy of $1,250,000 being granted. The proposition of the C.P.R. has already raised a storm of opposition in this country. The steamship lines at present established at Montreal oppose any subsidy being granted to a railroad line which would naturally be expected to divert traffic from the present ocean lines to its own boats. The Montreal Board of Trade, at a special meeting, took the matter up and passed a resolution favoring a fast Atlantic mail and passenger service, with boats that should have a speed equal to the swiftest now in commission or contemplated on the New York route, and that the termini be Quebec and Montreal in summer and Halifax or St. John in winter, and disapproving of the subsidizing of freight steamers or the granting of a subsidy to a line of steamers under the control of any railway or combination of railways. The Corn Exchange of Montreal, too, have passed a resolution approving of a steamship service with a speed of at least twenty-three knots, but also disapproving of the subsidizing of freight steamers. Now that this fast Atlantic service seems to have taken definite shape a point that is likely to arise is whether Montreal or Quebec are ports to which these passenger steamers could be run. When large freight steamers, although smaller than the proposed fast passenger steamers, are unable to make their regular time up the St. Lawrence on account of the fog and ice-bergs the question is naturally asked how could these fast passenger steamers make the time requisite? Sydney, C.B., is stated to be a port that time could be made to, but from Sydney there is a long railroad haul round by way of Cape Breton and up the north shore of New Brunswick. The question of Montreal as a port for a fast passenger service is involved in this, and it may be depended upon that Montreal will oppose any subsidies to any steamship line other than running to her own port.

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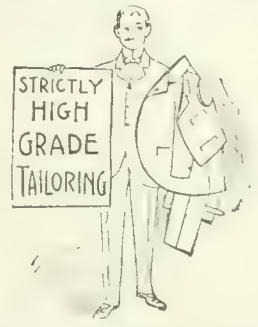

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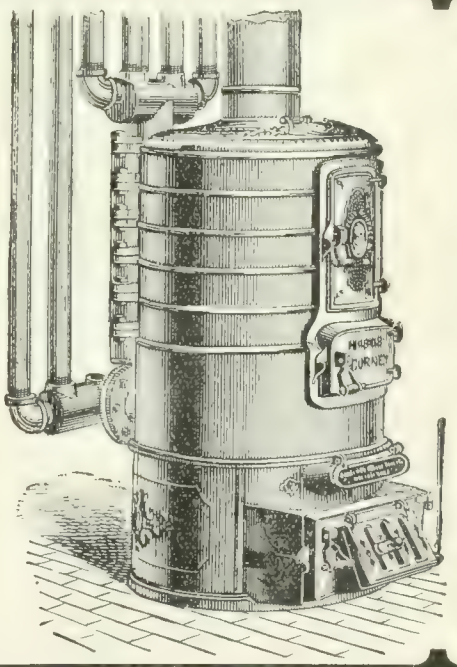

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The second number of The National Monthly being late in coming out, it was thought desirable to date it August instead of July. Consequently there will be no July number for 1902. This will not prevent subscribers from having the full number paid for.

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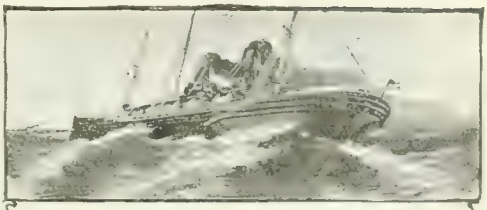

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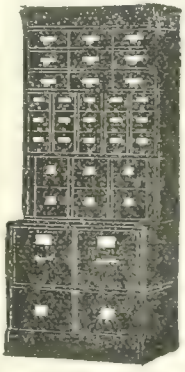

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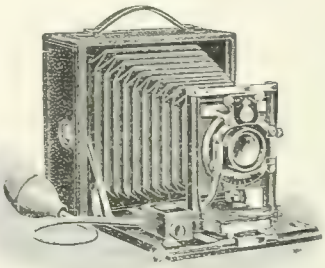

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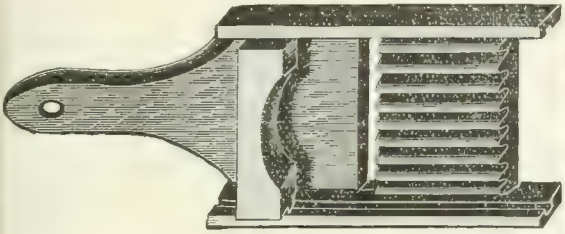

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Real Estate	513,955.38
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Accrued Interest	7,785.70
Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc.	3,136.74
Accounts Receivable	1,050.97
Furniture and Fixtures	6,690 93
The Molsons Bank	27,408.43
Cash on hand	9,774.47
Total Assets	$1,282,808.26

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock Paid in	$1,013,590.17
Dividends Credited	37,079.34
Amount Due Borrowers on Uncompleted Loans	1,771.14
Borrowers' Sinking Fund	42 675.48
Mortgages Assumed for Members	11,300.00
Reserve Fund	45,000.00
Contingent Account	131,392.13
Total Liabilities	$1,282,808.26

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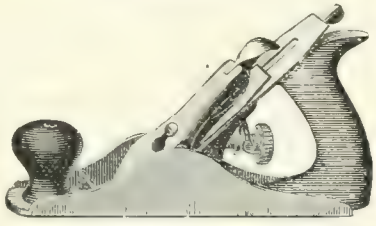

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OCTOBER, 1902

THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA.

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MANITOBA THE GRANARY OF THE EMPIRE

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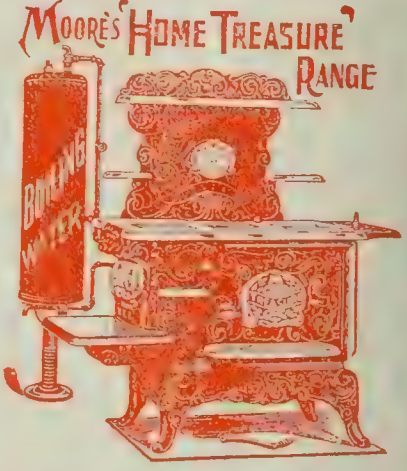

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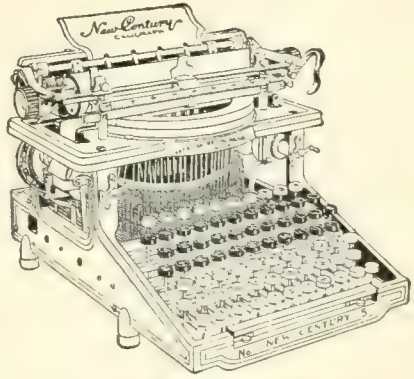

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1902

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THE
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OF CANADA

VOL. I OCTOBER, 1902 No. 4

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

Canada's Opportunities in the St. Lawrence

CANADIAN Government officials have unfortunately not always looked at national interests from a business point of view. There has sometimes been too much political brilliancy and too little practical grasp of what Canada needs and wants. It is encouraging that at last a frank and accurate recognition of Canada's shortcomings, as well as a strong faith in her possibilities, has been acknowledged by one of our most progressive statesmen. To Mr. Tarte, Minister of Public Works, Canada is really indebted for a timely word of advice. In his executive capacity he recently made a tour of the Great Lakes, visiting the principal Canadian and American ports, and inspecting the transportation facilities. He returned with a practical grasp of the situation, and with characteristic frankness he summed up his impressions in this sharp but truthful statement: "The people of Canada must keep abreast of the times or close up shop."

Such a testimony, from such a source, carries weight; that it is correct is beyond a doubt. In the matter of interior transportation, to which Mr. Tarte had reference, Canada holds the natural key to the situation. She has opportunities in the St. Lawrence route which, if only utilized, would make her a great commercial power; yet she does not even transport her own products. Some thirty or forty million bushels of Canadian wheat were moved last year in American bottoms, the reason for which was that the Americans were fitted for the work of transportation, and the Canadians were not. The United States Government have expended vast sums in making harbors, cutting canals, and dredging channels, and as a result American lake shipping is now on a thorough basis. On the other hand, Canada has a natural route from the West to the Atlantic, *via* Georgian Bay and the St. Lawrence, that is some three hundred miles shorter than the American route *via* Chicago and Buffalo. But the Georgian Bay and Lake harbors are undredged, and too shallow for ships to get into them; while the St. Lawrence will not be thoroughly safe until it is better lighted. If the Canadian route were properly equipped, not only our own business, but a great amount of the American business would be diverted to it; for the shorter and better route would win the trade. In any case, Canada should transport her own produce. It will be a national disgrace if Canada continues dependent upon the enterprise of another country.

Making Use of Niagara

THE United States and Canada also share between them the greatest water-power in the world. The harnessing of Niagara Falls to industrial purposes is one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering, in which both American and Canadian enterprise is taking part. Development first began on the American side, where the mighty cataract is already furnishing industrial power. The plant includes an inlet canal, drawing water from the river a mile and a quarter above the Falls; a wheel-pit, 150 feet deep, with immense turbines; and a great tunnel, twenty-nine by eighteen feet, 7,000 feet long, cut through the rock two hundred feet underneath the city, and emptying into the gorge below the Falls. The maximum capacity of this plant is 150,000 horse-power, one-third of which is at present in use by local industries, and in Buffalo, twenty miles distant. There is no apparent effect upon the volume of the cataract. One of the local factories has 130 motors drawing power from this source, and the wonderful success of electrical motive power in manufacturing is here illustrated most clearly.

On the Canadian side similar works are being constructed. One company has already expended a half-million dollars at Dufferin Islands, and a second company is now seeking legislative rights. The Canadian Power Company will use the largest generators ever built, weighing 200 tons each. The working principle will be the same as that of the American establishment. The power will be secured by the use of turbines at the bottom of a deep wheel-pit, which will connect with dynamos at the top. The water will be brought through a tunnel from a point in the river above the Falls, and after passing the turbines will discharge through a tail-race into the gorge. With such powerful force as this, the transmission of electrical energy to Toronto will be a comparatively simple matter, and when both the power companies are in operation cheap motive power should be offered throughout Western Ontario. Power is now sold at the Falls at $18.00 per horse-power per year of twenty-four hours a day, and it is expected that the new company can transmit power a distance of one hundred miles for $30.00 per horse-power. This new enterprise on Canadian ground will mean much to local industrial interests, and while not affecting the artistic beauty of the great waterfall, will turn its force into channels of practical utility.

Electric Railways on the Increase

ONE of the chief benefits of this Niagara power will be felt in the impetus which it will give to electric railway enterprises in Western Ontario. Two suburban roads operating on the Canadian side already secure power from the American Falls, and the completion of the Canadian works will furnish a still more available supply. Radial railways are of immense importance to both town and country. Toronto now has four such lines, one of which extends forty miles into the country, while other projects are on foot. Three radial lines enter Hamilton, which is known as the "Electrical City," and Ottawa and Montreal also have connections with the outlying country. These roads pass the farmer's door, bring him his supplies from the city, and carry back a large part of his farm and garden produce. They give a quick and convenient passenger service, with well-equipped running stock, and in some cases carry the local mails. In short, they put the country in touch with city advantages, and in so doing earn good dividends for themselves. Electric railway stock is among the best securities in Canada. Including both radial and city lines, there are 43 electric railroads in the Dominion, with a total mileage of 688 miles. On a combined capital of $24,471,240, these roads earned last year $6,283,666, one-half of which was net profit. New

sources of power may therefore be expected to invite new enterprises.

Thomas A. Edison claims that in thirty years electric motors will have almost entirely taken the place of steam locomotives. They are especially fitted for suburban service, and have already proved highly successful in and around the leading Canadian cities. The Niagara peninsula and adjacent country has unique advantages in this respect, and electrical progress in Canada will probably centre there for some time to come.

Canada's Share in the World's Commerce

SOME figures of the entire world's commerce have recently been compiled by German statisticians. They may be taken as approximately correct, and as such give interesting testimony to the world's progress. For the year 1901 the total import and export trade of all countries is given as $23,800,000,000. Nearly $7,000,000,000 of this belongs to Great Britain and her colonies; Germany is second, with $2,618,000,000, and the United States is next, with $2,118,200,000. The three countries which lead the world in social, moral, and civic progress are thus also foremost in the world's business.

Canada's share in this grand total is $398,811,356, made up as follows: Exports—to Great Britain, $109,348,848; United States, $71,196,505; Germany, $2,692,535; other countries, $12,781,872. Imports—from the United States, $120,809,956; Great Britain, $49,215,693; Germany, $10,814,029; France, $6,670,778; other countries, $15,281,139. In all these directions, both in imports and exports, Canada's commerce shows great gains over the previous year.

An Unjust Trade Restriction

ONE of the things that England might and ought to do to encourage better trade relations with Canada is to let us send our beef-cattle to the English market. Our trade with England in agricultural products is unfortunately hampered in that particular direction. The three largest items in our food exports are wheat, cheese, and bacon, and of these three England took last year nearly nine-tenths of our total export. With some few exceptions she is also our largest customer in the other forty or more items of farm produce. But an embargo on Canadian cattle prohibits what might be made an extensive and profitable trade, for which Canada is especially fitted. This is the more unfortunate because there is a chronic scarcity of meat in England, while the plains of Western Canada have the capacity of supplying the best meat in the world. But the British Government persists in the belief that Canadian cattle are more subject to infectious diseases than those of other countries, and on that ground excludes them. The same restriction applies to Argentina. Of late supplies have been coming from New Zealand, but the meat famine has become so serious that to meet the protests of the dealers the embargo against Argentina is likely to be lifted. It still remains, however, against Canada, with little chance of removal. Such discrimination does Canada scant justice. Infection may have been occasionally found in Canadian cattle, but anything of a serious or general nature is quite unknown.

With Canadians themselves, rather than with the English market, lies the fault of a decrease in the cheese trade last year. There is an excellent opening in England for Canadian cheese, but hitherto sufficient care has not ben taken in its manufacture. Frequent complaints of its keeping qualities have led the Government to make a careful investigation, and experiments with improved methods of manufacture, particularly the introduction of cool-curing rooms, promise to remove the difficulty. Canada's dairy facilities are exceptional, and only a greater carefulness in preparation is needed to put the cheese trade on a thoroughly satisfactory basis. Our cheese exports now amount to about $20,000,000 per year.

Financial Development

TWENTY years ago the amount of money in circulation in the daily business of Canada was an average of $7.70 per head of population. It is now $11.00. In 1856 the deposits in the banks of Canada were $50,000,000, and are now $470,000,000. A total money deposit of four hundred and seventy millions is not a bad showing, but unless that money is ultimately invested in the various industries of the country it does not argue progress. Money on deposit represents prosperity that has been, but future prosperity is to be had by using capital in industrial and commercial investments rather than by accumulating it in banks. The banks have done good service for the smaller depositors whose savings individually would not permit of profitable investment, yet collectively can be so disposed of to good advantage, and by acting as a medium in such cases the banks have materially assisted in developing the commerce of the country. Yet it would perhaps be a better evidence of native energy and individual enterprise if some of the wealth now on deposit were invested independently. A lack of confidence in local industries sometimes leads to a locking-up of capital and the consequent death of the industries, whereas a few thousands locally and privately invested would have yielded reasonably sure returns. The services of the banks are coming more and more to be used in financing the larger enterprises; there is still room for the local investor to lay the foundations of future prosperity on his own account.

In the progress that has been made, however, the banks have taken a most important part, and it is a matter of national pride that Canada has one of the best banking systems in the world. The best is admitted to be that of Scotland, and the Canadian system is closely modelled on the same lines. It is under Government control, and is safe and sound as well as up-to-date. An interesting testimony to this excellence of Canadian banks was given by a recent delegation of Japanese financiers, who visited Europe and America in order to study financial methods in vogue in the various countries. They expressed themselves as more favorably impressed with the general efficiency of Canadian methods than with those of any other banking system they had examined.

The New Movement in Population

THERE is room in the Canadian West for millions, but the thousands are already coming. The present year's immigration will reach 70,000, the great bulk of which is destined for the West. These people are coming from all corners of the earth. Of the present population of Canada, 690,000 are foreign born, and of these 500,000 came from Europe, and 128,000 from the United States.

This tide of immigration affords many interesting features. The great variety of races, with their various manners and customs, their ideas of civic, industrial, and social life, their attitude toward new conditions and their methods of home-making in a new country, are sure to awaken our interest. At the same time these several facts present a problem: How to make Canadian citizens of our new settlers, and how best and quickest to absorb them into our national life. It is less a difficulty with some than with others. The Germans, Scandinavians, and Austrians, have proved to be excellent citizens; but the settlements of Galicians and Doukhobors are as yet too experimental to warrant conclusions. They are, however, said to be prosperous, contented, and law-abiding. While there are difficulties to be encountered in nationalizing the foreign immigrants, there can scarcely be any real danger to our national life so long as the immigration continues to be, as at present, most largely from three sources—the United King-

dom, Northwestern Europe, and the United States. These settlers readily adapt themselves to Canadian conditions, and at once enter into the spirit of Canadian institutions. While we have enough of such colonists to maintain the balance on the right side, we can afford to make a few experiments with the less certain races, who may yet prove desirable also.

The influx from the United States is a noteworthy feature of the case. Last year 18,000 persons crossed the line and took up their homes in Canada, and in the first six months of the present year 25,000 more had come from the Western and Middle States. Some of these were Canadians returning. It must not be inferred, however, that either they or the American born immigrants were dissatisfied with their condition on the other side. Land in Canada, although rising in value, is now much cheaper than in the American West, where the available tracts have been nearly all taken. It was merely a shrewd business move on the part of the emigrant to sell his farm there, at a handsome price, and buy on much lower terms in Canada. At the same time he got better land, for while both are good, the Canadian West is better wheat country, and yields more to the acre. Many of these American immigrants are bringing money with them. Generally speaking, they are very excellent settlers. They already have good farming experience, sometimes superior to the Canadians, and they are in sympathy with the spirit of British law. In a few years' time it is hard to distinguish the man who came from the other side from the native-born. He came across to make a home and a living, and he was prepared to be a citizen. For these reasons the United States immigrants are the most desirable of all. The Canadian Government recognizes this fact, and is encouraging their settlement in the newly opened districts of the West, where an infusion of American enterprise will be a benefit.

The Pacific Cable

WHILE Signor Marconi is experimenting with wireless telegraphs across the Atlantic, a new cable is being laid in the Pacific. It is expected that by the end of the year Canada and Australia will be in communication, the line being already in operation between Australia and the Fiji Islands. Work on the Canadian end is well under way, and a complete cable station is being built at Banfield Creek, on the west side of Vancouver Island. Connection with there be made with the Canadian Pacific Telegraph, thus providing an all-British line for the entire distance.

The cost of the work was originally estimated at $10,000,000. The cable was first projected at the Colonial Conference in 1887, when a survey of the route was ordered. This survey was not completed until three years ago, but since that time the work of construction has been going steadily on, and is now nearing completion. The cable is being laid under an agreement between the Imperial, Canadian, and Australian Governments, the entire cost being divided into eighteen shares, apportioned among the Governments interested. Canada's share is five-eighteenths. The management of the undertaking is vested in a board of eight members, two of whom represent Canada.

As a link in the telegraphic girdle of the world, and especially in Colonial and Imperial connections, the Pacific Cable is of great commercial and strategical importance. It is sure to play an active part in the development of Imperial commerce. At present it is impossible to foresee what the next twenty years will accomplish in the way of trade relations between Canada and Australia, but better acquaintance and closer connection will inevitably be followed by a widening of commercial interests. From a naval and military point of view, the value of telegraphic connection is at once apparent.

Trade with South Africa

ON the seventh of October there begins a regular steamship service between Canada and South Africa. A contract for five years has been made by the Canadian Government with the Allan, Elder-Dempster, and Furness lines for all-year freight, mail, and passenger service, beginning with monthly sailings. The subsidy is $150,000. Montreal and Quebec will be the Canadian ports in summer, and Halifax and St. John in winter, while Cape Town and two other undetermined ports, will be the termini in South Africa. The contract is a Canadian one, and subject to Canadian laws. It is, therefore, to be considered as a Canadian enterprise, and the timely action of the Government has been received with great satisfaction in both countries and in England. The first steamer will have a full cargo, including a large shipment of flour, and the opportunity will be improved to extend Canada's trade in various directions. If the experiment proves a success, an Australian service will probably follow.

The promptness of the Government in making the contract is beyond doubt due in a large measure to the efforts of the various trade organizations in Canada, which have for some time past discussed the establishment of commercial relations with South Africa, and have agitated steamship connection as a first necessity. The Colonial Conference acted as a further incentive, and in the ripeness of the present time the scheme has materialized.

A New Canadian Country

IT is possible that a new and important country will soon be opened up in the extreme north-east of Canada. Labrador has hitherto been associated chiefly with Esquimaux, icebergs, and herring, but recent investigations have shown it to be a place of great industrial possibilities. Properly speaking, Labrador is only a narrow strip of sea-coast along the North Atlantic, between Hudson Strait and the Strait of Belle Isle; the vast country in the interior, half as large again as the Province of Ontario, is mapped under the name of Ungava. It is this territory that possesses a hidden wealth of natural resources. As yet its only inhabitants are a few Indians, while the interior is not only uninhabited, but unexplored. So far as may be gathered from the reports of the Indians who have made partial explorations, there exists an immense plateau between Hudson Bay and the mountain districts near the Labrador coast. It is thought that this plateau may be similar country to the western prairies, and that wheat-growing may be profitably engaged in. It is in any case certain that nearer the coast there are immense timber tracts, which can easily be developed and which offer rich profits. A few years ago a party of Nova Scotia capitalists visited the Labrador country, made surveys, and afterward secured rights and privileges over a large tract of virgin forest, timbered with the finest of spruce and pine. During the present year a complete saw-mill outfit was sent to the spot, and set up on one of the rivers, where an excellent water-power was available. It is the intention of the company to manufacture lumber and ship direct from the Labrador Coast, the rivers providing an easy means of bringing down the logs, as operations are carried into the interior. A good trade in pulp wood is also expected. The natural and climatic conditions of the country are much more favorable than is ordinarily supposed. The climate of the interior is not more arduous than that of Quebec, and the rivers are open the greater part of the year. Parts of the Labrador coast are already sparsely settled, the last census giving a population of 3,634. These are engaged chiefly in the fisheries, and a curious fact is observed in the continued residence there of traders after their original mission has

been accomplished; they frequently return to Labrador to reside permanently after having left for their Canadian homes. It apparently is not an undesirable country to live in, and farther inland, where there is a greater diversity of resources, it is quite possible that settlement may some day be effected on a very considerable scale.

North-eastern Canada is of importance also because of its railway possibilities. Reports of a projected line from Port Arthur to Hamilton Inlet are no doubt largely conjectural, yet an exploring expedition under American auspices is now on the ground, and is said to be examining the country with that end in view. Should such a scheme ever prove feasible it will be of immense importance to ocean shipping. Hamilton Inlet is eight hundred miles nearer Liverpool than New York is, and it has excellent facilities for a great ocean terminus. A railroad from the Great Lakes, north of Ontario and Quebec, thus reaching the sea-port nearest England, would prove the most radical solution to the transportation problem that has yet been proposed.

Free Trade Not a Progressive Policy

TARIFF revision is nowadays a live question both in America and Europe. There has of late been considerable discussion in the press and on public platforms concerning the respective merits of free trade and protection, and it may be taken as a sign of the times that there is everywhere an increasing sentiment in favor of a more effective protection. A recent magazine article, written by a distinguished economist, summed up the well-known arguments for free trade in the assertion that England's prosperity under free trade was its own best testimony, and that the people had enjoyed so long the benefits of that policy that they had lost sight of the cause of their blessings. In reply to this, Lord Masham, who is a man of business as well as a politician, won a point for protection by showing that England's prosperity had *not* increased. Progress under free trade, therefore, was only fanciful. The trade of the last ten years had actually decreased several millions, rather than increased, as compared with the ten preceding years. During the previous twenty years England's exports had grown rapidly, having more than doubled between 1854 and 1874. This had been claimed as a result of free trade, but it was in fact a result of protection. The farmers and manufacturers prospered not because of a free tariff, but because foreign products were not brought in, although the way was open. The other nations at that time were supplying their own needs, and had not yet a surplus for export, and therefore England enjoyed the benefits of natural protection. Yet because free trade was nominally in force during that period, the credit of the commercial prosperity of the country was attributed to no-tariff while actually it was due to no-imports.

It was Lord Masham's deliberate opinion, as an observant and experienced business man, that "no free-importing country could hope to compete with one that was protected." He is strongly in favor of preferential trading among the British colonies, as an offset to the competition of foreign nations. These statements, which are both sound and convincing, throw interesting light upon the inadequacy of the free trade policy, inasmuch as its actual results are shown to be disastrous.

Tariff Coalition in Europe

THE smaller states of Central Europe are beginning to realize the seriousness of foreign competition. They fear the economic ascendency which the United States as a protected nation, is gaining, and the most practicable precaution is, in the opinion of a German economist, a coalition of the central European states, with mutual pre-

ferential tariff among themselves, and a stiff tariff barrier against Great Britain and America. This, the writer thinks, will sooner or later be effected. The countries which would probably enter such a union would be Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland, and thus united these nations would be in a position to hold their own economically against the world. As at present situated the smaller nations are commercially at the mercy of their stronger rivals, which possess much greater resources and threaten local industries with extinction.

Thus, protection is being more and more recognized the world over as the only satisfactory and efficient safeguard to national commerce. We do not usually look to Central Europe for political progressiveness or for economic wisdom, but a suggestion such as this is evidence of an awakening. That it is in line with the general trend of modern thought gives it, moreover, a foundation of reason. The only guarantee to sound business prosperity in any country is an adequate system of protection to national industries. To secure the benefits of this without incurring national isolation, trade coalitions or preferential tariff unions, among states or colonies most closely associated, would, without doubt, be of great value.

Government by the People

WHO best is fitted to frame laws and govern the nation—professional aristocrats, the monied men, or the men from the ranks of the people?—is a question that seems to be moving toward an answer in favor of the latter. Democracy is in the ascendant, and the people's representatives inspire the greatest confidence when they are in sympathy with the masses. Some interesting evidences of this popular tendency come from the United States, which is essentially a democratic country, but which has nevertheless felt the influence of the aristocrats. Last year one of the leading manufacturing cities elected to its mayoralty a man whose business was that of fire-stoker. It was done because he was known to be a man of ability, strong purpose, and intelligent ideas; his humble calling was nothing against him. A few weeks ago the Democrats of Ohio nominated a blacksmith for Congress. They made efforts to get a suitable man among the lawyers, and failed; they tried to induce a prominent clergyman to accept, and he declined; they then went to the ranks and chose a knight of the anvil. It is altogether likely that if elected he will do his duty in Congress as he did it in his shop.

Members of Government are, or have been, mostly professional men. City councils are generally made up chiefly of business men, but the national councils are, in that respect, less practical. In Canada's parliament there is a majority of lawyers: naturally and perhaps wisely so, inasmuch as the framing of laws and discussion of constitutional problems is directly in line with legal practice. Other professions are represented in smaller proportions, including two clergymen. But there is also a sound business element, made up of merchants, manufacturers, and farmers. An infusion of this industrial and commercial element is of undoubted value in preserving the balance, and future elections will send more of our intelligent business men to the House. They know well the country's needs, and their knowledge will cooperate with the professional ability of others. The Canadian Parliament must be increasingly for and by the people. We have not yet reached the democratic point of sending up our blacksmiths; but why not?

CHARACTERISTICS OF CANADIAN CITIES

BY "ROLLINGSTONE"

IN the older countries, where human history is measured by centuries, the cities are not so apt to possess individual characteristics as in the newer lands where time is counted by decades. They vary in size, in style of architecture, and in wealth, of course, but otherwise they are much alike, and there is no possibility of change.

Quite different is it with the cities of Canada for instance. They each manifest features of their own whereby they may easily be differentiated, and they are not yet fixed in any mould precluding novel development.

It is the purpose of this article to pay a brief visit to the chief cities of Canada, and to glance at those characteristics which may be considered peculiar to each.

Halifax

To begin with Halifax, bearing in mind that throughout its history the capital of the Bluenose Province has been a fortified outpost of the British Empire, and has always had its contingents of red-coats and blue-jackets, it is easy to understand why the prevailing atmosphere is essentially English. The ideas and ideals, the manners and customs, the accent and the fashions of the Mother Land hold sway in spite of the fact that every summer brings an invasion of our American cousins who are cordially welcomed indeed, but whose influence works no change in the aspect of things.

Haligonians are wont to speak as naturally of England as "home" as if they had really been born there. They go "home" on business or pleasure; they send "home" for their clothes or their books; they write "home" to their friends, and this is no mere affectation, but the expression of a genuine state of thought and feeling which may endure for generations yet.

Society in Halifax accordingly has a dignity of its own which inevitably commands respect. There is practically no attempt at ostentation or lavish expenditure. Many of the wealthiest families live in wooden houses that are simply very commodious cottages furnished for solid comfort, not for show. There are balls, and dinners, and receptions, and teas galore the year round, but there is no feverish anxiety on the part of the entertainers to eclipse other people's hospitality.

The military and naval officers, it need hardly be said, are the spoiled darlings of the drawing-rooms, and they occasionally manifest their appreciation by wedding one of the Bluenose belles.

They are capital fellows, as a rule. Gentlemen to the core, widely travelled, and full of spirit, and sometimes when their term of active service is over, they return to the country to spend the remainder of their days there.

Some would maintain that they have been a detriment rather than an advantage to the city. But to this we would not assent, and we think it would be cause for profound regret if Halifax ever ceased to be a military and naval station.

St. John

Crossing the Bay of Fundy to the capital of New Brunswick, we find ourselves in an entirely different atmosphere. Here the buildings, the dress of their occupants, their accent, their brisk, bustling movements, unmistakably reveal the American influence. In fact, were St. John to be lifted from its present picturesque situa-

tion, and set down in any one of the New England States, it would seem in no sense out of place.

Since the great fire, which gave so cruel a check to her growing fortunes, St. John has been rebuilt in brick and stone, and contains many creditable commercial structures which cast into the shade those of her sister (and rival) city. Yet she has not by any means the wealth of Halifax, however much she may outstrip her in enterprise.

Nor has she a similarly developed social *entourage*. She has her people of wealth, culture, and refinement undoubtedly, but they do not constitute an organized society as in Halifax, and it will perhaps require another generation before this is achieved.

Quebec

The gray old capital of Quebec poised proudly upon her mighty promontory, unsurpassed for situation in all the wide world, need brook no challenge to her title to being the city richest in historical associations on this continent. Jacques Cartier, Champlain, LaSalle, Frontenac, Montcalm, Levis, Murray, Wolfe, and a score of other names that have illuminated history are the heritage of Quebec, and the day is forever gone when such picturesque personages may be repeated.

Once the citadel of New France in a purely military sense, Quebec is now the citadel of Old France in New Canada in regard to the preservation of her language, laws, religion, and racial sympathies.

Here the French are practically supreme. For although the English still retain a goodly portion of the wealth, and control a number of the most substantial commercial establishments, they have little voice in the direction of public affairs, and must be content to have these administered for them by their French compatriots.

Not only so but they are steadily decreasing in numbers, and it can be only a question of time when they will cease to form a distinct element in the composition of the population.

While it would be somewhat straining the figure to call Quebec a little Paris, yet there are many features of her social life which go towards justifying the phrase. The Church and the University are accorded an importance here that they are not in any other Canadian city. The arts, literature, music, painting, are taken seriously, and their votaries positively treated with the respect elsewhere vouchsafed only to the successful money-maker. The people are not afraid to applaud and encourage their aspirants to fame. This is effectively illustrated by the following authentic anecdote:

A Quebec *literateur* of repute was asked by an Ontario writer, ambitious for reputation, how it happened that there were so many more well known writers in Quebec than in Ontario.

"*Mai foi!*" replied the Frenchman. "It is very simple. When one of us writes a pretty poem or clever essay we all clap our hands, and cry, 'Bravo! Bravo!' but when one of you does the same, you all turn up your nose and say, 'Poor stuff! poor stuff!'"

The precise proportion of truth there is in our vivacious fellow-countryman's explanation we leave to our readers to determine.

The commercial condition of Quebec is far from satisfactory. The once enormous lumber industry has sadly dwindled, her shipping trade has been hurt seemingly beyond remedy by the fatuous and perverse action of the Ship Laborers' Society, the wholesale trade is going to Montreal, and altogether it is not at present easy to find sources of cheer for the future of the beautiful old city.

Montreal

The proud distinction of being the commercial capital of Canada belongs without cavil to Montreal. Holding the coign of vantage at the head of ocean

navigation, and having the headquarters of the two great railroad systems, she is unquestioned mistress of the situation. That she should command so enormous a commerce in spite of the difficulties of the St. Lawrence route, and the consequent high rates of insurance, is sufficient proof of how much greater the volume would be were those difficulties removed, and better facilities for handling grain and other natural products provided.

Montreal is in many respects the New York of Canada. Aside from her financial supremacy, she is the most cosmopolitan of our cities. Here the French and British elements meet on very different terms from what they do in Quebec. The French outnumber the British three to one, but in regard to financial strength and social prestige the latter leave them far behind. With very few exceptions the great corporations are controlled by the English or Scotch who have shown such enterprise and sagacity, although it must be noted that in some branches of trade the French have made significant progress of late.

From the social point of view Montreal resembles New York in the lavish expenditure of her wealthy citizens. They build imposing mansions upon the mountain-side; they delight in dashing equipages; they maintain such expensive establishments as the Hunt Club, the Forest and Stream Club, the Racquet Court, and the St. Lawrence Yacht Club. Their luxurious summer retreats line the lake shore from Lachine to St. Annes, and they carry the art of entertaining to a pretty high state of perfection.

Not only so, but they have a wide reputation as patrons of art. It is said by experts that there is no city its size in the world containing so many masterpieces of modern art, and any one who has been privileged to see the collections of Lord Strathcona, Sir William Vanhorne, Senator Drummond, James Ross, Charles Hosmer, William Learmont, and the Art Association, will hardly feel disposed to question the statement.

They are also generous benefactors. They establish and endow splendid hospitals. They bestow princely gifts upon McGill University. They maintain charitable institutions by the score. They contribute handsomely to the churches, even if they do not attend them with edifying regularity, and altogether they use their wealth in a manner that does not justify much caustic criticism.

The French to a large extent live in a world of their own, lying east of the St. Lawrence Main Street. Only their most prominent personages come into touch with the English section. By sheer force of numbers they control municipal affairs, and the English, although the weight of taxation falls upon them, have to be content with a good deal less than half the loaf. A notable feature of municipal history in recent years has been the remarkable reform wrought by the movement inspired and directed by Herbert Ames, a young man of wealth who devoted himself to this difficult and ungrateful task.

In view of her deep interest in art, it is not easy to understand Montreal's indifference to the intellectual life which is perhaps best illustrated by the fact that this opulent city possesses no proper Public Library, the Fraser Institute being at best a mere apology. McGill and Laval Universities have creditable collections of books, but they are of course limited in their sphere of usefulness. The simple truth of the matter is that, as regards literary interests, English Montreal at all events is distinctly Philistinish. A successful author is of small account in her eyes in comparison with a fortunate financier.

Toronto

There is one point wherein Toronto enjoys an advantage over Montreal which is of signal value, and that is the homogeneity of her population. For all practical purposes they are British, and the various differences of race and religion cut no figure.

The full force of this can be appreciated only by one who has through residence in both cities, acquired an intimate knowledge of the circumstances, yet a recent incident will shed light upon the matter. Montreal has accepted Mr. Carnegie's offer of one hundred thousand dollars for a public library. The City Council, in preparing the regulations for its conduct stipulated that *only laymen* should be upon the Board of Direction. At once the Roman Catholic authorities were up in arms. They could not tolerate the idea of being excluded from the management of an institution which would be used by their people, and there is danger of the whole beneficent project being brought to naught through their action. It misses of being necessary to say that this could never occur in Toronto.

This oneness of her population, combined with the sterling stock from which so many of her leading citizens have descended, to wit, the United Empire Loyalists, no doubt goes far towards explaining the high intellectual, moral, and religious atmosphere whereby she is distinguished, for, let the groundlings jeer as they may, despite her shortcomings there is no more wholesome city in this globe than the capital of Ontario.

What some of these shortcomings are it may not be amiss to indicate. There is for instance, too little active interest taken in municipal affairs by the men foremost in finance and commerce. They are content to leave them in the hands of those who do not go into ward politics for their health, or from high altruistic motives. The consequence is a deplorable amount of bungling, even if there be comparatively little boodling, and the whole community suffers thereby.

Another shortcoming is the lack on the part of the rapidly-growing group of millionaires, of that public spirit which expresses itself in the endowment of learning, the provision of facilities for practical education and the fostering of art. The project for a city art gallery still hangs fire, while the University is notoriously in need of funds, and the example set by Lord Strathcona, Sir William Macdonald, and the Molsons in Montreal, might well be emulated by some of Toronto's provincial nabobs.

But it is more pleasant to consider those features of the city which may be cause for congratulation rather than for regret. Among these perhaps the most notable is the remarkable progress made within the past few years in her financial strength and influence. She has always been the chief city in Canada for Trust Companies, Building and Loan Societies, and Insurance Companies, but now she may dispute leadership with Montreal in regard to volume and profit of banking business, and stock exchange transactions. She no longer plays second fiddle to her sister city, but gives out her own time to which Montreal now and then has to dance.

The multiplication of proprietary residential schools, especially for girls, is matter for remark. These are all of the best class, housed in commodious buildings, thoroughly equipped, and admirably conducted, and without exception earning good dividends. In addition thereto are conservatories of Music and Literature, Schools of Art, Technical Schools, and other institutions which establish beyond cavil Toronto's primacy in the educational realm.

The social life of Toronto is still creditably simple, and free from ostentatious luxury. Long may it continue so to be!

The possession of wealth has not yet become the sole test of a person's status in society. Perhaps no city of its size has so many residents of moderate means who enjoy a high degree of culture, and constitute among themselves a desirable and delightful society.

Ottawa

If Montreal be the commercial, and Toronto the intellectual, then of course Ottawa is the political Capital of the Dominion. How she became so is an inter-

esting story too long to recapitulate, but we may recall Professor Goldwin Smith's sarcastic phrase to the effect that by the choice of Queen Victoria an arctic lumber village was transformed into a political cock-pit.

The lumber industry still survives, although somewhat shorn of its one-time magnitude, and the political mill is bigger, noisier, and more expensive than ever.

The globe-trotter and the cheap-tripper who visit Ottawa in session time, may be pardoned for forming the impression that lobbying, axe-grinding, and wire-pulling, are the chief industries of the place, but in so doing they would be very considerably astray. Always the centre of the lumbering interest, Ottawa has added many other important undertakings. In the use of electricity for light and power, for instance, thanks to the enterprise of a single firm, she long held the lead, and her magnificent water-power will always enable her to maintain a high place among manufacturing cities.

For half the year Parliament dominates, and during that period Ottawa is feverishly busy and gay. It is a harvest time for hotels, boarding-houses, and retail shops, and the money circulates freely, albeit many of the members and senators are of a frugal turn, and contrive to take a substantial portion of their sessional allowance home with them.

The vortex of the social whirlpool is not, however, Parliament Hill, but Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General. Here a miniature court is held, which imitates or, shall we say, parodies in rather an amusing way, the genuine article across the ocean, for, excuse or justify it as one may, this semblance of King, Lords, and Commons, does not set naturally upon the head of an essentially democratic country.

Yet there is something pathetic, too, about the passionate eagerness shown for recognition by Vice-Royalty. The Civil Service, for example, are equal to any self-denial that will enable them to figure at Rideau Hall. They will even leave their baker, and butcher, their dressmaker and tailor unpaid, in order that they keep their place in the striving throng. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if the successive Governor-Generals are flattered into the belief that they are really something more than costly figure-heads.

Let it not be supposed, however, that there is no society in Ottawa worth taking into account save that which flutters about Rideau Hall. On the contrary, there are whole platoons of people possessing wealth and culture whose names are never signed in the big book in the front hall of that rambling structure. Admirable and interesting folk they are, too, who really constitute the back-bone of the city.

A curious feature of Ottawa, considering its size, is the paucity of higher educational institutions. There is a Roman Catholic college, a couple of girls' schools, a boys' school, a collegiate institute, and that is all. There is no public library, but a fairly good Art Gallery, and an excellent Geological Museum, both belonging to the Federal Government.

Winnipeg

It seems a big jump from Ottawa to Winnipeg, and there are certainly cities lying between, such as Hamilton, London, and Brantford, which should not be passed over in silence, but the necessary limitations of space compel us regretfully to withhold.

For a parallel to the wonderful growth of Winnipeg we must cross the International boundary line. Statistics are superfluous. Suffice it to say that within a single generation she has expanded from a prairie village into a splendid city, with the certainty of a future development that will even surpass the past. There is nothing of the mushroom about her. She has had her boom. The bitter lesson then learned will not be forgotten. The burned child may be depended upon henceforth to fight shy of that fire.

Winnipeg is essentially a Western city, in the best sense of the term. There is nothing wild and woolly about her, but she is bright, breezy, buoyant. Her streets are wide, and as yet for the most part unshaded. Her buildings are new, and of an eminently practical style of architecture. Her people are new—by which we do not mean fresh—but vibrant with energy and enterprise, cock-sure of themselves and their city, illustrating in every movement the slogan "you cannot check Manitoba."

Nor are the amenities of life lacking. You can find as polished society in Winnipeg as in any of her sister capitals. Birth and breeding are duly appreciated, and combined with that largeness of heart and openness of mind which the West somehow seems particularly to develop, they result in an exceedingly attractive type not met with elsewhere in Canada.

Vancouver

Vancouver presents a curious instance of a city which is practically the creation of a great corporation. At first it seemed as though destiny had fixed upon New Westminster as the terminus of the transcontinental railroad, but the Canadian Pacific autocrats ruled otherwise, and at their bidding a brand-new city grew up on the shores of the superb harbor at the river's mouth.

Destroyed by fire a few years ago, Vancouver has been rebuilt in more substantial form, and presents a very creditable appearance for her age. She has not yet had time to cultivate the graces of life to any extent. She must be permitted to get her breath, to "loaf and invite her soul," as Emerson so strikingly puts it, before any definite social development should be expected of her. In the meantime she is growing bigger and richer, and must inevitably become an important factor in the future of the coast.

Victoria

Very different is Victoria, the capital of the Province. Here you have a certain measure of antiquity, a suggestion of mellowness, an assumption of dignity that are quite impressive in their way. Beginning as a Hudson Bay Company's fort, established by the renowned James Douglas, she has grown steadily, if not rapidly, to be a fair-sized city with a good volume of trade, and a sure although perhaps not brilliant future.

As in Halifax on the other edge of the continent, this English influence is paramount. This is due to the same cause. Victoria is another outpost of the Empire, and the neighboring harbor of Esquimault is the rendezvous of the British fleet in the North Pacific.

There is accordingly a large leaven of what for our purpose may be termed aristocratic society in Victoria, rather inclined to dulness no doubt, yet having its own charm. The very weather of the place would seem to have been imported from England. Particularly in the winter time when rain falls instead of snow, and mackintoshes, rubbers, and umbrellas are indispensable.

The conspicuous lack of Victoria is enterprise. When the Yukon was opened up, for instance, she had a magnificent opportunity to enlarge her commerce, but she failed to seize upon it as she should, and the sound cities, Portland and Seattle, and even far distant San Francisco, profited vastly to her loss. What she needs is not only a waking up, but a shaking up, and until this happens she will never achieve her destiny.

Thus we have hurried, we might almost say scampered, from ocean to ocean. In our brief references to each city, we have assumed that their commission to us was:

> "Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice."

and this commission we have striven to fulfil according to the measure of our ability.

"EDUCATION"*

By LOUIS H. SULLIVAN

AFTER the long night and longer twilight we envisage a dawn-era —an era in which the minor law of tradition shall yield to the greater law of creation, in which the spirit of repression shall fail to repress.

Man at last is become emancipated, and now is free to think, to feel, to act—free to move toward the goal of the race.

Humanitarianism slowly is dissolving the sway of utilitarianism, and an enlightened unselfishness is on its way to supersede a benighted rapacity, and all this, as a deep-down force in nature, awakens to its strength, animating the growth and evolution of democracy.

Under the beneficent sway of this power the hold of illusion and suppression is passing; the urge of reality is looming in force, extent, and penetration; and the individual now is free to become a man in the highest sense, if so he wills.

There is no estoppel to his imagination.

No limitation to the workings of his mind.

No violence to the dignity of his soul.

The tyranny alike of Church and State has been curbed, and true power is now known to reside where forever it must remain—in the people.

Rapidly we are changing from an empirical to a scientific attitude of mind, from an inchoate to an organic trend of thinking. Inevitably we are moving toward the larger significance of life and the larger relations of the individual to that life as embodied in the people.

Truly we are face to face with great things.

The mind of youth should be squarely turned to these phenomena. He should be told, as he regards them, how long and bitterly the race has struggled that he might have freedom.

His mind should be prepared to cooperate in the far-reaching changes now under way, and which will appear to him in majestic simplicity, breadth and clearness, when the sun of democracy shall have arisen but a little higher in the firmament of the race, illuminating more steadily and deeply than now the mind and will of the individual, the minds and wills of the millions of men, his own mind and his own will.

He should be shown, as a panorama, as a great drama, the broad sweep and flow of the vast life in which he is a unit, an actor; and that of a vital necessity fundamental principles must nourish the roots of his life-work and permeate its branches, just as they must animate the work and life of the neighbor, for the general harmony, the good of all.

He must be shown what the reality of history shows, namely, that optimism is an abiding emotion in the heart of the race, an emotion arising from the constant pressure of aspiring democracy seeking its own.

He must be imbued with that pride, that sure quality of honor, which are the ethical flower of self-sovernment and the sense of moral responsibility. He must be distinctly taught his responsibility to his fellow-men.

He should be taught that a mind empty of ideals is indeed an empty mind, and that there will be demanded of him, if not self-sacrifice, at the least self-restraint, self-denial, and that the highest of ideals is the ideal of democracy.

To this end history must be illumined

* The above was a paper read at the Fourth Annual Convention of the Architectural League of America, held in [illegible] May of the present year, and afterwards appeared in [illegible]. It is such an able contribution to one of the vital questions of the day, that we wish our subscribers to read and study it. It is suitable to the general public as well as architects.—EDITOR.

for him, and the story of his own day clarified.

To this end he must be inspired first and always with a clear, full conception of what democracy truly means, what it has signified and now signifies for the emancipation of man; what its cost in time, blood and sorrow that it might emerge from the matrix of humanity; how priceless is it as a heritage—the most priceless of heritages, and how valiantly, how loyally, how jealously should he, as co-partner in its beneficence, cherish its superb integrity.

He, born into democracy and therefore especially apt to deem it negligible, must be taught with persistent, untiring assiduity, by constant precept, warning, and eulogy, that its existence, its perpetuation, its development, is as necessary to the fulness of life as is the physical air he breathes.

The beauty of nature should most lovingly be shown to him, and he encouraged to venerate and to prize that beauty.

He should be taught that he and the race are inseparably a part of nature, and that his strength must come of her bounty.

His mind and heart should be opened to the inspiration of nature, his eye directed to the borderland of that infinite and unknown toward which she leads the thoughtful view, that he may know how great is man and yet how fragile, so will he see life in its momentous balance.

He should be taught that the full span of one's life is but a little time in which to accomplish a worthy purpose; and yet should he be shown what men have done, what man can do.

An art of expression should begin with childhood, and the lucid use of one's mother tongue should be typical of that art.

The sense of reality should be strengthened from the beginning, yet by no means at the cost of those lofty illusions we call patriotism, veneration, love.

He should be taught that high ideals make a people strong.

That decay comes when ideals wane.

He should be taught that civilization has a higher reach than the goal of material things, that its apex lies in the mind and the heart.

He should be taught common honesty, and that there is but one standard of honesty.

He should be taught to despise hypocrisy and cant.

This, in my view, is the fundamental of education, because it leads straight to manhood, because it makes for the moral and mental vigor of the race, because it leads toward a constantly expanding sense of humanity, because under its ægis a true art may flourish.

I am not of those who believe in lackadaisical methods. On the contrary, I advocate a vigorous, thorough, exact mental training which shall fit the mind to expand upon and grasp large things, and yet properly to perceive in their just relation the significance of small ones—to discriminate accurately as to quantity and quality—and thus to develop individual judgment, capacity, and independence.

But at the same time I am of those who believe that gentleness is a greater, surer power than force, and that sympathy is a safer power by far than is intellect. Therefore would I train the individual sympathies as carefully in all their delicate warmth and tenuity as I would develop the mind in alertness, poise, and security.

Nor I am of those who despise dreamers. For the world would be at the level of zero were it not for its dreamers gone and of to-day. He who dreamed of democracy far back in a world of absolutism was indeed heroic, and we of to-day awaken to the wonder of his dream.

How deep this dreamer saw into the heart of man!

So would I nurse the dreamer of dreams, for in him nature broods while the race slumbers.

So would I teach the art of dreaming as I would teach the science of thinking, as I would teach the value of action.

He who knows naught of dreaming can, likewise, never attain the heights of power and possibility in persuading the mind to act.

He who dreams not creates not.

For vapor must arise in the air before the rain can fall.

The greatest man of action is he who is the greatest and a life-long dreamer. For in him the dreamer is fortified against destruction by a far-seeing eye, a virile mind, a strong will, a robust courage.

And so has perished the kindly dreamer, on the cross or in the garret.

A democracy should not let its dreamers perish. They are its life, its guarantee against decay.

Thus would I expand the sympathies of youth.

Thus would I liberate and discipline all the constructive faculties of the mind, and encourage true insight, true expression, real individuality.

Thus would I concentrate the powers of will.

Thus would I shape character.

Thus would I make good citizens.

And thus would I lay the foundations for a generation of real architects—real because true men and dreamers in action.

THE INDIAN'S APPEAL

You have taken our rivers and fountains
  And plains where we loved to roam,
Banish us not to the mountains
  And lonely waste for home!
No! Let us dwell among you:
  Cheer us with hope again;
For the life of our fathers has vanished,
  And we long by your side to be men.

Our clans that were strongest and bravest
  Are broken and powerless through you;
Let us join the great tribe of the white men
  As brothers to dare and to do!
We will fight to the death in your armies;
  As scouts we will distance the deer;
Trust us and witness how loyal
  Are the ranks that are strangers to fear.

And the still ways of peace we would follow
  Sow the seeds and the sheaves gather in;
Share your labor, your learning, your worship,
  A life larger, better to win.
Then, foemen no longer, nor aliens
  But brothers indeed, we will be,
And the sun finds no citizen truer
  As he rolls to the uttermost sea.

MANITOBA HOMESTEAD

MANITOBA

THE GRANARY OF THE EMPIRE

SHOWING HOW THE GREAT PRAIRIE PROVINCE BIDS FOR THE MASTERSHIP OF WHEAT—THE PLENTY WITHIN HER BORDERS—THE BONE AND SINEW THAT ARE NEEDED—AND AN EARNEST OF THE FUTURE.

By MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

MANITOBA is the most "level-headed" province in Canada. On her flat prairie lands the best wheat in the world is grown. Not only does the Prairie Province lead in quality, but she has a big idea that one day she will lead in quantity, for already she plays no small part in the feeding of the world. *The American Miller* lays before the American economists the unpleasant fact that the American wheat-grower no longer is the controlling factor in Mark Lane. This is the more notable when it is considered that owing to the car famine a large portion of our grain was held back. Before long the Northwest will be able to place annually 100,000,000 bushels of wheat on European markets.

The patient man who makes statistics tells us that the total yield last year amounted to 50,502,085 bushels, the value of which was $25,251,042.50. There has been absolutely no expenditure for artificial manure, and the outlay for wages

has been very small. In the last ten years the crop has been increased by 27,310,486 bushels.

In Manitoba there are 35,000 farmers, and their total receipts in 1901 from cereals, cattle, hogs, roots, and dairy produce amounted to $39,368,051.77, that is an average of $1,121.95 per farmer. It is also an average of $13.00 per acre, for the cultivated area totals nearly 3,000,000 acres.

From the following figures may be seen the total produce, with their average yields and computed values:

	Total Yield.	Average Yield, Bushels.	Total Value.
Wheat	50,502,085	25.1	$25,251,042.50
Oats	27,760,588	40.3	7,505,078.70
Barley	6,536,155	34.2	319,704.00
Flax	266,420	12.7	310,704.00
Rye	62,261	23.	24,904.40
Peas	10,349	18.6	88,348.32
Cheese	1,039,392		88,348.32
Butter	5,208,740		837,964,69
Potatoes	4,707,433	196.	1,100,358.25
Roots	2,925,362	286.	88,348.32
Cattle	44,500		1,052.00
Hogs	25.000		250,000.00
Poultry and Eggs			250,000.00

The prices upon which these computations were made are as follows:

Wheat, per bushel	$ .50
Oats, " "	.27
Barley, " "	.35
Flax, " "	1.20
Rye, " "	.40
Peas, " "	.60
Potatoes, "	.25
Roots, " "	.10
Butter, creamery, per lb.	.14.04 cts.
" dairy, "	.17.80 "
Cheese, per lb.	.08.5 "
Live stock, cattle per head	40.00
Yearlings	14.00
Stockers, per head	14.00
Hogs, "	10.00
Poultry, "	.25
Eggs, per dozen	.15

From these figures it will be seen that

Wheat is King

The climate and soil are perhaps better adapted for the production of this great staple than in any other part of the world. The soil is an alluvial deposit of clayey mould resting on a deep subsoil. The light rainfall prevents its getting sour, and the severe frost pulverizes the soil deeply and penetrates to the subsoil. The latter is kept moist through all the heat of summer by the slow process of thawing out, and as the moisture rises to the surface it nourishes the grain and stimulates its wonderful growth. Thirty successive crops have been taken off this ground without producing any apparent exhaustion of it.

The wheat from the black muck-like soil of the Red River Valley is used to "tone up" flour manufactured from other wheat. No. 1 Manitoba wheat is celebrated for its heavy weight, full flint-like kernel, and exceptional milling qualities. *The Nor' West Farmer* publishes an interesting thesis on the superior value of the Manitoba flour in yield of bread as compared with the Wild Goose and Michigan Amber varieties. Bread made from Manitoba flour had a good color, and made a large loaf very fine in texture. That from the Wild Goose flour made almost equally as large a loaf, but a little more open in texture and very dark. The bread from the Michigan Amber, a fall variety of wheat which was a little dark in color, did not rise as well, and dried out more quickly than the others.

This is owing to Manitoba flour having more gliadin than the others.

This gliadin has been called plant gelatine, and when separated it is very much like animal glue. It is this substance that gives the sticky, adhesive property to the dough from wheat flour, and it is because of lack of this constituent that corn will not make good bread.

It has been found that the yield of bread from the three mentioned varieties of wheat are as follows:

Name of wheat from which flour was made	Gluten Wet	Gluten Dry	Lbs. of bread made from 100 lbs. of flour
Man. straight flour	30.17	10.86	154.9
Wild Goose " "	26.53	10.00	151.0
Mich. Amber " "	18-95	6.48	148.5

Oats produce enormously, and oatmeal millers greatly favor it. Last year 89,951 acres of this cereal were cropped.

Barley ripens fifteen days earlier than wheat, and resists the fall frosts better. In 1901, in Manitoba, 191,009 bushels were grown, and brewers pay a higher price for it than any other.

Mixed farming is becoming more popular, for the farmer is learning that it is

Ninety-six species of wild grasses grow on the prairies, and are exceedingly nutritious.

At Brandon cultivated timothy and rye yield from two to three tons to the acre.

Large crops of corn have been grown, but as the early frosts do not allow them to mature, they are used for fodder or converted into ensilage and fed to milch cows.

RANGE CATTLE, MANITOBA

not wise to put all his eggs in one basket, but as yet flax, rye, and peas have received but scant attention—only sufficient to show that they can be grown with magnificent results. Peas are bound to be raised extensively for fattening hogs. Nine varieties have been grown at Brandon on the Experimental Farm, and give an average yield of forty bushels to the acre. There are no grubs or bugs to hinder their perfect cultivation.

The Root Crop

The showing of the root crop is eminently satisfactory, 286 bushels being the average yield per acre. Mangels grow to an enormous size, thirty-five tons having been raised on one acre.

Nor do the humble potatoes lag behind in the race. *The Farmers' Advocate* gives the name of a man who, from three pounds of seed, planted in five hills, had a yield of 114 pounds. Some fine large

A WESTERN WHEAT FIELD

cookers, weighing five pounds each, were raised at Springfield. From a three-pound sample of Early Rose obtained in Ottawa, J. S. Telfer of Portage la Prairie got 215 pounds.

Fruits

If properly pruned, manured, and cultivated, small fruits will thrive in Manitoba as elsewhere, and usually bear fruit of wonderful size. The culture of currants, gooseberries, raspberries, and strawberries, has long since passed the experimental stage. These fruits also grow wild in immense quantities, and are of good size. The saskatoon, or blueberry is perhaps the most popular of the small fruits, being easily obtained, and requiring but little sugar for sweetening. Cranberries grow in great abundance.

In the Prairie Province apples are the "forbidden fruit," even as in Eden, and it is a sore point with Manitobans. Pomona has not emptied out her cornucopia on the land. Poor Manitoba!

Emerson has called the apple "the social fruit of America." How can the settlers become really acquainted without the apple and convivial cider? How can the true apple-eater, the farm-boy, thrive? Burroughs says of him, "His own juicy flesh craves the juicy flesh of the apple. Sap draws sap." No boy (or girl, for that matter) can claim to be properly reared who has not known the delightful terror of fleeing a neighbor's orchard with a hatful of bonny-cheeked pippins.

It is only the hopelessly old who can calmly contemplate a farm without the distracting odor of harvest apples that are just mellowing to the fall. But hope dies hard in the breast of a would-be orchardist, and at present nurserymen are experimenting on a hardy growth of apples that will be suited to the climate of Manitoba. They hope to produce a variety similar to the rock-like Tasmanian which the Australians export to England. Hardy apples, such as the Terofsky, have been crossed with Siberian crabs with some measure of success.

Lovely complexioned crab-apples grow abundantly, but are rather puckery to the taste.

The greatest difficulty the fruit-grower experiences is the necessity of having a wind-break. The high winds shake the fruit off and break the limbs, so that it is usual to plant apple trees between two hedges of maples. This being the case, Manitobans can only hope to grow sufficient of this crop for their own use.

Timber Lands

Outsiders are surprised when they learn that there are one and a-half million acres of timber lands in Manitoba. The title of "The Prairie Province" is in this respect misleading. The reserves are under the control and protection of the Dominion Government, who place forest rangers and fire guardians in charge, thus reducing the danger of destruction to a minimum. There are thirty-one lumber mills in the province, and their annual output is about 30,000,000 feet of lumber. The lumber ranges in price from $12.00 to $17.50 per thousand feet, board measure, at the mill. The Riding Mountain reserve, which is the largest, embraces an area of 1,000,000 acres. Tamarac, spruce, Jack-pine, and poplar, are indigenous. United States oak and maple also flourish.

Farmers who have no trees on their land are growing the Russian poplar, which is propagated from cuttings. It serves as a wind and snow break, and gives the farm a home-like appearance. The ash, basswood, and birch, will also grow in the open plains.

Homesteaders who have no timber of their own are entitled to a permit free of charge to cut the following quantities: 2,000 fence rails, 500 fence poles, 400 roof poles, and 3,000 lineal feet of building logs. They are also allowed to cut timber for their own use on the farms for

A CORRAL OF HORSES

fuel. The approximate value of cordwood at Winnipeg in car lots is as follows:

United States	Maple,	$5.00 to	$5.50
"	" Oak	4.25 to	4.75
Canadian	tamarac	3.50 to	4.00
"	Jack-pine	3.50 to	4.00
"	spruce	3.00 to	3.50
"	poplar	2.50 to	2.75

Manitobans import 50 per cent. of their horses from Ontario, and the demand is for heavy Clydesdales. There is a duty of twenty per cent. on American horses, but this does not prevent mustangs being shipped across the line in great numbers. The people of this Province have not paid much attention to the breeding of saddle or cavalry horses, but, nevertheless, Lieut.-Colonel Dent bought up four carloads of remounts for the British Army in South Africa during the last twelve months.

Cattle

On 160 acres, ten head of cattle can be raised without in any way burdening the farmer, but at the present time the average to this area equals fifteen. That the stock raised is of desirable quality is amply demonstrated by the red ribbons awarded the cattle from the Prairie Province when exhibited in Eastern Canada. For the year 1900, the reports of the Department of Agriculture show that 44,000 cattle were exported. In rough figures, that would be about five per cent. of the cattle raised in Manitoba. The rest supplied with food the "five meal meat-fed" men who live on these wide plains.

The prairie grasses are so nutritious and of such luxuriant growth that the problem of feeding is not nearly so costly as in Ontario, and opens illimitable pos-

sibilties for those who are willing to take advantage of them. The prices do not fluctuate much. Stall-fed steers bring five cents for home consumption, and the average price for shipped cattle is from 3 1-2 to 4 1-2 cents.

The hog "census" for 1901 shows that 94,648 porkers were reared, demonstrating that they are no inconsiderable portion of the live stock. Yet the packers in Winnipeg state that they cannot get a sufficient supply for the home market and have to import cured bacon. According to *The Telegram*, Winnipeg, it would pay the farmers to feed pigs with wheat at sixty or even seventy-five cents a bushel, the product is such a profitable one. The average price at Winnipeg was six cents a pound on the cars. It is to Manitoba that British Columbia should naturally look for hams and bacon, so that the farmers should be alert to seize the advantage of this most promising market.

Dairy Produce

Last year was the banner year for dairying in the province, the products of creameries and dairies, totalling up nearly a million dollars. It is estimated that the average butter bill for a family is twice as much as the flour bill, so that the importance of this industry cannot be overestimated. There are 29 creameries in Manitoba and 34 cheese factories. The Provincial Government have a dairy school at Winnipeg where varied and exhaustive instructions are given in home and factory work. Examinations are held and diplomas granted. The entire expense is borne by the Government. That their efforts are being ably seconded by the farmers is shown by the marked improvement in the quality of butter and cheese.

Shipping Facilities

The question of placing all this enormous produce on the market is one that is severely taxing the railroads of the province. Its capital and distributing depot, Winnipeg, is the half-way house of the continent, and is a railway centre radiating in all directions over 100,000 square miles of territory. In the last ten years, 1,111 miles of road have been laid

REAPING WHEAT ON THE PRAIRIE

CATTLE RANCHING ON BOW RIVER

in the province. In the Red River Valley, there are virtually five lines of railway running east and west, besides numerous lines binding them together from the north and south. No other agricultural district in the world is so well supplied. Notwithstanding all this, great inconvenience and annoyance was caused in 1901 by the inability of the railways to handle the grain. It was expected that the Great Northern road to Port Arthur would have been completed sooner, and thus the grain surplus carried out of the country, but scarcity of labor prevented its extension as fast as could be desired.

It is necessary that the farmers should market their crop at the earliest possible moment, for at the close of harvest their exchequer is naturally at rock bottom. About November 30th navigation closes on the Great Lakes, so that any grain left in the country after that date must be held over till Spring. At the close of the navigation season of 1901, out of a total yield of 50,502,085 bushels, 23,932,000 bushels had been shipped, thus leaving over half the yield in the country, 1,000,000 bushels of which were taken by the milling companies. It shows that the people of the province had a grievance that was very real.

The Canadian Northern reports having carried 8,000,000 bushels of wheat over their Emerson branch, and the Canadian Pacific had 6,200 cars engaged in the service, each car with a capacity of 850 bushels. The Canadian Northern are at present considering the construction of a further extension of 600 miles of road in different localities, thus giving the farmers a railway service that will fully meet their needs.

Elevators

There are very few barns in Manitoba. The farmer hauls his grain to the nearest elevator and sells it at the prevailing market price. In the elevator the grain is weighed, graded, and placed in bins ready for shipment. Or if the farmer wishes to leave the grain in storage for the prospect of a rise in the Spring, he may do so by payment of the regular fees. There are 500 elevators and warehouses in the Province of Manitoba, and their total capacity is 21,298,000 bushels. More elevators are in course of erection for this season's crop.

The Banks

With the unrivalled banking facilities of Manitoba, the farmers and merchants have been enabled to dispose of their produce to advantage, the crop having been put on the world's markets on an even footing with all competitors. The combined capital of the twelve chartered banks in Manitoba amounts to $47,800,000. There are also 28 loan and trust companies, 18 private banks, besides numerous Guarantee, Accident, and Life Insurance Companies. The approximate estimate of the capital controlled by all these institutions has been reckoned at $100,000,000. It might be argued that insurance companies should not be classified with banks and loan societies, but, nevertheless, they are important factors in the financial development of the country on account of the loans which they make on real estate.

The returns from the banking business shows that Winnipeg now stands third in the Dominion in the volume of banking transactions, being exceeded only by Toronto and Montreal. In 1893 a Clearing House Association was formed in Winnipeg, and the returns for 1901 show that the business amounted to $134,199,483. This is an increase of $83,658,835 since 1894.

Area, Population, and Prospects

The entire area of Manitoba is 47,332,840 acres, but only 2,952,002 are under crop.

The Dominion Census of 1901 showed an enumeration of 254,945 people in the

STEAM THRASHING

province. There are 1,106 schools, and the farm buildings are estimated as being worth $16,857,299.

The manufacture of cement, furniture, stationery, bricks, paint, carriages, leather, clothing, tobacco, food products, tents, and mattresses, are carried on, and offer safe and remunerative investments for men of push and capital.

Although in the last year property in Winnipeg has almost doubled in price, the people will not allow you to call it a "boom," for the increase, they declare, is soundly progressive, and the values are not fictitious. Few cities in the world to-day afford better opportunities for the investment of money. It seems almost an affront to commend Winnipeg and metaphorically pat its back, as many people do, for having made so much of its time. The city has long since passed the stage when it requires such patronage. Its unique position as a railway centre at the head of numerous navigable waterways, makes it a commercial centre of highest importance.

Immigrants are pouring into Manitoba this season in thousands. Each stranger within the gates represents the addition of wealth to the country. He represents the cultivation of some land and an increased value to more, additional taxes, imports and exports, and national strength.

And this Province at the portals of the setting sun bids all peoples welcome. She cries to the world, "Ho, every one that wants a farm come and take it, without money and without price!" Emerson called North America "the last opportunity of Providence for the human race," and Manitoba is one of the best gems in her bosom. Here is a home for the redundant Anglo-Saxon race. Here is a land that has lain idle ever since the world has known it, but is a land of boundless possibilities. It is "God's out-of-doors." The air is like wine, and thrills men with the deep delight of animal well-being, so that *Manitoban* is synonymous with *vitality*. The skies are so clear and sunny that you can look right into heaven through them.

We are not wide of the mark when we say that millions will turn their feet this way, and the wide-lying, shadowless

plains, hitherto a "waste heritage," will blossom with corn. It is a big country, but there is no room for idlers. Men are needed who have competency to deal successfully with the practical work of life. Pioneering is not always picnicking. There is a rough, hard work to be done before homes of comfort and affluence are built. The English emigrant will find the summers short, the winters cold, and labor scarce, but there will be no rent days, no burdensome taxes, no tithes, no sparrows, no costly manures, few insect pests, and no antiquated landlord's restrictions. There is not the tedious and exhausting labor of years that confronted the settlers in the older provinces —no chopping, rolling, burning, grubbing, stumping, nor levelling. Yet it is a life calculated to produce hardy, independent, self-reliant men—men who will live long in the land, and whose children will be cast in manly mould. The cap of Fortunatus can grant nothing better.

In older countries men are much alike. They are built on too stilted a pattern. The rubbing and polishing of generations cuts down the grain and wears out the fibre. The result is a finished article, with not much left except the finish. Men of the West are of ampler cast. They have energy and health to throw away in an abounding surplus of vitality. A new country develops self-poised characters. The creed of the pioneer is one of endurance. His shibboleth is to dare. His etiquette is not to murmur. Such principles are not for weaklings.

THE WOLF

The wolf came sniffing at my door,
But the wolf had prowled on my track before,
And his sniff, sniff, sniff at my lodge-door sill
Only made me laugh at his devilish will.

I stirred my fire and read my book,
And joyed my soul at my ingle nook,
His sniff and his snarl were always there,
But my heart was not the heart of a hare.

I cursed the beast and drove him away,
But he came with the fall of night each day,
And his sniff, sniff, sniff the whole night through
I could hear between the winds that blew.

And the time came when I laughed no more,
But glanced with fear at my frail lodge door,
For I knew that the wolf at bay
Sooner or later would have his way.

The Fates were there, and I was one,
About my life a net was spun ;
My soul grew faint in the deadly snare,
And the shrewd wolf knew my heart's despair.

A crash and my door flew open wide,
My strength was not as the beast's at my side,
That night on my hearthstone cold and bare
He licked his paw and made his lair.

A STUDY OF AN AMERICAN INVASION FROM A CANADIAN STANDPOINT

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

SOME years ago a Canadian Pacific Railway sub-contractor brought the last of his men down from Algoma to the North Shore of Lake Superior, and as he embarked them by the little doll-house Mission and Hudson Bay Company station at Magpie Falls, he waved that country a grim adieu. "Good-bye, Michipicoten," he said, "you've had company for four years now, —but you'll never have any more of it!"

Those men had built their railroad along the "height of land," perhaps the only really barren and hopeless stretch of the great New Ontario country. Above that "height of land," in the broad and sheltered valleys of the Moose and Missanabie, and Abittibi, lay the now famous "clay belt," a region as large as Ireland, and promising to be no less fertile; but they did not know that. Their waggon trail had crossed one of the great iron ridges of the world. They had caught trout in a lake which is a gigantic hematite caldron, with sides a thousand feet thick; but they had been in no wise aware of it. Two hours up the trail from where they had embarked was the gold and silver of Wawa, all unguessed by them. They had camped at the foot of the rainbow, and had no more seen the glittering pot-full at their feet

THE SITE OF THE PRESENT CLERGUE INDUSTRIES IN 1895

than they had beheld the shimmering and iridescent arch of promise high above their pessimistic heads.

At this same time Sault Ste. Marie, on the Canadian side, held some 2,500 inhabitants, and they were a population

A VIEW TAKEN FROM THE SAME SPOT SIX YEARS LATER

hopelessly discouraged. For their discouragement was in proportion to the belief they had had in their town, the ambitions they had cherished for it, and the completeness of their disappointment. They knew that Sault Ste. Marie was the "throat of Lake Superior," and that in the St. Mary's Rapids was "power" enough to digest all the raw material that throat could swallow. Yet no one else appeared to see it. The Canadian Pacific came to their door, and two other railways from the South. But the capitalist and the manufacturer passed together without knocking. The "Soo" might be sitting "at the receipt of custom," but it could collect nothing. In their desperation its citizens went to work and dug a 5,000 H. P. canal themselves. But the enterprise only brought them a quarter of a million dollars nearer bankruptcy. And as they sat waiting there for the final worst that could come to them, the Michipicoten country, now altogether deserted, was fast falling back into primal wilderness. The bear and deer returned to it in numbers unknown for a century.

It was then that there entered the "American invader," in the person of Mr. Francis H. Clergue; and he led his particular "company" of the invading army in his corps of prospectors and master mechanics, geologists, and metallurgists, and mining experts—the sappers and pioneers of the division, as it were. And they proceeded to possess the land. From Sault Ste. Marie to beyond Michipicoten they possessed it, and as far north as James Bay—as far, indeed, as there seemed anything to possess. They took the spruce woods, they took the mineral-bearing rock, the water-power and water rights, the land itself in railway grants—everything, indeed, they could in any wise obtain. And they took it all openly and without shame—nay, with much pride in their enterprise, forsooth!

They have now been in possession for almost eight years, and by this time we should know them for what they are. We should know what kind of men they be, how they have dealt with the country, and what they intend for the future. To take a common image, these locusts have now had time to devour everything before them. We can now see what havoc, and waste, and famine they have left behind.

Well, in the first place, they bought the bankrupt "power" of Sault Ste. Marie at par. Then, when *they,* too, found that no manufacturers were going to come to them to use it, they shut their teeth and resolved to be their own manufacturers. To turn to use the vast spruce forests which their exploring parties had discovered, they built a great pulp mill, and doubled the working population of the "Soo." A trust of their own vigorous countrymen sought to crush them in the beginning by marking down the price of Canadian pulp. But Mr. Clergue invented the "dry pulp" process, and made opposition fairly call for quarter. Then his chemists took the sulphurous acid gas that had been going to waste and blighting the landscape at Sudbury, and setting it to work in a great "chemical pulp" mill, gave employment to another five hundred men. An alkali works followed fast after it, and a reduction works, and a ferro-nickel plant, each started with a view to conserve by-products which had hitherto been overlooked or neglected, and all alike huge of design and clamorous for more hundreds of workers. To get their raw material to the mills railways became necessary. Three are already under construction, and the main line counts in another two years on giving commerce easy access to the inexhaustible and wonderfully-varied fisheries of Hudson's Bay.

They had already turned out a perfect grade of nickel-steel, and the Krupp's had contracted for all they could manufacture in the next five years. What other metals might be lying within their reach? They went into the bush, Mr.

MICHIPICOTEN HARBOR

On the right is seen the ore dock from which is shipped the iron ore of the Helen Mine; in the centre is the Commercial Dock; on the Island in the foreground is built Mr. Clergue's picturesque Michipicoten home "The Wigwam" — across the bay, in the centre of the picture, is seen the mouth of Michipicoten River, the site of one of the oldest Hudson Bay Company's posts.

Clergue himself, his lieutenants, and prospectors, and packers. They tramped the wilderness of southern Algoma for months, and they discovered a series of iron hills that stretched north like the weather-browned vertebræ of some vast, prehistoric monster! They found gold and silver, too; and always more huge forests of spruce for the pulp-mills; of pine for the saws; of bird-eye maple, and curly birch, and half a dozen other fine furniture woods—enough to turn the "Soo" into another Grand Rapids, which indeed is said to be one of the "Clergue Company's" designs for the not distant future!

But in the meantime there were being erected great steel works and blast furnaces. And ore boats—fetched from over the Atlantic because Mr. Rockefeller had most frostily said there were none to be had on the Great Lakes—were bringing down the rich, red hematite at the rate of ten and fifteen thousand tons a week. Six months ago the first Canadian steel rails went through the rollers at Moore's Point; and saving Sundays, since then those rollers have never stopped by night or day. Yet already the Company is being sued for being unable to fill its contracts fast enough. In three years more the capacity of the works will be quadrupled, they will be employing four thousand men, and will be in a position to turn out everything in sheet steel, in tubular and structural, from gas pipe to armor-plate. Nor is even the fuel for the blast furnaces to be brought from across the border. Coal and coke will be replaced almost altogether by charcoal. And, while the great ovens which are to "burn" it will use three hundred cords of hardwood daily, they will almost pay for themselves from the by-products—the gas and tar, wood alcohol, and acetate of lime.

New docks have been built and new steamship lines established. A 300-ton nickel smelter and a 500-foot dry dock are ahead. A new "power" canal, of double the capacity of the first, is under way, and on the Michigan side the water has just been let into one of 50,000 horse power. Big hotels have been erected at Michipicoten Harbor and Sault Ste. Marie. Two great lumber mills are working over time, and much of their sawing is for half a dozen different model settlements and boarding-houses for the Company's employees.

No man's wealth is being taken from him. No Canadian is being crowded out. But thousands of Canadians are being given employment, and the other thousands who have come in to work beside them are the most valuable kind of producers a country could obtain. For seven years every spring has seen the inauguration of a new industry, and an addition to the population of Sault Ste. Marie almost equal to what it was when the "invading" company first turned its galvanizing current into it. And greater than this even has been the growth of the outlying Algoma country. The Company is bound by contract to bring in one thousand settlers a year. And if, in that same contract, it is granted 7,400 acres per mile for its railroads, to make those railroads pay it interest, it must bring in very many thousands of homestead workers more.

Of the millions of money being yearly brought over from opulent Philadelphia and invested in New Ontario, only a small fraction of what those millions earn can ever be taken out of Canada again. Two millions are being paid out annually in wages alone. And practically everything that the Company can buy in the Dominion it is buying here. Not only good-will and convenience, but hard-and-fast tariff considerations compel this. And the demand is ever creating the supply. Nor are the "consolidated" industries of a kind which it would ever have paid to inaugurate if a few years might end them again. They are as inherent to the Algoma country as the stone which has housed them,

and housed them with such architectural beauty. They are the primal industries of wood, and iron, and rock, of their own nature hardly less eternal than the waterfall which turns their turbine wheels. Even of the spruce forests it has been estimated that the seven pulp companies now incorporated could not exhaust them in a thousand years, and the tree renews

Where our native lumberman took but the pine, they have taken the spruce, and maple, and birch, and poplar. Where the local prospectors kept their drills only for gold, these "outlanders" have uncovered the iron; and iron means to a country even more than gold means to the individual. The nickel "reducers" of Sudbury were pouring out the sulphur-

THE HELEN IRON MINE—A MOUNTAIN OF HEMATIC IRON ORE

itself in thirty! In England the mines which furnished the Phœnicians with their tin, have been worked continuously since, and with no decreasing profit.

But we seem to have travelled an illogically long way from the "devouring locust" idea. And, if our eyes are good, this American variety seems to devour only what Canadians have rejected!

ous acid gas through their "exhausts." The "invaders" took it, by the sheer genius of conquering brain-work perfected a process which turned it to half a dozen uses, and made it value in the end almost like the other yellow element itself. These "locusts" are eating away the wilderness, but they are also clearing the fertile land beneath it by the thousand

acres. They are devouring the rugged Huronian hills, that roads and railways may run the smoother. What has been taken none of us wanted. What has made them richest we Canadians ignored. Thousands of dollars a month are being paid us, through the Government, for pulp wood which we did not know that we possessed!

And, let us confess it frankly, my brothers, does not all this give us pause for shamefaced contemplation? We are quite willing to admit that the industrial conservatism of present-day Englishmen is very much like national dry-rot, that their calm self-satisfaction is only less stupidly unfounded than that of the Chinese, that they are hopelessly behind the times because, indeed, they have not the use of electricity and harvesting machinery as we Canadians have them. What of ourselves now? In the light of what our Sault Ste. Marie was ten years ago, and what it is now that these "base mechanicals" to the south of us have laid their desecrating hands upon it—are we just the phœnixes we thought we were? Is it possible that we have been "talking mandarin" to ourselves? When those great pulp mills opened their doors, the people of the "Soo" took it for granted that they would be called upon to take the foremanships and superintendencies—until they realized that they could not even furnish the master mechanics that were needed. Nor could all Canada. The country had no more training for the work than its boiler-shops had the capacity to roll the plates for the huge "pulp digestors" which the Company was calling for. It is humiliating enough to avow it, but we have much to learn.

And these same great invading companies, no matter how solely they are working for their own interests, are doing much to teach us. For years now the amalgamated enterprises in Algoma have been so many big schools of engineering and mining, of technology and practical economics, nay, even of architecture and agriculture. And hundreds of young Canadians are now taking the most profitable of courses in them. Not only that, but, under this great industrial impetus, throughout all Canada the same courses, —the natural and altogether necessary college courses in a great, new, undeveloped country—are rapidly becoming the most popular in our universities. At Toronto and McGill they have recently been re-endowed. At Kingston, where they were altogether lacking, they have been established. And the Company is still calling unceasingly upon these colleges for more young chemists, and engineers, and geologists, and metallurgists. It has done as much for the neglected branches of education as it has for the neglected industries.

It is teaching by example, too. Its success has done more to pry loose that dead conservatism of Canadian capital—clinging blind and sponge-like for a half century to the unmoved, stagnant ocean-floor, than could ever have been done by unnumbered financial earthquakes and tidal waves. Already six well-capitalized local pulp companies design to rival the great mills at the "Soo." By the St. Mary's Rapids, Toronto and Montreal money is now as plentiful as Toronto and Montreal men. Throughout New Ontario scores of parties of Canadian prospectors are now a-roam, and they reckon being mine-owners before many more years shall roll. And probably enough they will be. As one of the "Consolidated's" metallurgists in the Wawa gold district put it: "It has paid us to spend six months finding out just what was on one forty-acre lot, and up above the "height of land" there are stretches, absolutely unexplored as yet, that it would take you three days to travel over!" It is not a pleasant country, most of it, for the first who enter its woody gates, but its further exploration should be very well worth while.

And this "invading" American Company is giving lessons in a dozen other

ways, too. It is the Government's business to build more docks—but the Government does not. The Company builds them, but they are its own docks, and the Government itself must pay to use them. Sault Ste. Marie should equip itself with a trolley service. It does not. The Company does the work, and it is going to make money out of it, too. The local contractor will not build the kind of houses the Company's men demand, and he will not build enough of any kind. The Company decides that circumstances compel it to do that building itself,—and the local contractor is left painfully agape. So learns the private citizen, the municipality, the Government itself.

MR. CLERGUE'S DOG AND BEAR AT THE BLOCKHOUSE DOOR

However, if the Company "teaches," that is but accidental and aside. From its own standpoint its one thought is to learn. Its hunger for new ideas, those tools of opportunity, is insatiable. It has a faith in modern science and a reliance upon the resources of latter-day invention, which amount almost to a religion. It has the latest and best machinery that Europe and America can make for it, but it is in no wise content with it. Almost every week it is adopting some new use for steam, and electricity, and water-power. Its dozen great enterprises have been made to feed each other mutually. The alkali works supply the sulphite of lime and chlorine for the "chemical pulp" mills. The steel works and foundry are rolling the rails and building the ore-cars for the railways; and those railways are bringing down the ore for that foundry and steel works. The men who are cutting the spruce for the pulp mills and felling the hardwood for the charcoal ovens, are also clearing the land for the Company's settlers. No useful energy, no by-products of any possible value, are allowed to escape. Everything is conserved and turned to use as in the large economy of Nature herself. But of that great, complex, working frame and digesting body at Sault Ste. Marie, the laboratory and the designing-room of the machine-shop may very well be called its two brain-lobes. And the ideas they have contributed have been no less essential, and have valued no less than the billion tons of raw material contributed by the million acres of Algoma. In all this there is instruction of a kind not obtainable in any university. Blessed is that country into which has been turned the flashing, never-resting, pharos-light of new ideas!

And with *new* ideas, the Company at Sault Ste. Marie has brought in the *large* idea. The Mogul engines its Algoma Central demanded were too heavy to run over Canadian railroad bridges. The

concrete-mixers for the foundations of its steel works had to be made on the ground. It took hold of a country greater in area than the whole Eastern States, and went to work upon it like a good house-holder going to work to clean up and "dig under" his quarter-acre of back garden. When it could not get freight-carriers on the Lakes, it serenely brought them from the Newcastle-Spanish ore trade; and when the close of navigation came, it as calmly sent them back to earn winter wages on the ocean. Mr. Clergue, with that magnificent disregard of nationality, when it is a question of intellect, which stamps him as your true "citizen of the world," has brought his lieutenants from Sweden and Germany, from Holland and England, from French Canada and the Western States. And the Company sends its pulp and ore and chemicals to Japan, Australia, to Spain and Russia, over all the Seven Seas, indeed. And why not? Sault Ste. Marie is no less the centre of the world than London or Paris or New York. But it seems mightily astonished at finding itself so; and its eyes are ever opening, bedazzled to new vistas hitherto undreamed of. Continually, too, fulfilment is following promise. The great industrial corporations are your true prophets. They foresee the future,—because they are creating it.

And with what pride are they creating! Listen to Mr. Clergue himself as he points out what nobility of architecture they have been able to put into their dozen big sandstone piles at Sault Ste. Marie; or what sanitary perfection and homelike comfort and roominess you will find in those hundreds of electric-lit cottages which make up "Steelton." He is laying out wide streets and saving the big, old trees. He is putting in the most modern of water and sewage systems. He is making a dozen improvements almost before his men have realized they want them. And he is building his own house where his study windows can overlook it all. But you need not confine yourself to Mr. Clergue—that Moses who smote the rock for the thousands who were behind him. Listen to any of his lieutenants. Over at the steel works is a superintendent whose love for his great rollers and converters is only second to his feeling for his men; and to them he is like an elder brother. In this last year he was twice almost killed because he insisted upon taking risks he might have asked a hundred under him to take. Those men who have made the "Algoma Central" take you up a line along which the big ore-cars glide like rubber-tired sulkies over asphalt, and that line is their joy in life. But with what pride, too, do they show you the little settlements which are already springing up along their road! And how keen is their anger against that camp-fire carelessness which has so wantonly burned black great tracts of countryside. Up at the mines they beamingly point out to you the homes which have this year been established; it is almost comical, like a hen swelling forth with her chickens. "We have ten families now," they tell you, "and we will have as many more as soon as we can build the houses for them!" This is not the voice of the "locust," the land-flayer, the grafter; for the single men in the great common boarding-houses *pay* much better. No, it is the expression of that big pride which deep-hearted men feel when they are doing all that in them lies to make a country.

And this is the "American Invasion," —this, and naught other! Is it a good thing, think you, or a bad? Is there something very suspicious about it? something balefully sinister? Does its ragged "shoe-packs" look as if they held the covert bowie-knife? Doth its capacious hip-pocket bulge with anything more deadly than the prospector's hammer? Is it going to rise up some night of doom and slay us all? Or is it doing what only a great developing-Company and many men and much money *can* do,

to turn a wilderness into a land good to live in, to open wide roads through it, to found new industries, new markets, new towns and territories?

And this same thing is taking place not only at Sault Ste. Marie and in Algoma, but everywhere along the border. You can see it in the coal-and-iron section of Cape Breton, in Quebec both north and south of the St. Lawrence, in the lumber districts above the Nipissing, at the Sudbury nickel mines, along the Rainy River, in the great wheat and ranching country of the Northwest, and most of all in British Columbia. The tide which for half a century has been flowing southward, has now set back again. A million men went out poor, looking for a chance to earn a livelihood. A million are now coming back seeking to spend it. A million went out with the narrow ideas of their own straitened furrows. As many are coming back who have gained that stature and breadth of view which can only be given by a huge country. They are not the same men, say you?—Well, then, why not confess it openly?—They are as good a breed. They have the same language, the same education, the same principles of religion; they have the same theories of government, whether it is a matter of doing the roadwork of the village community or building transcontinental railways; the same conceptions of the duty of a man towards his neighbor, and of the state towards other states.

And this great industrial invasion must henceforth make very powerfully for peace. Among the large and goodly tribe of Anglo-Saxons, this "Dominion," once the fretful chafing-place, is now the point where the severed people are beginning most strongly to re-knit. And the big companies which now in scores so yoke and bridge the boundary are like so many great international "war-insurance" companies. If it is a true saying that in these modern days capital can make or veto a declaration of war, it will be long years before such a declaration ever again hatefully divides America. And much more than all this, too, there is now a great body of American and Canadian miners, and mechanics, and farmers, and ranchmen who have come to a mutual understanding and a complete respect through living and working side by side. They are a sober clan, confining themselves to the day's work and the general happiness of the community. And the jingoes who seek to remind them that their great-grandfathers cut each others throats in 1812—(where both sides won the battles, and thereby doubled the exceeding glory of that war)—will be listened to with most marked disfavor.

Let no one be afraid. This new thing is no bad thing. On the south side of the border there are windy-voiced politicians who call it the "march of a victorious host," and say, too, (God save the mark!)—that it was even *they* who did it! And they will listen to no pleading to keep their silly mouths shut. Among us there are those in authority who cry out that we are being undone, and need their leadership, and wave the bloody shirt. Would that they might learn to keep that harmless, necessary garment *on!* But the sane people, the quiet, plain, hard-working millions care nothing for the surface politics of it. Though they may never have formulated their philosophy, they know that in that great, silent, shoreless, tidal-current down which the restless life of all peoples is aflow, those who say they govern are for the most part but gnats and bugs afloat on chips and leaves; and even when they have agreed among their loudly-buzzing selves to what compass-point the current is taking its tremendous way, perchance it may even then take a many of them to stop its flowing!

Let hysterical Cassandra shriek her prophecies. We say again that those most clearly see the future who, in the present, are creating it. Our part is to do our work as best we may, to look truth trustingly in the face, and when a thing is plainly good, to say so without fear.

FARMERS ENTERING THE EXPERIMENTAL PLOTS, 1902

THE EXPERIMENTAL FARM AT GUELPH

SHOWING THAT AGRICULTURE MAY BE ONE OF "THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS"—THAT CORN IS COIN—THE CROSSING OF WHEAT—SOMETHING ABOUT COVER CROPS—THE NATURALIZATION OF FOREIGN GRAINS—A PAGE FROM NATURE'S BOOK.

By MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

WHEN farmers rise to a proper conception of the importance and dignity of their calling, they will be able to enthuse their children with a love of agricultural pursuits which may induce more of them to stay by the farm for a love of the farm. There was a time when farmers thought a bright boy was only fitted for the professions, but every year farming is becoming a broad study, which calls for more skill and sharper intellects.

Agriculture covers the process from the humus in the earth up through the plant, and reaches its zenith in the well-fed animal which the skill of the breeder has brought to perfection, and again it embraces the process of returning to the soil all the waste product which goes to keep up the fertility taken therefrom for the wants of animal life. Of all the arts of civilized man, it is transcendently the most valuable and essential. Other arts may contribute to the comfort, the convenience, or the embellishment of life, but this stands in immediate connection with our very existence.

Moreover, the study of agriculture

should be a highly honorable one. God first placed man in a garden. Bancroft, in his history of the United States, says: "No occupation is nearer heaven." In ancient times it was the business and relaxation of kings. Lidell tells us that in the early days of Rome, the work of the farmer was the only kind of manual labor deemed worthy of a free citizen. That this feeling long survived may be seen by the encomiums bestowed on agriculture by Cicero, whose enthusiasm was caught from one of his favorite heroes, old Cato the Censor. The taste for books on farming continued. Varro, the antiquarian, a friend of Cicero, has left an excellent treatise on the subject. A little later came the famous Georgics of Virgil, followed by Pliny's Notices, and then by the elaborate Dissertations of Columella, who refers to a great number of Roman writers on the same subject. It manifestly possessed a strong and enduring charm for the Roman mind; but from the times of the Hannabalic war, agriculture lost ground in Italy.

When Rome had the mastership in wheat she had the mastership of the world. Of yore, the rich man in Roman classics is said to have measured his money instead of counting it. The Canadian farmer may do the same. He may measure it by roods, for corn is coin, and coin is corn. No one can live on wool, wood, or iron. The laborer exchanges his wages for bread, and the object of the financier on Lombard Street, as he loans out his gold, is really sacks of corn. All ends in the same. Therefore, in the mind's eye, sacks of wheat are not wheat, but gold filled to the brim like those in the magic caves of the "Arabian Nights."

PARTIAL VIEW OF EXPERIMENTAL GROUNDS, 1902—FARMERS EXAMINING THE PLOTS

It is evident, then, that any institution or course of study which will cause the seed which men sow to increase and multiply, must accrue in the financial gains of a province or country. Knight, in his history of England, tells us that in 1390

A.D., the average produce per acre in England was less than six bushels. To-day it is over six times that amount. Suppose the yield of the oat crop in Ontario were increased a bushel per acre, this would be worth approximately $500,000 a year to the Province. This being the case, the value of the experiments at our Ontario School of Agriculture can hardly be over-estimated.

A visit to that Institution cannot but convince the most sceptical of its practical value. A study of agriculture is the primary object of the curriculum, and everything else is subsidiary to that idea, no other education being imparted than such as may give increased value and efficiency to agricultural study. Looking to this end, the departments of instruction are admirably planned.

The study of English is with the object of giving the students such skill and proficiency in composition and literature as will enable them to write letters or newspaper articles clearly and correctly.

The mathematics taught are confined chiefly to arithmetic and mensuration, interest and discount. the measurement of land, lumber, pits, bins, etc; questions of buying and selling, and of calculation involved in the management of a farm, such as the profit or loss in feeding animals.

The course in bookkeeping embraces single and double entry, including the use of field books and stock registers, a short course of lectures on commercial law, and an acquaintance with promissory notes, drafts, and checks.

A study of the Natural Sciences cover (1) the physics of solid, gaseous, and liquid bodies, including the physical analysis of soils, the properties of clay and sand, and the principles and effects of drainage.

2. Chemistry.—The course is intended specially as a preparation for life on the farm, for special attention is given to the analysis of water, fodder, manures, butter, milk, and cheese.

3. Geology.—Giving special attention to the geology of Canada.

4. Botany.—The study of weeds, fungi, rust and smut, and a practical knowledge of the grasses and clovers found in Ontario.

5. Zoology.—Animal life from the lowest to the highest; the study of earthworms which act as pulverizers of the soil, and parasitic worms, which prey on cultivated plants and domestic animals.

6. Entomology. — The history and characteristics of the insects which attack Canadian trees and crops, and illustrating the best known methods of preventing their ravages.

7. Bacteriology.

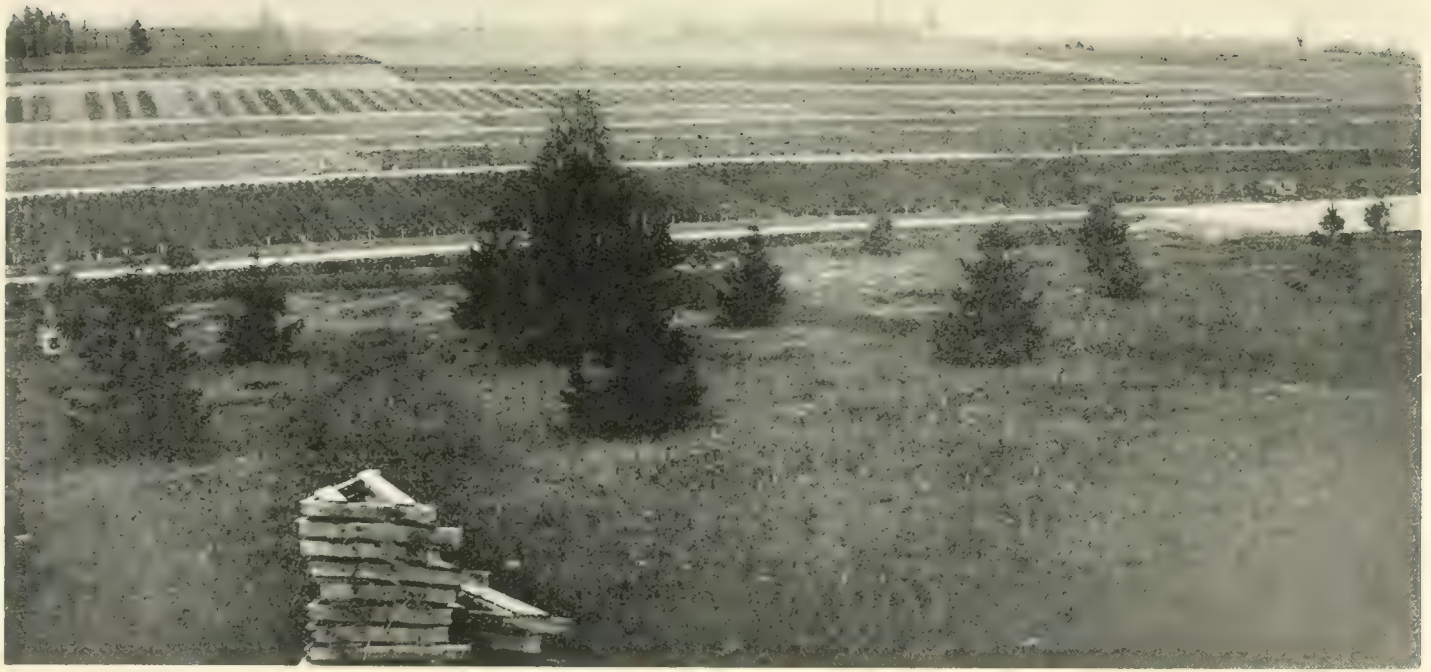
Another department is that of Agriculture, which embraces a wide range of topics, such as the plant food of the soil, draining, rotation of crops, etc.

The College flocks and herds afford exceptional advantages for the study of live-stock. Animals are regularly brought into a class-room designed for that purpose, and are critically examined by the students. The young men are shown the immense advantage of improving common stock through the simple medium of up-grading, and the information thus obtained will be more and superior to what he could glean in a lifetime in the absence of such aid.

The Poultry Department is furnished with incubators and brooders, and the course of instruction is most practical.

Apiculture, horticulture, forestry, veterinary science, and economics, are all well to the fore.

No department is better attended or more interesting than that of the dairy. The students assist in looking after the dairy herd, running cream separators, churning, testing milk, packing butter, cleaning cans and floors, and learning all phases of the work required in farm dairying. Experts are busy nine months in the year experimenting with different milk and cheese, with a view to cheapening production, improving the quality of



PARTIAL VIEW OF EXPERIMENTAL GROUNDS, ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

the products, and acquiring information for the guidance of farmers and factorymen throughout the Province. From 4,000 to 5,000 pounds of milk is daily provided in order to furnish ample material for practical work and illustration. A three weeks' course, known as the "Creamery Course," is specially intended for butter-makers who are unable to stay longer. The Pasteurization of milk and cream, and the preparation of cultures, are included therein. Every year several hundred men and women avail themselves of this instruction.

In the Bacteriological Department, we found a clever young Swiss physician experimenting on the bacterial contamination of milk. The *bacillus tuberculosis,* under the microscope, looked a most harmless little affair, but it is as hard to kill as original sin. Mallein for diagnosing glanders, and Tuberculin, which is used to test animals for tuberculosis, are manufactured in the laboratory, and are sent free to farmers, with instructions for use, on condition that the results be reported to the Bacteriologist.

There are 550 acres in connection with the farm, 50 acres of which are devoted to experimental work with grains, grasses, roots, fodder crops, etc. These 50 acres are divided into four sections. Each section is divided into ranges, and the ranges are again divided into plots, the majority of which are the 100th part of an acre in size. These plots are surveyed so as to be made accurately correct, and a bullet sent through one label stake would split those of the entire range. In all there are 2,200 plots. On these plots are grown leading varieties of grain, many of which are imported. The grains are grown five years in succession on soil of the same fertility, and treated in exactly the same manner. If at the end of that period any of these varieties do not prove successful, they are thrown away, and the good ones kept.

So far, the Ontario College has experimented with 235 varieties of potatoes, and 265 of oats, with other grain in similar proportions. The varieties that are exceptionally good are sent in one-pound packages to the farmers throughout the country who apply for them, on condition that they report carefully the results of their work. Over 3,000 farmers are carrying on experiments. The farmers take notes on the length of straw, its strength, percentage of rust and smut, yield per acre, and weight per bushel measure. This is what is known as co-operative work. It is the summary not only of the experience of the College, but of the farmers throughout Ontario. In this way a definite decision can be made on the grain, and it gives confidence to the work.

In one plot, we observed a plant with which we were unfamiliar. It was Lucerne clover. It is grown in the Western States of America, and is adapted to poor, dry land. It is rather coarse, but will give four crops in the season, and is unsurpassed as a green feed.

Spelt, we were informed, is an intermediate between wheat and barley. Its habitat is in the highlands of Switzerland and Austria, where the climate is too severe for ordinary wheat. It is used for bread in Europe, but is coarse and dark. A special machine is required to hull it. Here it is used for feed, as it is very rich in nutriment. Its yield is larger than wheat, where grown successfully.

"All among the barley" are to be found some interesting experiments. One variety is a real radical. It is hulless and beardless, which is a flouting of public opinion, that has always run in favor of "the bearded barley."

Mandscheuri, a Russian barley, is the leader for general growing. This immigrant with the big name is surely "cock of the walk," for he averages 72.5 bushels to the acre. For the benefit of the uninitiated, we might explain that there is 2-rowed barley and 6-rowed barley, and the rows refer to the beards, and not as one might suppose to the grains.

One of Toronto's leading lawyers,

while stumping York County for the late N. Clarke Wallace, vastly amused the farmers by explaining how his party had done so much for the farmers by importing a new barley which gave them four extra grains to each head, when in reality it was chaff only.

Some interesting experiments are being made in "cover crops" for fertilizers. These crops are leguminous, and take the free nitrogen from the air, and in turn give it to the wheat. The hairy vetch, common peas, and soya beans, are put into the summer fallow and ploughed down for manures. Nature keeps strict account with the farmers, and if he overdraws his account by taking too much from the soil and returning too little to it, his draft will sooner or later be dishonored, and he will find his future prosperity discounted. His great aim should be to use the soil, which is his capital, so that he will always be able to keep it up to a profitable standard of productiveness, with the end in view of ascertaining the best fertilizers. Four plots were treated as follows:

Plot A was covered with 20 tons of farmyard manure to the acre. The yield of wheat the next season was 42 bushels. B was planted with peas—yield, 39 bushels. C was left bare—yield, 33 bushels. D was sown with buckwheat—yield, 27 bushels. Where a sufficiency of manure is not available, it will thus be seen that the leguminous fertilizers make a good second.

PLOTS OF DWARF ESSEX RAPE—OVER TWENTY-SEVEN TONS PER ACRE

In several plots heads of wheat are to be seen done up in papers, indicating experiments in hybridizing. A hard wheat

FLOWER BORDER, ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

with a weak stalk and poor yield is being crossed with a soft wheat with a firm stalk and good yield. The result anticipated is a hard wheat, a firm stalk, a good yield. Acting on this principle, it would not be a bad plan after all if people who decided "to be man and wife together" should be obliged to submit their qualifications to a School of Affinities, and so prevent ill-assorted marriages and delicate, weak-minded offspring. There is no reason why a weak-lunged man should be allowed to marry a consumptive woman, or that a woman who wants to rule everything and everybody should choose as companion-piece a man of like temperament. "All the ecclesiastical glue that liturgy and layman can compound cannot solder up two such incongruous natures into the one flesh of a true, beseeming marriage." So wrote Milton, and of course he ought to know.

While turning these thoughts over in my mind, my cicerone was explaining that the weevil had played such havoc with the pea-crops of Ontario that farmers were almost in despair, and so the Agricultural Farm have been experimenting with peas that are proof against this pestiferous insect. Two such varieties have been found. One is the Egyptian pea. We saw the ripe peas bottled up in the Museum later. Egypt's once proud boast that she could feed all men and feast all gods, almost holds as true to-day as when first uttered, for from the larder of her "waste heritage" comes these precious seeds to replenish the cupboard of young Canada. The peas look like nasturtium seeds, and the pods are exactly like small, silky cocoons. They never produce more than two peas in a pod, and often there is just one "keeping back." The College had some difficulty in inducing this pea to feel at home in Canada, and for the first few years it hardly ever matured. Now it hardly ever fails.

Another variety that has proven itself absolutely bug-proof is the grass pea. The pod is small, and the peas are angular and uneven like pebbles. It is a fair yielder, giving an average of 23 bushels per acre, taking in the whole Province.

Other plants that are being acclimated are the soya bean, which is an indigene of Japan and the White Lupines.

The Dawson golden wheat has proven itself for five years to be the best yielding wheat among eighty varieties. It is, however, soft for milling purposes, and will be crossed with a hardy variety.

The green sorghum stood stiffly up like glorified cat-o'-nine-tails. The canes grow large, but do not accumulate much sugar. I have tasted very palatable sorghum molasses made from canes that grew along the Thames River near Chatham, and again in Oxford County. It is likely to grow in favor as the maple molasses becomes scarcer.

Sugar beets are grown at the farm with the object of ascertaining their value as fodder. The saccharine matter is fattening for animals, but the beets are deeply rooted and hard to harvest, and the tonnage is slightly smaller than that of the ordinary beet-root. The plant of a sugar-beet refinery costs $500,000. There is one in operation at Wiarton, and another is being erected at Berlin. The Germans in Waterloo County planted their beets this year in rows of 18 inches, as they do

in the Fatherland, but alas! they reckoned without their horse, for it is only a man or an ox that will work in an 18-inch row.

The calculations are so accurately made in the experimental department that not a straw is left on a plot. They are all picked up by hand. This requires what Charles Dudley Warner declared to be a prime necessity for hoeing: "a cast-iron back with a hinge in it."

Out beyond the experimental plots the wheat fields are crowned with 'the joy of harvest,' and the reapers are at work. The grain seemed a triumph of culture. Such regularity, such perfection of myriad plants springing in their true lines at the same time, and each particular ear perfect. As I walked through it, I remembered that Mrs. Browning says of the heroine's way at a particular point of the story, that "Her path lay through the wheat," and a more suggestive background you could hardly have than the level, moving tablelands of grain. Sunshine and shadow sweep over its golden glory in billowy exchange, and the wind sways it with a soft sibilant sound that is like the swish of the sea. Down the centre the reapers have cut a wide swath, and each sheaf looks like the knot of a girl's hair, woven in and bound. It is not strange that of all the plants wheat is the favorite of poets. Up in the campus the workmen are putting the finishing touches on the new Massey Library, which has been erected at a cost of $40,000, it being the gift of the late Walter Massey, Esq. All the buildings are stoutly planned and executed, thus presenting a massive, dignified front calculated to impress the visitor with the seriousness of the studies pursued within. And they are serious studies. The tiller of the soil need no longer be a mere working automaton, who takes Drudgery to wife till death them part. A man who has graduated and taken high honors in this school of scientific agriculture is an educated, thinking man. He may not be able to read the dead languages, or many of the live ones, but the book of nature is an open volume to him, and as he turns page after page, he will learn practical lessons in every department of his calling, for to him "who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language." Yes, the profession of an agriculturist is one to be proud of, and—

> "A heritage it seems to me
> Worth being poor to hold in fee."

SOMEBODY'S GARDEN

MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

The rose is made of little frills,
  The lily is a cup;
And goblets are the daffodils
  From which the fairies sup.

The daisy is a dairing sun,
  So small and round and sweet:
The sunflower is a bigger one,
  Though never half so neat.

It sounds mysterious, and yet
  You really can't deny,
The lovely little violet
  Was once a piece of sky.

The orchids, that I may not touch,
  Are curious, like shells;
The hyacinths remind me much
  Of lots of little bells.

In fact, through all our garden plot,
  In summer time or spring,
There's hardly any flower that's not
  Just like some other thing!

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

By EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME LONDON TYPES.

November 12th.

THE average omnibus driver is a mine of information, and knows all the interesting places along his route. Now he points out with his whip Lansdowne House on Piccadilly, yonder, it is the home of the Baroness Burdette-Coutts, and further on that of Baron Rothschilds who, he says, sends every omnibus driver in London a brace of pheasants at Thanksgiving. Baron Rothschilds is being buried to-day, and each driver has crape on his whip. They speak of him as "Our jolly pal."

At 138 Piccadilly lived the notorious Duke of Queensbury, known as "Old Q." At 139 Lord Byron wrote "*Parisina*" and "*The Siege of Corinth*," and from it Lady Byron fled with her infant daughter. The Duke of Wellington's house faces Green Park. This park contains about sixty acres, and is bounded on the north by the Buckingham Palace drive, where Queen Victoria was shot at on three occasions.

My "Knight of the Whip" told me that he works seven days in the week; always sixteen hours a day, and often eighteen. He only sees his children when they are asleep. He is a sire, not a father. To pilot his cumbrous vehicle through the narrow and sinuous thoroughfares, and amid the intricacies of London's traffic, requires great alertness of movement, keenness of eye, and steadiness of nerve. He can hardly be expected to be at his best at the close of an eighteen hour drive, and such an arbitrary, cruel strain must mitigate against the interests of the employers.

We got down at Hyde Park. Near the entrance the women of England have erected a gigantic bronze statue of Achilles, in memory of the Duke of Wellington. It is copied from one of the Diocuri on the Monte Cavallo at Rome, and is the most magnificent public monument I have ever seen. To the young Byron, whose sun went down while it was yet day, the nation has erected a memorial stone—a feeble and unworthy one.

On the bridle-path called "The Rotten Row" (supposed to have been originally *Route du Roi*) many equestrians and rosetted flunkies cantered smartly. The horses curveted and champed their bits, as if to say, "Look, you gaping colonials, at our glossy hides, the easiness of our gait, our beautifully dappled flanks, and grandly crested necks." "Oh, yes!" we reply, "we know all about your pretty tricks, and about your symmetry, style, good breeding, and intelligence, and about your lineage and collaterals too, for after all, you are only colonials and come from Canada."

There were some smart turn-outs on "The Lady's Mile." The horses were showily and ornately harnessed, and the carriage-robes were of mink or other beautiful fur.

It is interesting to watch the pedestrians lounging idly by, for here one sees the aristocracy of England and the real monocled Briton. The carefully toiletted men are the very acme of elegance. Each has the correct frock-coat, with snug waist and drooping shoulders, varnished boots and "tile" of metallic smoothness. The young men do not look as robust and manly as their seniors. Many have figures like the ladies in *Harper's Bazaar*. They are pallid and languid, as if all their

vitality were exhausted. It would do them good to loosen out in a street fight.

Dainty be-ruffled dames suffering within tight-laced corsets, hold their skirts coquettishly in finger and thumb. Madame wears a maximum of lingerie, and I cannot say what in silk stockings. She is proud of her finely-turned ankles. In general she is stout, lymphatic, loquacious, and what the French call "full of temperament." She uses her long silver lorgnette with admirable effect. Mademoiselle is of the "flaxen Saxon" type. Her skin is of a delicate softness. Her eyes are like wet violets, and she has a queenly set of head and throat, but alas! a loose-jointed walk.

Close to Hyde Park, at Knightbridge, is Tattersall's, commonly known as "Tat's," the world's most celebrated mart for horses. On entering this town of Houyhnhmns, we were met by a horsey man with a beard like a scrubbing-brush, and a nose that proclaimed him to be a son of Bacchus. He volunteered his services as guide. We entered a square, cobble-paved yard, which our voluble cicerone explained was where the horses were brought out from the stables to show their action, and to be auctioned off. The Tattersall's get five per cent. of their sales.

Bacchus, Jr., took us to the stalls and stripped the satin-skinned beauties of their body-cloths that we might see they were thoroughly fit and in good fettle. "Did Madam want a hunter," he queried, whereupon the Padre hastened to assure him that we had absolutely no idea of purchasing, being mere curious sight-seers. Our friend's visage fell several degrees, until with a knowing air and a nod, I told him I could not say just what I would buy before returning to Canada.

The Padre blushed for my shameless duplicity. There were high-stepping carriage-horses and lean nervy racers, lithe, "fleet-limbed and beautiful," with heads like the Nedjd Arab.

A spare hunter, black as a sloe, with well-ribbed up body and generously muscled hindquarters, made me forget the commandment about covetousness. What a proud thing he was, a very king of horses—as intelligent and sure as the English themselves. Some of the horses were blemished. One had a stocked leg and others old wounds caused by hunting accidents, but on the whole it is a magnificient collection that the Tattersalls offer the public. Leaving here, we took a hurried run through Harrod's stores—England's largest departmental. There are seventy-six departments, a safe deposit, a grand restaurant with a silver grill, a banking department, and a rail and steam ticket office.

* * * * *

Vespers are over, and it is dark when we visit the Oratory of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, usually known as the Brompton Oratory. The vaulting of this Cathedral is remarkable, having four lesser domes and one centre cupola. At the door stands the baptismal font, or "the laver of regeneration." The great organ is silent, the censers are extinguished but still the cloying odors hang heavy. The candles are lighted on the black altar of Our Lady of Sorrows. In the half-light, hushed and devout worshippers bow low before the great white Virgin, the Christ-child, and the aureoled saints. It is tranquilizing to rest here a little: it is a halting in green pastures.

* * * * *

Piccadilly was ablaze with light as we drove home. I was deeply impressed by the majesty of London by night. I felt as Nathaniel Hawthorne when he wrote, "By night London looks wild and dreamy, and fills me with a pleasant dread." The opulence of the streets, their blurred complexity, the confused medley of sight and sound, the lurid duskiness of the atmosphere, and the entrancing brilliancy of the shifting lights, stupify and confound me.

It is good to get back to the roof-tree and rest one's travel-tired brain, for at last we have secured rooms that have not the usual comfortless, hired look, and the landlady is not entirely piratical.

And then, too, she has a heaven-sent talent for cooking chops. King Kettle on the hob is singing like "an unfallen black angel." I watch the table being laid in a languid ecstacy of expectation, and a sense of the rest that remaineth. She busies herself toasting the muffins, and tells me of her latest successful efforts to cast aside fetters matrimonial, for Cupid plays queer pranks with even London landladies.

A young lawyer has promised to put her case through the Divorce Court for £6. It would seem that her husband, from whom she is separated, counts his wives in figures of some arithmetical score.

It no longer needs an angel with flaming sword to keep man from re-entering Eden. Indeed, on the whole, he prefers life as an outlander. It is in the negative that he answers Juvenal's lines:

"Wilt thou tamely drag the galling chain
When hemp is to be bought and knives remain?"

Ah, well! *L'homme est un mechant animal.*

CHAPTER IX.

AT TEMPLE BAR.

November 5th.

Like Satan, "From going to and fro in the earth and from walking up and down in it," I finally landed at Temple Bar. The Temple Bar memorial stands on Fleet Street. It is the most hideous thing I have seen in England. Why the effigy of a beast, half eagle and half lion, should perpetuate the fame of Temple Bar is not clear, and one tries hard to find justification for what appears to be a very bad joke.

Under a narrow gateway we entered the Inner Temple Lane, where the guide at once pointed out to us Dr. Johnson's house. It was here that Boswell visited him. Near by lived Charles Lamb.

Soon we came to the Temple Church, which may be said to blush unseen. It is down steps on the old level of Fleet Street. It dates back to 1185, and was one of the few churches that escaped the great fire. This is the famous Round Church built by the Knights Templars after their return from the second Crusade, in memory of the Round Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Here on this very pavement worshipped these mail-clad, cross-decked knights "and their sepulchres are with us till this day."

"Dead the warrior, dead his glory,
Dead the cause in which he died."

Their bronze figures lie prostrate on the floor, "In cross-legged effigy devoutly stretched." The shields of these feudal warriors are of Norman design. Their hooded heads rest on cushions.

The floor is tiled with figures of the *Agnes Dei* and the *Pegasus*—the heraldic emblems of the Templars. It has been ironically said of these armorial bearings in their relation to the lawyers that, "The lamb sets forth their *innocence,* the horse their *expedition.*"

The church has been greatly restored in what Miss Thackeray calls "the shabby tide of progress," but the restoration has only been a new patching of the old garment, for the stones, crumbled with the grime of centuries, are still there. The coal of England is very bad coal. It leaves cruel scars of soot. The preacher at the Temple is known as "The Master." "The learned and judicious" Hooker was Master at one time, and here wrote his *"Ecclesiastical Polity."*

In the little green court without the church, on a solitary grey sarcophagus, are the words, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith." Standing by his grave, you think of the mischances and blunders, and of all the bitter vicissitudes of poverty that hurt this gentle poet; you think, too,

of his peach-colored coat, and remember that he wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll. And then you wonder if that was because Garrick, Johnson, and Boswell never gave him a chance. You pick up a bit of calcined stone that marks the resting-place of this bright heart, to be one of your penates in the home across the sea.

There are fine old cloisters here, built by Sir Christopher Wren. Surely Thompson's eulogium on architecture is just :

> "The art where most magnificent appears
> The little builder man."

Through brave old oaken doors, that have swung on their ponderous hinges for nine hundred years, we entered the Temple. They are black as polished ebony, wonderfully carved, and studded with enormous brass nails. They have been pushed ajar by Somers, Curran, Blackstone, Cowper, Burke, Eldon, Thurlow, Bacon, Coke, Erskine, and all the great and eminent lawyers.

In the noble dining-hall, with its timbered roof and stone tables, there is a dias at the western end where the benches belonging to this famous fraternity dine. It is an indispensable qualification for being called to the bar that a student should "keep commons"—that is, should dine in Hall for three years, or twelve terms.

The walls are panelled with escutcheons, emblazoned with the arms of the Templars who have attained positions of honor in their profession. The old cow's horn, which formerly summoned the judges to dinner, is still to be seen on the wall, as are the kettle-drums, and flags used on the occasion when the military company of the Temple received its name. They were parading past the King, who made enquiries regarding them. On being told that the company was composed entirely of lawyers, he said, "Then call them 'The Devil's Own," the fairness of which title is still an open question. "The Devil's Own"—they would be undeniably useful in actual warfare. Just fancy if the other side wanted to settle, and it came to a question of terms—Ah!

We hurriedly visited the middle Temple, and Lincoln, and Gray's Inns of Court, which arose in England's legal infancy, and of which Ben Johnson speaks as "the noblest nurseries of humanity and liberty in the Kingdom."

It was in the Temple Garden that Shakespeare made the Yorks and Lancastrians to pluck the white and red roses as their emblems of feud :

> "Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
> Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?"

After luncheon we set out for the New Inn, where there was an "Ancient" who was to convey us through the Royal Courts of Justice on the Strand.

The Inns are owned by corporations, but each Inn is vested in a barrister during his life. The barrister is called "An Ancient." The New Inn opens off Wych Street. Now, to the average Cockney, "Wych" and "which" mean the same thing, so that if you ask for "Wych Street," he will at once say "What street?" and mentally catalogue you as a raving lunatic when you again say "Wych Street." However, it is not well to be discouraged. Londoners do not know London. You are sure to find your way if you keep on enquiring and implicitly disobey the directions. There is just one thing to be borne in mind—*Never, under any circumstances,* take "a short cut"; it is invariably the longest way home.

The Courts of Justice cover five acres, and cost over seven million dollars. Here are assembled all the divisions of the High Court of Justice, and both branches of the Supreme Court. There are nine Queen's Bench Courts, and in the first we entered, Lord Justice Halsbury was presiding. In the next "a jury case" was being heard. It was all about a woman falling down stairs. In the third, Lord Chief Justice Russell sat, and beside him, with a "don't-talk-back-to-me" air, was

Sir Walter Fillimore, the eminent ecclesiastical expert. In the Court of Appeal, that evidence of our ultra-refined civilization, were Judges Romer, Smith, and VonWilliams. They yawned frequently, wrote with quill pens, and, unlike our Canadian Benchers, asked quite as many questions as the barristers.

I began about this time to realize what Whittier meant when he spoke of "weary lawyers with endless tongues."

In the second Court of Appeal, Lord Justice Lindley, Lord Justice Rigby, and the Master of the Rolls "took sweet counsel." A Mr. Montagu Lush had the floor here. Our "Ancient" told us that he was one of the cleverest barristers in England, and he certainly did appear to be "a downright lawyer."

A large gilt anchor entwined with a rope, was the chief decoration of the Admiralty Court.

A lawyer is not permitted to speak unless be-wigged and gowned. If the judge asks for him, he says, "I am present your Lordship, *but I am not visible.*" I was glad to know this, for it gives me ever hereafter the legal authority of the first Court in the world, to state that I am not visible to callers if not properly coifed and robed.

A lawyer who once had to speak for sixteen hours, obtained permission to lay aside his wig, but with the stipulation that this permission was not to be made into a precedent. I can understand now why justice is not more often done. The wig, not infrequently, covers both ears of the judge, and so prevents his hearing either side of the case.

A *perruquier,* in the days of George II., with an eye to the first chance, hung out as an advertisement, a picture of Absalom suspended to the tree by his hair, and underneath the perturbed David, who is made to exclaim:

> "O Absalom! O Absalom!
> O Absalom, my son!
> If thou hadst worn a periwig
> Thou had'st not been undone."

A few minutes in the Court where the merciless fiend, Bankruptcy, drags his victims to the fierce light of publicity, and then we passed on to the room where another judge, surrounded by a cloud of witnesses, carries on the divorce industry. It is here the course of untrue love is daily exploited, for marriage in England is by no means a-world-without-end bargain. It was the usual story of "young blood" and an "old decree," a story of disillusionment, incompatibility, unbridgable differences, blighted affections, osculatory indiscretions, and other post-nuptial unpleasantness. The "spoons" had become knives and forks; the "eligible match" had turned out a *mesalliance.*

We sat in the seat of the scornful, and so the Padre discarded prose, and like Mr. Wegg, dropped into poetry; at least I heard him say to "the Ancient":

> "The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
> To give your person than your goods away."

Yet, they are not the saddest cases that come to this Court. There is a more terrible divorce—I mean the divorce of souls. Only light sorrows are clamorous. The deadly griefs are silent: they bleed inwardly. What a funeral the dead loves of the world would make!

"The Ancient" asked the Padre if he would like to be a lawyer, but the Padre gave it as his opinion that it was easier to preach than to practice. The Courts had "risen." The "gowned vultures" were going home and we went too, all the time thinking of George Elliot's words, "Law is one of them smartish businesses as is all profits and no outlay."

London, December 17th.

Nothing in Madam Tussauds', or for that matter in London, interested me as much as the knife which, during the French Revolution, found its sheath in the bared and quivering throats of twenty thousand people, and among them those of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and

Robespierre. Assuredly it was a knife that "cut friendship."

The Chamber of Horrors is not so terrible as one would suppose from its name, but is chiefly designed to show that the course of murder never runs smooth.

The Tussauds' have gathered many of the relics that go to make up Napoleon's life-story. These remains form an epic of battle, fame, victory, love, defeat, and death: a history of a man who never had a conscience. His tooth and tooth-brush, the cot upon which he slept the night after Waterloo, his shirt, waistcoat, handkerchief, coffee-cup, dressing case, camp equipage, stockings, sword, coronation robes, and his snuff-box, are all displayed for the public good. It was an awful vengeance this nation took on its fallen enemy, for it exhibits at the Royal College of Surgeons even Napoleon's diseased intestines.

Is it cause for wonder that the French hate the English?

December 19th.

Yesterday morning I went to St. Mary's, Islington, where the Padre was the preacher. The cavernous pews are like little railway coaches. Indeed, Leith once drew a picture for *Punch,* where a dozing churchman, on having a bag passed to him, exclaimed, "season ticket." Perhaps they were better described by the child, who when taken to church for the first time, complained that a cross old man had shut her up in a pantry and made her sit on the shelf. These enclosed pews deform the architecture of the church and offend the taste. Moreover, they minister to the exclusive spirit and laziness of the people. The pulpit is of the almost obsolete style known as a "three-decker." The clerk sits at the bottom, or in what might be called the steerage deck. The curate is booked intermediate, while the Vicar up near the ceiling on the third deck, goes first saloon.

Before the sermon, the verger marched the Padre into the vestry, and helped him exchange his surplice for a black gown. Then this wonderful person escorted the Padre to the pulpit, and with profound bows ushered him up to the saloon deck. He then proceeded to make me the cynosure of all eyes, and consequently thoroughly uncomfortable, by coming to my pew and handing me a note with another deep abasement. I hid my blushes in the corner of the pew while I read what proved to be an invitation to dine at the Vicarage.

In the vestibule, about a score of faded women, most of them lean as Pharaoh's cannibal kine, gathered after service to receive a dole of bread, which is meted out upon the basis of an old endowment. The official dispenser did his work with a graciosity of manner that could not fail to make the women feel it was no ordinary or gross nutriment they were receiving.

In the afternoon we went to St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, to a meeting called in the interests of peace, and to take into consideration the Czar's rescript.

The Archdeacon of London presided, but the star of the occasion was Mr. W. T. Stead, the Editor of *The Review of Reviews.* I cannot describe Mr. Stead's style of speaking, except that it is good, for Sydney Smith says, "Every style is good that is not tiresome." His voice is pleasing and flexible. He speaks just as he writes; indeed, I would have almost recognized him without an introduction.

This famous editor is a cogent and logical reasoner. His mind is singularly acute and well-furnished. He is a master of bitter and caustic irony, and knows his mother tongue, which he used with a boldness which nearly approximates dogmatism. His views are enunciated in a way that leads you to believe that they are incontrovertible. To Mr. Stead, "words are things." He reminds one of what *Humpty-Dumpty* said to *Alice,* "When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean—nothing more or less." He has an uncompromising hostility to war, and would inaugurate a holy war against

it. He would "drill the raw world for the march of mind."

The subject of international disarmament was thoroughly threshed out, and winnowed for an intellectual and highly enthusiastic audience. One went away with a whirling brain, trying to think whether the burning words were only the clothing of a highly chiseled or transcendent ideal far beyond mortal reach, or whether in the golden age to come, men should in reality beat their spears into pruning-hooks.

"Who can fancy warless men?
Warless? war will die out late then—will it ever late or soon?
Can it? till this outworn earth be dead as yon dead world the moon?"

In the evening we went to hear the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the editor of *The Methodist Times,* and ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference. He is immensely popular, and is usually conceded to be an engaging, intellectual personality. I felt guilty and stupid, that I was disappointed in both his matter and style. His remarks might be termed "felicitous." Then he told us much, too, about himself, where he had been, what he had done, what the newspapers said of him, and of the wonderful results of his preaching. His prayers were precisely articulated instructions to the Almighty as to what the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes expected of Him, and some little information as to what was going on down here in naughty England.

Mark Guy Pearce, another great Methodist, is of an entirely different stamp. You could not hear him too often or too long.

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London is the most voracious city on the earth. Her kitchen absorbs all the world's surplus, which she classifies under two heads—"home-grown" and "foreign." Any English beef which turns out fibrous, is pooh-poohed as foreign, by which she means continental and colonial, and the juicy, toothsome meats are English. The best mutton is labeled "Canterbury lamb," and the poor superannuated trash goes under the designation of "Australian frozen." She will point to the gigantic Canadian turkeys that have been butchered to make a British holiday, and will tell you that they are English—all English.

It has been said that the only fruit which ripens in England is the baked apple, so of necessity England must look to alien sources for her supply. California sends her pears; Florida, oranges; Tasmania and Canada, apples; her cherries and apricots come from France, while the Mediterranean fills her lap with grapes and tangerines. Yet these wonderful English people grow under glass, better grapes than are ripened by the hot suns of France, and pineapples which surpass any imported from the West Indies. This kindly fruit of the earth is, however, only raised to relieve palate-weary people who are embarrassed with riches, for it is well-nigh as rare and as precious as diamonds.

The best butter London gets is from Denmark. It is unsalted, and costs from thirty to forty cents a pound. Canadian butter retails at twenty-four cents, which is less than one can purchase it for in Toronto. Our white cheese is known as "Canadian Cheddar," but the favorite is the Gorgonzola. It is made in Italy, from goat's milk, and takes about three years to ripen, when it presents queer, chiaro-osuro effects. Eggs are not sold by the dozen, but according to their size, and at the rate of from eight to fourteen for a shilling. *Punch* says there is a gentility in English vegetables, and so the green-grocer is able to classify his customers by their purchases. Asparagus, sea-kale, peas, cucumbers, and tomatoes, belong to the first class, while the second is made up of turnip-tops, cabbages, beet-roots, and carrots.

Those who are supposed to know say that at no time has England more than

fifteen days supply of food in advance of her need, yet what a variety of food it is, and what "halesome farin':" truly "a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets, where no crude surfeit reigns."

St. Albans, December 23rd.

We were anxious to place K. & E. in a boarding-school, and with the help of Messrs. Gabbitas and Thring, the scholastic agents, finally settled on one in St. Albans in Herefordshire, twenty-five miles from London. I often come down here to see the bairnies and to wander about this old town. It stands on the site of Verulanium, the ancient capital of Britain. Here Rome planted her eagles, and this was the conterminous limit of her Empire. The shadow of the ancient city is about twenty feet long, for only one bit of its archaic wall remains. A soft mist of antiquity hangs over it, and over the semi-fabulous deeds of Boadicea and her half-naked warriors who overwhelmed the Roman Legions and massacred the inhabitants of this city, not one of the seventy thousand Romans being left alive.

We attended the Abbey which was founded by Offa, the Terrible, King of Mercia, in memory of the Proto-Martyr of Christianity in Britain, Albanus, a soldier of Rome, who was executed in 304 A.D. With no custode to distract me, I wandered through the building, studying the old frescoes, which, thanks to Lord Grimthorpe, have lately been freed from their coating of "patriotic lime-whiting and democratic glue," or in trying to discover why the windows known as "The five sisters" are different heights from the inside, and all the same height outside. The nave of this Cathedral is the longest in the world. St. Albans also leads the world in having the oldest inhabited house. It is an inn known as "The Fighting Cocks," originally a part of the old monastery.

My landlady has just been in and left the visitor's book asking me to read some doggerel verse which a departing guest had written in praise of the house, and which effusion she tells me is very clever. This is a custom in England, and she has hinted that she would appreciate a like favor at my hands, but I fear I am not equal to the task. Each time I leave for London, the servants stand about painfully anxious to perform some office, and all modestly expectant of rewards. As one is often arrested in England for a smaller offence, I invariably give to them and then declare all the way back to London that nothing —absolutely nothing, shall ever induce me to do so again.

CHAPTER X.

THE SEVEN CURSES OF LONDON.

London, Jan. 10th, 1899.

Petticoat Lane, now Middlesex Street, presents a novel prospect of squalor and dinginess. It is a *terra incognita* to us, and so we pressed through the bidding, jostling throngs with all the zest of discoverers. We found miles of "toggery" —dress-coats, pilots jackets, checkerboard travelling suits, "sober livery," and livery of bright sulphur yellow; flaming plaids, millinery confections, flapping trousers, knee-breeches, gay kerchiefs, bedraggled skirts, box-cloth spats, cumbersome petticoats, bootblacks' coats, dressing-gowns, jerseys, and in greatest contrasts of color, "dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall." Old Londoners boast that they can tell to what class a man belongs, by the degrees of dirtiness on his coat. This being the case, whole volumes could be written on the "old clo'" of Petticoat Lane. Superlativ inducements are offered the passer-by to invest in dead men's shoes. Cuff-buttons, combs, and shoe-laces may be had at bottom-rock prices. Jews and Gentiles bandy words over second-hand ulsterettes, and then proceed to "wet the bargain."

A policeman took us through the East-end Ghetto, and pointed out the Mezuzah,

a narrow piece of metal that is nailed to the door-post of each house. It is a fulfilment of the command, "Thou shalt write them upon the posts of the house in thy gate." On the scroll are the words of Deut. vi. 4-9 and xi. 13-21. In the butchers' stalls we saw the seal of the *shoumier,* or watcher. It bears the word *Koschen,* "right," meaning that the meat was good and pure, and had been slaughtered by a Jew. All diseased meat is disposed of to Gentiles. The butcher is profusely extravagant with gas. He unscrews the burner, and lets it belch forth in great torches of flame.

"Mine Uncle" is driving a good trade in his pawnshop, under the device of three golden balls. A "pavement artist" is on his knees drawing pictures with chalks. He blends the colors with the palms of his hands. We pass into a synagogue, and someone shows us the sacred scripts. The building is filthy, and the benches unpainted, yet in spite of their mean surroundings the lowly worshippers unfeignedly "rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."

Old Montagu Street is mostly inhabited by tailors. It is the home of the sweated. Only those who give up their lives in the redemption of this place, know of the cruelty and hunger that madden the galley-slaves of greed; know how the rich grind the face of the poor, for this is "Darkest England," and these are "the unreached majority." Some people quickly kill their decrepit and starveling poor, but these English torture them in a slow and more refined method. The Bishop of Winchester says, "The zones of enormous wealth and degrading poverty, unless carefully considered, will presently generate a tornado which, when the storm clears, may leave a good deal of wreckage behind."

We pass out of the Jew quarters, through streets of untraceable crookedness. They might have been marked out for an Indian trail, or by the meanderings of a drunken man. It is best, I imagine, when alone, to wander forth without any preconceived plan and lose yourself for the nonce, making enquiries later. We visit the scenes of the murders of Jack-the-Ripper, and afterwards, I shudder past the hulking ruffians who "lurk privily" in dark alleyways, but the fear is almost groundless, for the police are Argus-eyed, and crime no longer runs riot. Whitechapel thugs prefer to ply their iniquities in "hells" that have screening walls, and in gin-palaces, where ugly vice is shrouded by a tawdry glitter. It is a land that flows with blood and beer.

Dockers, stevedores, rag-pickers, stokers, thieves, butchers, bakers, and candlestick makers, live in the squalid quarters we hastily pass through. Here and there, a fine, large tenement house has been lately erected, for the City authorities are turning their attention to the housing of the working classes. The beggars startled us with their quiet, gliding movements, their beseeching hands and plaintive crescendoes. We see no such adepts of the art in Canada.

The men of the slums, as a general thing, do not fare sumptuously every day. It is only the passing rich who dine on the sausages and onions that are fried in the front windows, and which send out such "spicy breezes" to the pedestrians. It is more usual for them to purchase a half-penny's worth of fish, most likely plaice or grilled herring. The women buy tea, hot water, flour, or sugar, by the farthing's worth. A stew may be cooked for a half-penny, which is more economical than lighting a fire.

The street-cries of Whitechapel are not uninteresting. Itinerant vendors of catsmeat, rabbits, matches, coal, kindling-wood, and shrimps, shriek the nature of their wares with harsh insistence. Chair-menders, china-riveters, and scissor-grinders, join in a riot of vociferation. "Buy a clothes-prop," "milk-o," "Lavender, sweet lavender," "all alive, catch 'em alive," shriek men in varying tones, but all with voices of fog-horn power.

An old woman is singing a ballad, an Italian leads about a dancing bear, but the star attraction is a mangy-looking fellow who holds out his hat for pennies, and calls "Jesus." On the street-corners sit men roasting chestnuts over braziers of charcoals, or girls selling roses, carnations, mimosa, and daffodils. The bell of the muffin-man rings out, and his luscious discs of straw-color disappear as if by magic.

One cannot fail to observe the numbers of women with bruised faces—women who appear to have drained the draughts of poverty to their very lees. They are having their hell in this world, no matter what may lie in store for them in the future. Men are black beasts. One day science will teach women how the race can be propagated without their aid, and then we will sting the drones to death. An American essayist has more truthfully than gallantly defined marriage as the insane longing on the part of a young man to pay the board and lodging of a young woman. It is not so in the East end of London. It can be said of the youths, "They want nothing proper to the married state except wives." Nor do the maidens burn the Vestal fires indefinitely; harlotry is rampant. Indeed, the sexes pair like any beasts of the field. As in mercantile life, the full-purchase system has largely become obsolete, so marriage by the instalment plan has supplanted wedlock as described in the Book of Common Prayer. Who can wonder that it is otherwise, when so many girls have a history like this: "The bastard of a harlot, born in a brothel, suckled on gin, and familiar from earliest infancy with all the bestialities of debauch, violated before she is twelve, and driven into the streets by her mother a year or two later."

This sin-cursed region has rightly been styled, "The borders of the Kingdom of Darkness." It is the garbage-heap of the wealthiest city in the world, into which the refuse, offal, and unsightly things are dumped out of sight. The Church Army and tambourine lasses are doing an incalculable amount of good in the district. Without the alloy of selfishness, they pass in and out, dealing bread to the hungry, binding up the broken-hearted, repairing the breach, and restoring the paths for men to dwell in. Their methods are practical. Once a man is converted he is sent to work among his own class. Dean Farrar, speaking of the relation of the Established Church to these people, says: "Our present methods do not reach them; to our elaborate theologies and our routine ceremonies they have nothing to say; for rubrics and millinery, and stereotyped services they care no more than they do for the idle wind."

James Greenwood, who has studied this "riddle of the painful earth," has embodied his ideas in a book entitled "The Seven Curses of London." The curses are:

1. Neglected children.
2. Professional thieves.
3. Professional beggars.
4. Fallen women.
5. The curse of drunkenness.
6. Gambling.
7. Waste of charity.

All dig at the question, but few dig deep enough, for intemperance, the fifth curse, is largely responsible for the others, excepting only the seventh.

The English, like the Canadians, are mightily afraid of legislation being in advance of public opinion. England, as a whole, is said to be a country of very temperate, very intemperate, and very abstemious people. The intemperate class have congested in Whitechapel. The result can only be untold depravity and unalloyed misery.

LITERATURE

UP FROM SLAVERY: By Booker T. Washington

THIS remarkable autobiography by "the Moses of the black people" is an outgrowth of a series of articles published in *The Outlook*.

Mr. Washington is not sure of the exact place or date of his birth, but at any rate he was born somewhere and sometime. The sometime was about the year 1858. To relieve our readers of troublesome calculations, we will state that at the present time he is forty-four years of age. His mother was a full-blooded negress, the cook of the plantation, whose particular traits were ambition and good hard common sense. His father was a white man.

The story of his life begins in slavery, with an interesting insight into the life of the cabins in the ante-bellum period, and a vivid and pathetic picture of the slaves protecting and supporting the families of their masters while the latter were away fighting to perpetuate black slavery.

The unfolding of how the blacks were gathered in front of the "big house" to have the Emancipation Proclamation read to them is written with power. He tells of the wild ecstacy of joy followed by the feeling of responsibility that settled down on the people and saddened them. It was very much like turning a youth into the world to provide for himself. In a few hours the great questions with which the Anglo-Saxon race had been grappling for centuries had been thrown back upon these people to be solved. These were the questions of a home, a living, the rearing of children, education, citizenship, and the establishment and support of churches.

No one can rise from the perusal of this book without his best resolves invigorated and with a fuller understanding of the proverb, "with will one may do anything." In his well-nigh incredible struggles for an education, and later in his efforts to elevate his race, Mr. Washington bequeaths to posterity an enduring source of good that will breathe fresh life into men. It is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up for a people yet unborn.

In his desire to represent his life without a bias of prepossession, the author presents the faulty sides of his character with an impartiality that is rigid—rigid indeed, but never frigid. To-day Booker Washington occupies the principal's chair in an institute of his own founding, for his own race. Twenty years ago the school started in a broken-down stable and an old hen-house, without owning a dollar's worth of property, and with but one teacher and thirty students. At the present time the Institution owns 2,300 acres of land. There are upon the grounds forty buildings; and all of these except four have been erected by the labor of students. In connection with thorough academic and religious training, there are twenty-eight industrial departments training each year the minds and bodies of 1,100 students. The annual expenditure is $100,000, and the endowment fund reaches the total of $215,000.

Mr. Washington is the only negro who has ever received a degree from Harvard. He has been the honored guest of the Presidents of the United States, of her Majesty Queen Victoria, and many of the leading people of our time. He is acknowledged to be one of the first speakers of America, possessing as he does all the magnetic eloquence, force and fire that go to make up the impassioned orator.

As you look over his life's work (and he is only yet in his prime), you feel inclined to couple with his name the words Eugene Field used of Boccaccio, "Humanity his inspiration, humanity his theme, humanity his audience, humanity his debtor."

He has done more than any other man to solve the great intricate race problem that has been laid at the doors of the South. The black men constitute one-third of the South. Shall they constitute one-third of the intelligence or progress and contribute one-third to its business and industrial prosperity, or shall they prove a veritable body of death stagnating, depressing, retarding every effort of the body politic.

Booker Washington claims for his race the right to more education and industrial training, and the administering to them of absolute justice in a response to their willing obedience to the mandates of the law. The negro must be taught thrift, industry, self-control. What he needs to-day is a chance to make a dollar in the workshop rather than to spend one in an opera-house. "In all things that are purely social," he says, "we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress."

He wisely points out that lynchings, and not law, are more injurious to the character of the white man than to the negro, and that—

> "The laws of changeless justice bind
> Oppressor with oppressed;
> And close as sin and suffering joined
> We march to fate abreast."

Yes, it is a vexed question, but time will right it. In the meantime we would recall the words Livingstone wrote in the heart of Africa even while his fingers were growing numb in death: "God bless all men who in any way help to heal this open sore of the world."

THE DIARY OF A GOOSE GIRL: By Kate Douglas Wiggin

THIS is an out-of-door book, written in a clever, entertaining style. "The Goose girl" belongs to the city. She has an immodest competency, and in consequence a superabundance of friends. Tiring of people and longing for things, she runs away from a hydropathic hotel and finds her way to a poultry farm at Barbury Green.

In a highly diverting manner, she introduces us to her host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Heaven, their daughter Phœbe, and to Albert Edward, "the square baby."

The theme of the book is the insight this city girl gets into poultry life and character. Into the whole is interwoven with delicate touch a dainty little love-story. It would be well if our blase friends would read this diary just to learn how much pleasure there is in simple things, and how much can be profitably eliminated out of our complex lives.

The goose girl makes psychological investigations into the hen cackle. Is it exuberant pride or simple elation that causes Madame's excitement over the newly-laid egg? Is it intellectual or emotional agitation incident to successful achievement, or is it simply "fussiness"? On the whole, she concludes it is conversation that runs something in this style: "I have laid my strictly fresh egg, have you laid yours? Make haste then, for the cock has found a gap in the wire fence and wants us to wander in the strawberry bed."

It probably did not occur to the goose girl that Madame cackles simply because it is her nature, for does she not belong to "the shrieking sisterhood."

The goose girl has not a high opinion of the cock, whether Black Spanish, Dorking, or Leghorn. He is pompous, indolent, and selfish, has no particular chivalry, and gives no special encouragement to his hen when he becomes a prospective father, and renders little assistance when the responsibilities become actualities. "In short," she says, "I dislike him; his swagger, his greed, his irritating self-consciousness, his endless parading of himself up and down in a procession of one."

The author is of the opinion that nothing on earth is so feminine as a hen—not womanly, simply feminine, and that

the wise men who write the Woman's Page in the Sunday newspapers study hens more than women.

The doings of "Cornelia," the hen who was the orphan asylum of all the incubator chicks and for four young kittens, and those of "Cannibal Ann," who ate her own eggs, spice the pages of these delightfully humorous sketches.

George N. Morang, Toronto.

THE LOVE STORY OF ABNER STONE: By Edwin Carlisle Litsey

THIS is the story of "Annabel Lee" in prose. Like the poem, it has no plot, and only fascinates by its inimitable style.

The love story of Abner Stone sings its way into your heart and somehow or other stays there. It is a book redolent of freshness and purity, and about which there is a charm neither easily analysed nor easily overrated. The author has a sensitiveness to the beauty of the material world which is the gift of those only whose senses transmute its impressions in the alembic of the soul.

The story tells how an old-world gentleman, past middle life, a bookworm and student, falls in love for the first time with a beautiful girl in the Blue Grass State, and how his love was reciprocated for one brief hour before death snatched her away.

The author has exactly caught the spirit and chaste language of the ante-bellum period. As literature, it is work of surpassingly fine quality. Its poetic and idealistic treatment will commend it to the best class of readers.

The publishers are to be congratulated on the artistic paper and typography. Just one word—cut the pages with a sharp knife. William Briggs, Toronto.

A SPECKLED BIRD: By Augusta Evans Wilson

AFTER sixteen years' silence, the author of "St. Elmo" and "Infelice" once more delights the public.

Five London publishing houses applied for the English rights of her new book, and no wonder, for the first edition numbered seventy-five thousand copies. The title of the book was suggested by Jeremiah xii: 9, "As a speckled bird, the birds round about are against her."

Augusta Evans Wilson is a keenly sympathetic observer of life, and her stories are always cleanly, energetic, and interesting. Her latest work is no exception. It sparkles with cleverness, and the conversations are invariably entertaining. The climax of the story reaches its zenith in the marriage of the heroine, *Eglah Kent,* to one *Noel Herriott,* a man who comes very near the ideal of the average woman.

"The old, sweet song" was, however, sadly jangled. A few hours after the marriage ceremony the groom learns that this proud, beautiful girl has only married him to save her father from the disgrace into which a dishonest financial transaction has landed him. Someway or other, the subject of the wife and husband who part on their wedding eve, is always an alluring one for authors. There is no phrase more coveted for their pages than that of "wife in name only." The public have only one consolation, we always know from every precedent of fact and fiction how it will end.

The woman in this case was remarkable for her individuality, brilliant vitality, and filial affection, and the man made a mistake in expecting all the human virtues in any one daughter of Eve. A woman cannot be dove and all dove. There is necessarily something of the serpent in the sweetest of the sex.

In a wrong-headed paroxysm, the bridegroom goes on a three-year's tour to the Arctic regions to discover three things:

First—Were the cliff-dwellers of Asiatic origin?

Second—Are the Eskimos survivors of pre-glacial man?

Third—Are kames and drumlins infallible index fingers?

Now it is indubitably manifest that no man can remain at boiling-point near the North Pole, and so eventually he comes to more genial climes to make the *amende honorable*. The "happy ending" is arrived at by an extremely circuitous route, but it is so very happy that it suggests the sentence once written of love:

"For people who have not known it, any description seems overdrawn, and for people who have it, it is quite beyond description."

The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

THE HOME

By JANEY CANUCK

OUR FOOD

PHYSIOLOGY shows us how inevitably the food on which one subsists determines the texture of his flesh. The old adage, "Whatever a lion eats becomes lion," is another way of expressing this same thought.

Not only is the quality of food important, but also the quantity. The capability of work in the human race is greatly dependent on the proportion consumed. It is said that the English and Americans are the best fed people of the present age and, therefore, they accomplish the greater amount of work and are more prominent for power and courage. A computation made shows that the average consumption of meat per inhabitant for the United States is 120 pounds a year; for the United Kingdom, 110 pounds; France, 66 pounds; Germany, 48 pounds; Russia, 44 pounds; Spain, 29 pounds; Italy, 28 pounds; Portugal, 20 pounds.

As a rule people are not careful enough about their food. They eat what is set before them just as *Nicholas Nickleby* "distended his stomach with a bowl of porridge, for much the same reason which induces some savages to swallow earth, lest they should be inconveniently hungry when there is nothing to eat."

Others there are who deify intellect by "keeping the body under." They renounce the stomach and all its works. To them it is only "a diabolical machine." Elijah, they will say, was content with a raven for his cook. Daniel thrived on pulse and looked fairer than those who ate the King's meat. John the Baptist lived on locusts and wild honey, and the apostles had ears of corn for their Sunday dinner. Now, we have but a poor opinion of these gastronomical idiosyncracies, and would remind our argumentative friends that Jacob's mess of pottage is the most expensive dish on record.

The question of what we should eat ought not to be a difficult one. Man is an omniverous animal. His system requires variety. Crude cereals and the phosphates of fish must be eaten to strengthen muscle, tissue, and brain. Fruits are required to temper the blood, and meats to enrich the same.

While most people will agree with these statements, it is remarkable how few practice them. Watch the average girl order her lunch in a restaurant. She has what the old women in the country would call "a peaking appetite." She mocks nature with a piece of lemon pie, a bit of angel cake, or an ice-cream soda. But nature is not so easily conciliated.

The sturdy old dame will have her pound of flesh. Sweets may dull the edge of the appetite, but do not appease it.

If the girl should by any chance take a juicy steak, it must be drenched in condiments. Curries, peppers, and spices are her essentials. Acids and sweets must be

raised to the NTH to suit her weary palate. Salt is an excellent astringent, but she takes it in large quantities, and hence is bloodless. Pepper may stimulate her lazy appetite, but in excess it is highly inflammatory, and has been known to cause cancer in the stomach. The fact of the matter is, the girl's health is impaired by an irrational appetite. She should be treated as a sick person, and her diet selected. Juicy meats, fruits, well-cooked vegetables, eggs, milk, and a minimum of sweets should be prescribed and insisted upon. It will save her "nerves," "longings," and other troublesome fads in the years to come.

Nor are girls the only culprits. How often the fathers and brothers make the serious mistake of omitting food at noon, or of only taking a biscuit or something of equal insignificance. They arrive home jaded and worn out expecting dinner to revive them. The result is that after the meal they are heavy and drowsy, for the digestive power is not equal to the amount of work thrown upon it. The victim becomes dyspeptic, and health and brain suffer with the derangement.

The laboring man suffers in like manner. He is given an hour at noon. It means a hurried run home, a hurried meal, and a hurried run back. There is no time for table-talk, and he eats when "tired to death."

On the whole the boy has the best digestive conscience. We dare not gainsay the proverb that he is "hollow down to the heels." All is grist that comes to his mill, be it fish, flesh, or fowl. He has a seaside appetite all the year round. Observe him when the apples are ripe. His flesh is firm, and his skin is as glossy and smooth as satin. He is at his best. If his mother would substitute fruit for pies and sweets at dessert, she would keep him at his best all the time.

It is the mother who should look well to the ways of her household, and order aright the dietary thereof. She should know that frying is an objectionable process of cooking. The heat is applied through the medium of boiling fat, and the article of food thus becomes more or less penetrated with fatty matter, which renders it resistent to the solvent action of the stomach. Such food appears to form the source of the gastric trouble known as heartburn.

Food which has been submitted to the processes of salting, pickling, and smoking, should be avoided by the dyspeptic, except in the case of bacon, which happens as a rule, to sit easily on the stomach. Indeed, the cured article, particularly the fat belonging to it, is more easily digested than fresh pork.

In spite of all that is said to the contrary, there is no better beverage for the household than tea. It is neither heating to the system nor oppressive to the stomach, in which respect it differs from coffee. Taken in moderate quantities, it is exhilarating, and has a restorative action. It clears the brain, disposes to cheerfulness and mental activity, arouses the energies and diminishes the tendency to sleep.

As a medicinal, it affords comfort and relief to persons suffering from nervous headache, and counteracts the effects of alcoholic stimulants. It also appeases the sensation arising from want of food and enables hunger to be borne. Green tea is objectionable because the astringent matter it contains impedes digestion.

Above all, cultivate a cheerful state of mind at meals if you value easy digestion. Quarrels, heated discussions, or sullen taciturnity while eating, are highly injurious. Neither body nor spirit receive nutriment, and are starved in the midst of plenty. Do not speak of pain or disease at the table. You are in a receptive or negative state while eating and unconsciously give out strength. Laughter is the best aid to digestion. Our forefathers excited it at table by jesters and buffoons. A small amount eaten in repose, and deliberately tasted, is infinitely preferable to a large quantity eaten in a hurry. Many

people swallow their food very much as a locomotive does fuel. To them, one thing is as good as another so long as it is filling. Such a method of eating not only deadens the palate, but is hurtful. In taking in food, you should take in health, strength, and repose.

A word about boarding-school diet. Reared in such an institution myself, I have never quite forgotten the pangs of hunger which daily tortured me. It was not altogether that the supply was insufficient, but it was often badly cooked, and there was but little variety. Dickens has given us an admirable type of a boarding-school master in *Mr. Squeers,* whose favorite advice to his unhappy boarders was, "Subdue your appetites, and you have conquered human nature."

In our school, the matron discouraged the beef trust, but carried on a heavy line in oatmeal. She had rhubarb sauce to burn, and sometimes did it. Perhaps things have changed since then, but, my dear madam, before sending your daughter to school, do not be modest in making minute inquiries into the bill-of-fare. It will be money for you at the end of the year, and health for your daughter.

ABOUT MARRIAGE

A MARRIAGE is called "a match." This does not refer to the little wooden thing tipped with brimstone, though frequently the simile might not be incorrect. It means that the parties who contract marriage should be matched, and should choose and accept partners of their own rank.

The white man who is "mated with a squalid savage" must daily lower to the savage level. When "crabbed age and youth" are "joined together in holy matrimony," the union cannot but prove the cemetery of happiness. Husband and wife should be equally mated in all things, except with perhaps a suggestion more of intelligence to the man's credit—to make up for his insufficient morals.

"How can two walk together except they be agreed?" was a pertinent question of old. Nowadays, the query is put to us, "How can two walk together unless one of them have it entirely his own way?"

Love reverses the order of conjugal obedience. It makes the struggle an eagerness to serve, and not to command.

"When Mastery cometh, then sweet Love anon
Flappeth his nimble wings and soon away is flown."

A wit has said, women regard marriage as a license to eat onions and to wear ill-fitting clothes. Leaving the onion question aside for future consideration, we are persuaded this is unfair. The average woman will dress just as modishly as her husband's purse and generosity will allow. It is only the poor girl with tawny hair and direct manner that can have one thousand dollars' worth of clothes that fit her everywhere and all the time.

Never cease to be lovers. If you cease some one else may begin. That does not mean an indulgence in those post-nuptial unpleasantnesses—public caresses. This is washing one's clean linen in public. There is but one thing worse—dirty linen. We would roll this old planet a deal nearer Paradise if we would let our mouths speak the love our hearts feel.

I heard of a man who married a girl for her head of curls. Soon after the event he met an old chum who asked him how he liked his wife: "Like her! why, bless you, man," said he, "she is a perfect gem. I don't think there is another wife like her in the whole town. She's an angel. I believe I could eat her, I like her so well."

A year afterwards the same man met him again, and, after a friendly greeting, enquired for this angelic wife. "Oh, don't name her," said he in sadness. "Don't name her!" "Why, what's in the wind? You told me when I saw you

last that you could eat her!" With an emphasis that was as suggestive as it was expressive, he instantly replied, "Ay, man, and I wish I had eaten her." Moral: If you want only a plaything, if you want a doll, go to the toyshop and give $5.00 for a good big one. When the color and wax are worn off, and you are tired of it, you can go back and buy another one.

Men and women don't need to swing clubs to murder concord. A sneer from a cynical mouth, the sting of a waspish tongue, are just as effective. You were lady and gentleman before you were wife and husband. Don't forget it.

The great drawback to wedded felicity often lies in the fact that we get too familiar with one another. My dear madam, you have no more right to search your husband's pockets than he has to do the same service for a distant acquaintance. Don't smile, sir! On the other hand, you have no more right to obtrude your conversation upon your wife when she is in the midst of an absorbing story, than you would have to interrupt Queen Alexandra at her devotions.

SHOULD WOMEN PROPOSE?

CERTAINLY! A woman should do anything she chooses, with perhaps the unimportant exception of becoming the father of a family. It was the sarcastic remark of a crusty old parson in Connecticut that woman has the undoubted right to shave and sing bass if she wants to; and why, my dear sir, should she not propose?

The business of marriage is essentially woman's province, and should be handed over to her. She is a kind of a blank census paper waiting to be filled up with marriages, births, deaths, and other domestic affairs. Talk to her about a man whose exploits are filling the world, and she will only ask you two questions—was he married, and whether he had any children.

To say the least, it is galling to a woman's dignity and proper sense of pride to be ever referred to as a young "thing," an "old maid," or a "relict." The Germans speak of a turnip as "she," a young lady as "it." Apart from this glaring disrespect, the unmarried woman is weary of the plaint, "He cometh not." She feels it is time she should fetch him—and she will, too.

Young men, do not get frightened at the prospects before you, nor blindly attempt to fight fate. If you don't want her, you can screw up your courage, trample your profound chivalry under foot, and say her a good round no. It will be pleasant thereafter to tell your envious male chums every word she said, and how you promised to take her on your list of sisters. If, however, the worst should come to the worst, and she is not good to you, you know you can go home to your father.

When woman proposes, it will be an unmixed boon to the business-engrossed man. He wants to get married—when, how, or to whom, is of no great moment. He has neither time nor taste for the elusive intricacies of flirtation, and so has not to be wheedled into acquiescence, but on the contrary is wonderfully relieved to find himself landed into the *marriage de convenance* without the accessories of bait and hook.

It will be a good thing, too, for the ugly men. An unaccountable trait in femininity is the proneness to fall in love with men that are plain. Her love has the habit of "glorifying clown and satyr." The greyer the gander, the deeper the passion of the goose. It is a habit with which few men will quarrel. She gazes on a piece of common clay, and thinks him "the centre-point of God's creation." Thank heaven, my good friends, it is so.

Mirabeau was one of the most unprepossessing men in France, and yet, when he died his rooms were found to contain heaps of letters from women who would have drawn him into the maelstrom of love.

When woman becomes the wooer, it will also be a real triumph for the frivolous man. I am not alone in this opinion, for Mr. Addison once wrote in *The Spectator:* "When I see a fellow loud and talkative, full of insipid life and laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female favorite—noise and flutter are such accomplishments as she cannot withstand. To be short, the passion of an ordinary woman for a man is nothing else but self-love diverted upon another object: *She would have the lover a woman in everything but sex.*" Dryden has expressed the same satire in the lines:

"Our thoughtless sex is caught by outward form
And empty noise, and loves itself in man."

Now, there are those who would draw our attention to the fact that this radicalism would be a blessing to all men, in that all are either ugly or frivolous, but we shall not take time to contradict a statement which is so evidently mere hyperbole. Hitherto, woman has been acting on a principle that is deceitful, but on the whole effective. As man advances, she retreats; as he becomes tender, she simulates indifference. Her principal here is pique. To sum up the situation brutally, she keeps the hawk hungry that he may freely stoop to the lure, but once "lovely woman" takes the initiative and puts her foot on the stiff neck of Madam Precedent, that musty mother of mischief, things will be very different. It will relieve her sex of an immense deal of mental and physical strain. At present the pursuit of a husband is the supreme struggle for existence. It was all very well for one of old to ask the pertinent question, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" but it is not applicable to this century. He is very much on our minds, and sometimes on our hands.

The press make much ado over the fact that an unkissed man has never been found. There is no difficulty in finding thousands of women in this predicament. We speak feelingly, being in this class ourselves. Indeed, we are just looking carefully around for "a square-set man and honest"—you ask us why? To propose to him, my dear sir! To propose!

BREAKING A BRONCHO

IF you go to see the "breaking" of wild horses in the North-West Territories you must expect to hear something absolutely new in swear words. The "buster" can swear volcanically, methodically, volubly, comprehensively, concisely—I had almost said prayerfully. Offensive personalities, execrations, maledictions and deprecative disparagement fall from his lips in a rapid, turbid torrent.

I have not yet been able to decide whether man or horse is the most interesting. The "buster" or "wrangler" has a hardy moulded figure with not a superfluous pound of flesh to hinder the free play of his muscles. His skin, swart and tough from sun and wind, is ripened to the same durable hue as his saddle. All over him is writ roughly the record of his adventurous life. Thorough utility is the keynote of his costume, yet it is not wanting in picturesqueness. His broad felt sombrero, while it is calculated to repel the rays of the sun and to act as an umbrella, is the "editing" of his whole dress. No other headgear could be quite so effective.

His legs are encased in "chaps," or to be more correct, chaparéjos, trouserettes of calfskin that protect him from mosquitoes and briars. These are adorned at the bottom with a fringe of the same leather. His shirt is not of the "biled" variety. A loosely-knotted colored kerchief about his throat adds a dash of color to all.

The "buster" is usually a cowboy who

has had more courage and stronger will than his fellows, for both these traits must be developed to the extreme limit that phrenologists class as "nine." His average pay is five dollars per horse. The horse—well, think the worst you can about it and then it is a great deal worse than that. It is said that a horse at its best is an amiable idiot; at its worst, a dangerous maniac. The broncho combines these traits at once. It makes no difference that it has reached the years of discretion, for the discretion never arrives with the years. Indeed, the word "broncho" is the Spanish for "wild."

Emerson Hough, who has known it for thirty years, tells us that the broncho has a long history. The Moors brought it from Spain. It had come from a hot, dry, waterless land, and could subsist on the desert. On this side the Atlantic it became the horse of the Spanish-Indian, or Mexican. The environment of Mexico was similar to that of Northern Africa from whence it came—small shade, parched land, burning suns, short grass. It had no more water than would keep it alive, and so for generations it lost in curves and gained in angles, lost in good looks but gained in speed, bottom, wind, and that admirable characteristic known as "sand." It eventually evolved into a wiry, untamed, ugly-dispositioned brute, wild as a hawk, fleet as a deer, strong as a lion. Its ribs are flat, its hips cat-hammed, and its tail often looks like a used-up shaving brush. The neck is hopelessly ewed, and the back is humped up like a one-humped camel. Its forelegs would not commend it as a saddler. Indeed, it has not a single line of beauty. Yet, without this cow pony there could have been no cattle industry. The ranchman's success is due to his horse.

This summer morning on the prairie there is but one horse in the corral—a piebald, leggy roan. Its eye is by no means assuring, and its Roman nose is sufficiently pronounced to declare the most stubborn propensities. It is seven years old and has never felt a bridle or "cinch"—the Western word for girth—and has been as free as air, an absolutely wild animal.

The "buster" is seated on a high-pommeled Mexican saddle. The pommel or "horn" is made of forged steel and covered with leather. It is to this he anchors the bad plunging "broncho." It is his "snubbing" post. One end of the rope is attached to this while the other chokes Miss Broncho into something very like submission.

This saddle is not only the horseman's saddle, but it is his workshop. It has cost him one hundred dollars. Nothing could induce him to use another man's saddle, and the Fates be with the man who would make so bold as to use his. It is told that an Englishman said to a broncho-buster, "I say, old chap, you couldn't jump a fence in that thing, you know." "Stranger," replied the Westerner, "this yer is God's country, an' there ain't no fences; but I shore think I could jump more fences than you could rope steers if you rid that postage-stamp thing of yourn."

The "buster" wears spurs and rides with his legs straight down. His rope is about thirty-five feet long, and the noose works freely through a leather eye. The Canadian never calls it a "lasso" or "lariat." He only knows it as a "rope."

Miss Broncho must be halter-broke first, and so the rope is sent uncoiling through the air with a movement that looks as easy as the graceful and traditional act of falling off a log. But the rest is not so easy. The overwhelming insult has sent her flying to the end of the rope, only to find something tighten around her neck. Tighter! tighter! She pulls, she tugs, she strains. Her eyes gouge out and so does her tongue. The rope is over the pommel, and the man is firm as the everlasting hills. Surely, you ruminate, the Spanish bull-fights can be no more exciting and hardly more cruel. Will he never slacken? Yes, but *Mademoiselle* must learn by dire experience to stop stock still when she feels a rope around her neck.

But horses are not so intelligent as they are usually conceded to be. Trainers say that they are among the least intelligent of all animals. Everything has to be drilled into them, and especially by their sense of touch, in which they are peculiarly sensitive. On the other hand, they are ten-

acious of memory. This is why the "breaking" takes on the character of an art.

With a fine disregard for consequences, out she goes again "with a spring in every muscle," only to be jerked off her feet when she comes to the end. Still she refuses to be taken in leading or to be tied, so to speak, to another horse's apron-strings. Her wind is cut off, but nevertheless she struggles, though all to no purpose. After a bit there is bloody foam at her mouth and nose, and even then she makes strong and furious plunges against the rope. "Ah, my dear wild thing! you are hopelessly entrapped in the snare of the fowler. Your heart may bleed, your heart may break, but for all the years you have found a master."

Another period of foolish rebellion, and at last she leads. Here is a picture for Rosa Bonheur! But her troubles are not over. The rope is transferred from her neck to her leg, and she is helplessly hobbled while a fifty-pound saddle is thrown on her back and the girths tightened. She is corseted for the first time, and not in any "common-sense" corset either, for, speaking comparatively, her 26-inch waist is squeezed into an 18-inch "straight-front." The man is in the saddle and her leg is unroped. Now for some impromptu rough-riding! By all the rules of dynamics the "buster" ought to have been turned over half a dozen times; but the high cantle gives firmness to his seat, and he sits back at an angle of forty-five degrees.

We thought Miss Broncho was tired, but her pyrotechnic repertory of feats was only beginning. Now, she seemed a bunch of muscles flying through the air; and again, in the vindictive menace of her soul, she tries to kill the man by rolling on him. This is the congenital iniquity of the cow pony, that has come down in almost as straight and ancient a line as original sin. It is no use. She is always worsted by the quick wit and daring of her rider. We are glad when it is over. To-morrow, and the next day, she will go through a similar performance, till she is declared broken.

From the Eastern standpoint, we would consider her education still highly superficial, and so it is. The finishing touches are given by the poor cowboy who has to ride her. After awhile he will teach her to turn by the pressure of the knee and to stand when the bridle is thrown over her head, and to drag a big steer out of the mire or all over the plains for that matter. She will have first place in her rider's affections, for while the cow is his interest his passion is horse.

And Miss Broncho? Perhaps one day she will break her leg in a badger hole, and the cow-puncher will despatch her with his gun. Or it may be that one thundery night, when the herd stampedes, she and her rider will fall in a *coulee* under the hoofs of a maddened avalanche of flesh; or a rattlesnake, "whistlin' wid its tail," may give her the quietus. In the meantime she will be hungry, thirsty, cold and tired, but never lazy—a real companion of her rough but chivalric master, the natural son of the plains.

FINANCE

THE GROWTH AND DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH IN THE UNITED STATES

SINCE and including 1850 the Federal Census has collected statistics relative to wealth. The wealth at the different census periods, as collected, is represented as follows:

Census Year.	Wealth.
1850	$7,135,780,228
1860	16,159,616,068
1870	30,068,518,507
1880	43,642,000,000
1890	65,037,091,197
1900	94,000,000,000

By "wealth" is meant all the tangible property of the country at its true valuation—that is, its market value. In 1890 this true valuation or market value ($65,037,091,197) was distributed as follows:

TRUE VALUATION OF ALL TANGIBLE PROPERTY IN THE UNITED STATES, EXCLUSIVE OF ALASKA, IN 1890.

Classification.	Value.	Per cent. of Total.
Real estate, with improvements thereon	$39,544,544,333	60.80
Live stock on farms, farm implements and machinery	2,703,015,940	4.16
Mines and quarries, including product on hand	1,291,291,579	1.99
Gold and silver coin and bullion	1,158,774,948	1.78
Machinery of mills and product on hand, raw and manufactured	3,058,593,441	4.70
Railroads and equipments, including $389,357,289 for street railroads	8,685,407,323	13.35
Telegraphs, telephones, shipping, canals and equipment	701,755,712	1.08
Miscellaneous	7,893,708,821	12.14
Totals	$65,037,091,197	100.00

Of the total, it will be seen that 60.80 per cent. consisted of real estate, with the improvements thereon. This, of course, embraced farms, land, and all city property as certified to by the assessors, city and State officials.

The total money in the United States, consisting of coin and including bullion in the Treasury, United States notes and bank notes, is stated by the Treasury officials to be $2,483,147,292, which is $31.94 per capita, as against $14.06 in 1860. The circulation of money at the present time is $27.98 per capita, as against $13.85 in 1860. These figures show an enormous increase in the efficiency of commercial mechanism. Circulation must increase as business prospers, and the per capita amount of money represents very positively the requirements of a great industrial community.

Another indication of the financial efficiency of the people is shown very clearly by savings banks deposits. At the present time there are 1,007 banks, the number of depositors being 6,358,723, their deposits amounting to $2,597,094,580. According to careful investigation about 50 per cent. of the deposits in the savings banks belong to wage-earners. This is a vast sum and shows an exceedingly gratifying feature of the general distribution of wealth. Building and loan associations have total assets of $581,866,170. These assets with few exceptions are the property of small holders.

In eighteen different States there have grown up what are known as school savings banks. The total number of pupils having deposits in such banks is 63,576. They have from time to time deposited nearly $900,000, from which sum they have made withdrawals, but the net deposit to their credit after such withdrawals is now nearly a third of a million dollars.

These school savings banks, building and loan associations and savings banks indicate the rapid increase in the distribution of wealth to small holders.

According to the census of 1900 there were at least 18,000,000 wage receivers in the United States. It is safe to assume that the average wages paid this large number of persons annually is $400, making an aggregate of $7,200,000,000 paid to

that class alone. This statement shows that from the annual accumulation of wealth in the country a large share is distributed to those who are wage-earners.

We hear a great deal about the rich growing richer and the poor poorer. Those who make this assertion argue that because of the increase of millionaires their wealth has been taken from the small holders. This would be true if wealth did not increase and millionaires increased, as then there would necessarily be a concentration of wealth in the hands of the few at the expense of the property of the many; but as we have seen, wealth increases at tremendous strides, and the assertion that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer cannot be sustained. While it is true that the rich are growing richer, many more people are also growing rich, and the poor are better off. The poor must participate in the expanded distribution of wealth.

The millionaires of the country are distributing their wealth with more and more wisdom. During the past year more than $100,000,000 were distributed for educational and religious purposes by the men who had accumulated vast wealth. The distribution of accumulations in the country results in benefit to every member of the community, and relieves those who accumulate wealth of the charge of using it in enervating distribution rather than in beneficial ways.

FACING A COAL FAMINE

REPORTS from all over eastern Canada are that emergency fuels will be resorted to during the winter as a substitute for coal. In this connection the coal famine promises to develop to an extraordinary degree and permanently establish a new industry in Canada. Throughout the Dominion there are hundreds of thousands of acres of the finest peat beds in the world. In northern Ontario alone there are bogs of sphagnum moss, many feet deep, covering an area estimated at 10,000 square miles. Several companies have already been chartered, and others are in course of organization, to exploit the vast peat districts of Ontario and Quebec. One plant in the vicinity of Ottawa will be turning out this month about 100 tons of peat fuel daily.

Once peat fuel becomes established in the favor of the consumer, any future strike in the coal regions of Pennsylvania need have no terror for the people of this country, and it will make Canada for many years to come practically independent of any other country in a material so essential as fuel for comfort and existence. Even should the strike speedily terminate, the actual distress in Canada could not be materially abated before midwinter, and not only will there be great suffering, but a terrible increase in the mortality rate will result.—*The Chicago Record-Herald.*

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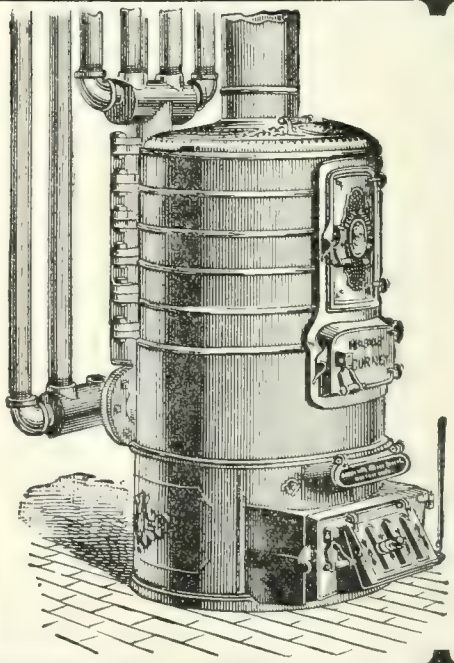

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

The second number of The National Monthly being late in coming out, it was thought desirable to date it August instead of July. Consequently there will be no July number for 1902. This will not prevent subscribers from having the full number paid for.

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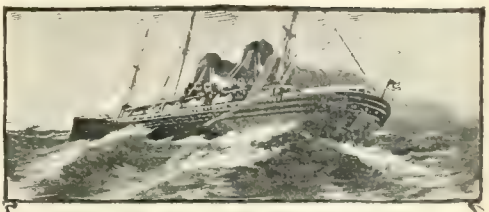

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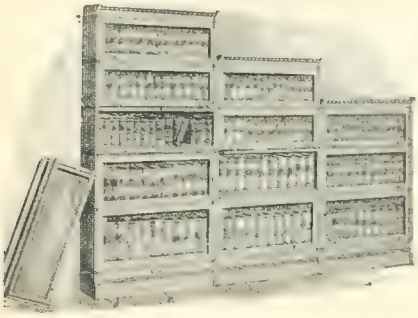

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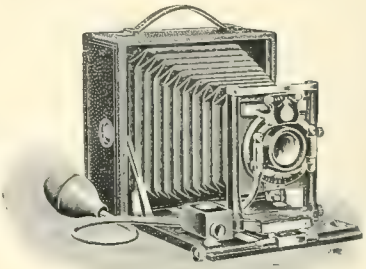

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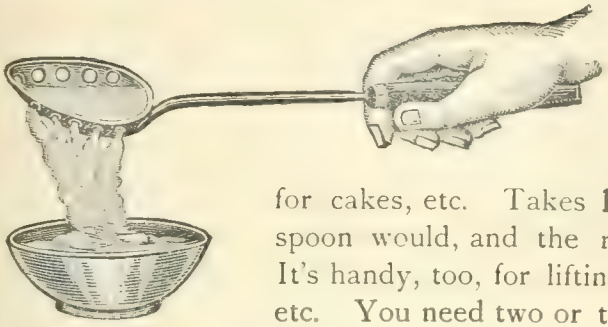

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OF THE

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(INCORPORATED)

.... OF ....

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 31, 1901

Since organization, ten years ago, this Company has paid in cash to members **$1,530,311.02.** All **withdrawals** have been **paid promptly.** Every dollar paid in, with interest, being returned to the withdrawing member when the required period has been reached.

ASSETS.

Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$642,954.04
Real Estate	513,955.38
Loans on this Company's Stock	70,051.60
Accrued Interest	7,785.70
Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc.	3,136.74
Accounts Receivable	1,050.97
Furniture and Fixtures	6,690.93
The Molsons Bank	27,408.43
Cash on hand	9,774.47
Total Assets	$1,282,808.26

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock Paid in	$1,013,590.17
Dividends Credited	37,079.34
Amount Due Borrowers on Uncompleted Loans	1,771.14
Borrowers' Sinking Fund	42 675.48
Mortgages Assumed for Members	11,300.00
Reserve Fund	45,000.00
Contingent Account	131,392.13
Total Liabilities	$1,282,808.26

THOMAS G. HAND, G. A. HARPER, } Auditors.

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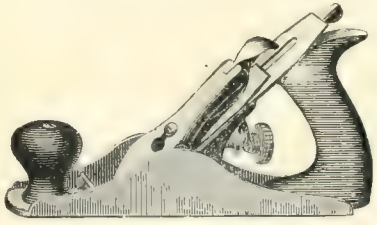

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NOVEMBER, 1902

THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA.

OUR POINT OF VIEW

THE ECONOMIC NEED OF TECHNICAL EDUCATION

THE LOGGING INDUSTRY

THE NEW CAPE BRETON

SCENES IN THE CANADIAN ALPS

EUROPE *VERSUS* AMERICA

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

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THE
NATIONAL MONTHLY
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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

VOL. I NOVEMBER, 1902 No. 5

OUR POINT OF VIEW

Is Canada Going to be a Nation?

CANADIANS first felt the ambition to be a nation when they began to realize the greatness of their country. Within the last five years especially this ambition has made marked progress in Canada, and the idea has gradually taken fast hold. The first step was a desire to grow. Then, as a people, we began to take a wider outlook, to be prouder of our country, and to assert our qualifications as a nation. When we thus began to look on ourselves, the rest of the world took note, and now we are recognized at home and abroad as a nation by right of our own greatness. Canada is young, but she is growing. She is not nearly as great as she will be, but still she is great. A great country should have great expectations, and this national ambition of Canada's is the inspiration which will lead to wide success and public prosperity.

We have answered the question and said that we are already a nation. In fact, however, we have only laid the foundations. Our national future, which rests largely in our own hands, lies yet before us. With, say, a five years' start, shall we let the national idea continue and be the motive force of the country's industry? To that course we have indeed committed ourselves; but to continue so certain things are necessary. National greatness follows natural greatness, and Canada's only hope for the one lies in the development of the other. Both may, however, be artificially hampered—as, for example, by an inefficient tariff. The questions of national growth and national protection are inseparably associated, and while in the last five years we have made more progress in the national idea than in fifty years before, the national greatness of the next half-century depends largely upon the policy adopted in the five years immediately ahead of us. At least one public Minister sees this and accepts the logical conclusion. Mr. Tarte, having examined the country's resources and industries, and studied the nation's needs, declares for protection. In a speech at the recent Toronto Industrial Fair he said:

"I cannot understand those who think it better to buy in Germany or the United States instead of in Canada . . . . The question is: are we going to be a nation? If we are to be Canadians we must stand on our own basis. If we are going on spending one hundred and fifty millions annually with the United States for manufactured goods, we are not helping our own country. And we lose just so much population thereby . . . We must grapple with affairs as they are to-day. We have in this country every raw material required to make us a great manufacturing nation—timber, iron, coal, wheat lands, and the finest waterways in the world. Tell me why we should buy from the United States, who close their doors against us, the things that we could manufacture here and sell just as cheaply as they can, if we only had a tariff that would permit us to manufacture them? And why has Canada not made more progress—as much progress as our neighbors of the United States? The United States has prospered because it has had a definite tariff and transportation policy of its own.

"Canadians have made up their minds to be Br tish. We are not as big as the United States, but we are pretty

big. We have side by side the products of the farm and of the factory. We must carry them through our own ports and our own waterways . . . The best means of keeping the British flag flying is to build up a nation by developing our own resources, our own industries, and our own trade."

What Mr. Tarte proposes as a safeguard to national industry and commerce may best be put in his own words:

"No one is asking that the tariff be raised all along the line. My belief and the belief of the Manufacturers' Association is purely and simply that the tariff of this country should be readjusted on certain points for the greater development of our national industries and so as to create a profitable and permanent market for the agricultural classes, to give more and more work to the laboring classes, and to cultivate the trade between the different provinces and the various parts of the Empire."

On another occasion, at Chatham, on October 8, Mr. Tarte is thus reported:

"I feel keenly that on this matter there should be unanimity of opinion. It is not a party question; it is a broad national question. Some do not like the word 'protection.' Well I don't care for words; call it a self-defence tariff, if you will, provided that it is high enough."

This is what the Minister of Public Works holds as the ideal of a faithful statesman:

"When a man is a public man he cannot disregard public sentiment, but when a man resolves to become a public man he should make up his mind to deal with public questions, not in a narrow party spirit but in a broad Canadian spirit: he must try to serve his country. Therefore public men must try to harmonize their views and work together for the good of Canada as a whole."

We are right with Mr. Tarte on this question. His point of view is fair and the remedy he suggests is manifestly in the best interests of the country. What he says he says from no political motives, but as the result of what he has seen, heard, and believes. He wants Canada to become a great nation, and he recognizes protection as one of the chief means to that end. Mr. Tarte has the courage of his convictions.

The Market at Home

WHILE efforts are being made to increase Canada's trade across seas, an annually increasing amount of our home trade is passing into the hands of another country. We are sending commercial agents to South Africa, Australia, and the West Indies, and they are seeking to open up new channels for Canadian manufactures; at the same time the United States, with equally commendable enterprise, sends a commercial agent to Canada with a similar end in view. During the past summer an agent travelled through various parts of the Dominion, investigating and inquiring into the prospects of increasing American trade. The following is an extract from one of his reports:

"The demand for American goods is increasing in Canada. Hardware, brass goods, agricultural implements, ladies' novelties, boots, shoes, and hats are especially popular, and goods are advertised as American in order to win patronage. No license is required in Ontario for commercial men or drummers, and samples are duty-free."

Comment is hardly necessary. The question arises, however, whether Canada is doing herself justice. By all means let us increase our export trade, for therein lies the hope of a large portion of our industrial enterprises. But let us attend to our home market first. It is the best and the most important. In the long run the producer has to pay for transportation, and by saving him these heavy charges the home market provides him a better outlet for his products. The home market already exists. It is now being supplied, to a very considerable extent, from a foreign source and has been unfortunately neglected by our own people. But it is illogical and most unprofitable that we should continue to import vast quantities of manufactured wares, while it is disloyal and altogether reprehensible that we should call our home-made goods by a foreign name in order to sell them. The Americans are quite naturally desirous of holding our trade, for it is already large and is yearly increasing. But these are the things we should be making ourselves. That we are not supplying our home market from our own resources is due to two causes: the lack of adequate protection and the lack of public confidence in the "made-in-Canada" label. Canadian manufacturers can not supply

the home demand without a self-defensive tariff, and such a tariff is not only lacking now, but foreign competition is encouraged by the absence of even a drummers' license. It is manifestly unfair.

An Industry that Should be Fostered

CANADA'S pulp business is a case in point of an industry which would be materially strengthened by efficient protection. It is an industry for which Canada is naturally adapted. The total export of wood pulp to England and the United States in 1901 was $1,950,000, or about 56 per cent. of the whole make of Canada. The total output was 265,000 tons, of which 40 per cent. was required for home consumption. Forty per cent. does not, however, represent all that Canada needs for her own use. Large quantities of manufactured paper are imported from the United States, to the value last year of $1,800,000. If Canada first provided for her own necessities the percentages of reserve and export would at least be reversed. The larger the surplus then, the better. But not only does Canada export wood pulp in its semi-manufactured form, but she sends away the raw material. Last year pulpwood to the value of $1,282,800 was imported into the United States from this country and there manufactured into pulp, Canada losing thus the benefits of an industry rightfully her own. Export of raw material is a most unwise policy for any country, and especially such a country as Canada to adopt. It is true that there are not at present enough mills in Canada to supply the demand of England alone, while the United States has the mills but a scarcity of wood. The import from Canada is therefore a natural consequence. But there is no sufficient reason why there should not be more mills in Canada and why all of the raw material should not be manufactured in our own country.

The remedy is protection. Some approach to protective legislation has been made in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, the former prohibiting the export of all timber cut on Crown lands and the latter reducing the stumpage duty from sixty-five to forty cents a cord when the pulpwood is manufactured in Canada. Evidently in retaliation the United States has imposed an additional duty of twenty-five and thirty-five cents a ton, the policy of that country being to foster its own industries and to meet trade restrictions imposed by other countries with the stern justice of retaliation. In the present case the natural result should be the establishment of more mills in Canada, which would more certainly follow if the Dominion Government enacted still stronger protective measures. An adequate export duty would confine the manufacture of pulp and paper to our own country and build up an industry which might easily take rank among our most important.

A Good Way to Advertise Canada

A PARTY of British journalists visited Canada this last summer, and toured the provinces with ready eyes and open note-books. They were not merely tourists, but were sent out by their papers to study the country and write about it when they returned home. Having thus spied out the land, their reports of it, which will be widely circulated, can hardly fail to attract attention and to make the English public more favorably acquainted with Canada, its greatness, its wealth of resource, and its all-round desirability. Such advertising is to be encouraged. Some system of attracting experts to our country and facilitating their investigations while here might well receive the attention of the authorities. Advertising is quite as necessary for a nation as for an individual tradesman.

A surprising ignorance concerning Canada and things Canadian has had its serious and its ridiculous sides. Our

climate has been outrageously maligned; our geographical distances have been greatly under-estimated; our standard of civilization has not been comprehended; while any practical knowledge of the country's resources or industrial advantages has been confined chiefly to those seaboard districts which have had commercial relations with us. Of late, however, Canada is coming to be better understood and more fully appreciated. Tourist travel has cleared away many misconceptions. So far as England is concerned, a certain measure of this improvement is due to the advertising which Canada has done for herself. The Canadian office in London, and the various exhibitions in which the Dominion has been represented, have done much to popularize Britain's premier colony with the people of England. We look for good results also from the journalists' recent visit. But Canada needs advertising in other places beside England. During the past year several German travellers have visited our country at various times, and have declared themselves quite surprised and delighted with what they have seen. The people of the United States have also learned much about us by travelling through our provinces. Unfortunately the American youth learn practically nothing about Canada in their school-geographies, and very frequently the greatness of their northern neighbor comes as a surprise in later life. Still closer home, Canada needs advertising among her own people, a great bulk of whom do not yet know their own country, nor realize its possibilities. Perhaps Canadians need to travel in Canada as much as Englishmen or Americans.

The Yukon Country

IN the five years since gold was first discovered in the Yukon the total production has been $80,000,000. The mines are still yielding plentifully, the production this year being estimated at $12,000,000. Coal has also been discovered, in large quantities and of good quality.

Those who are in the best position to judge of the prospects claim that Canada's most northern territory has a bright future before it. The boom, which was at its height some three years ago, has not been followed in the Yukon by a collapse such as is usual in the history of mining camps in other places. It speaks well for the integrity of the Yukon industry that it is passing through the test of after-boom days without loss or injury. Business is steadying, industrial conditions are coming to a normal level, and the people are settling down to a permanent and intelligent idea of citizenship. In boom-days none of this steadying process was possible. A considerable exodus has taken place, but it has been composed largely of classes that the country is better without. Those who stay have become permanent residents, with a pride and real interest in the country of their adoption. They have already a capital which does them credit; Dawson is rapidly becoming a model city. What was only a few years ago a barren mining camp is now even desirable as a place of residence, while its business is solidifying in a more normal and permanent form. In short, the Yukon has passed out of the rule of the adventurers and is now under good government, maintenance of order and development of industry going hand in hand. Progress thus, constant, sure, and safe, is infinitely better than the abnormal activity which obtains during a boom. It is the Canadian policy not to exploit an industry merely for its immediate returns but to make it the centre and support of its country, colonization following in the track of industrial development.

About two-thirds of the Yukon trade is in the hands of Canadians. Heretofore Canadian manufacturers and tradesmen have unwisely allowed a large volume of

business to pass into the hands of more enterprising Americans, and early shipments of inferior goods brought Canadian manufactures into disrepute. Gradually, however, the trade is changing into Canadian channels. The Yukon demands the best, and our manufactures should do themselves justice. And why should they not secure that remaining one-third of the Yukon trade?

Shall the North Pole be Canadian?

TWO Polar expeditions came to a close this fall, and both were failures so far as finding the Pole was concerned. Explorer Baldwin established a large number of food depots, in readiness for another expedition next year, and made some important marine collections. He did not, however, make any real advance in polar discovery. Lieutenant Peary accomplished more, but still failed. He reached a latitude of eighty-four degrees, seventeen minutes, or in other words, he was within three hundred and sixty miles of the Pole. He rounded the northern limit of Greenland, probably the most northerly land in the world. He found the relics of the ill-fated Greeley expedition and brought back valuable collections of specimens and scientific data. He turned back because the polar pack became impassable.

It is possible that the Union Jack will be the first flag at the North Pole and that a Canadian will put it there. One of the earliest expeditions, the Greeley, was made up of Canadians, under Canadian auspices, and now there is another project on foot by which a native explorer hopes to win the coveted honor for his country. Captain Bernier, a French-Canadian, is now raising funds for a new expedition, the cost of which will be $120,000. The Dominion Government will contribute half that amount, and the Ontario Government has promised $15,000; the balance is being contributed privately. As soon as the funds are in hand the work of building a ship will be begun. Captain Bernier's plans are novel and original. Peary, Baldwin, Nansen, Abruzzi, Greeley have all sought entrance to the Polar Sea by way of Greenland, while Captain Bernier will go by the Behring Sea. He claims this to be the more scientific route and more likely of success. He will sail as far north as he can, and then, taking up a good position, he will drift with the ice pack for two years and a half. At the end of that time he expects to be within one hundred and fifty miles of the Pole. At that point he will leave the ship and 'staff' the ice north to the Pole, leaving condensed provisions at half-mile intervals along the way. These caches will also serve as guideposts on the return to the ship, which will continue drifting to the southeast, coming out some eighteen months later between Greenland and Spitzbergen. In this way the action of nature will be taken direct advantage of, instead of opposing it.

Captain Bernier will use the wireless telegraph system on his expedition. He will carry instruments in full sympathy with a receiver at Dawson, and communication will thus be maintained regularly with the outside world. A telegraph message from the Pole will be a distinct achievement.

The discovery of the North Pole will not be of any material importance; it will never give financial returns. But measured in scientific terms, it will be of great significance. The Pole is now the only great geographical discovery that remains to be made. The indomitable energy of man has conquered all other seas and lands, but the Pole has hitherto conquered man. The game will not be given up, however. Some one will yet triumph and the great discovery will be made. It will be a distinction for Canada if this triumph shall be under her auspices and won by her sons. The North Pole is rightfully Canadian territory.

President Roosevelt on Good Citizenship

PLAIN and forceful words on the duties of good citizenship were spoken by President Roosevelt in a public address at Boston on August 25. Without a reservation, they are just as applicable to Canadians as to Americans, and the kind of men that would be thus produced are just as much needed in Canada as in the United States. Therefore we may fittingly quote a portion of his speech:

I care not how good its laws; I care not in what marvellous mechanism its constitution may be embodied; back of the law, back of the administration, back of our system of government, lies the average manhood of our people. In the long run we are going to go up or down according as the average standard of our citizenship does or does not wax in growth and grace.

Now, when we come to the question of good citizenship, the first requisite is that the man shall do the homely, every-day, humdrum duties well. A man is not a good citizen, I do not care how lofty his thoughts are about citizenship in the abstract, if in the concrete his actions do not bear them out; and it does not make much difference how high his aspirations for mankind at large are, if he does not behave well in his own family these aspirations are not going to bear very visible fruit. He has got to be a good bread-winner; he has got to take care of his wife and children; he has got to be a neighbor whom his neigbors can trust; he has got to act squarely in his business relations. In fact, he has got to do all those every-day, ordinary things first or he is not a good citizen.

But he must do more than that. In this country the average citizen has got to devote a good deal of thought and time to the affairs of the state as a whole, or those affairs are going to go backward. That time must be devoted steadily and intelligently. If there is any one quality which is not admirable, whether in a nation or in an individual, it is hysterics. The man or woman who makes up for ten days' indifference to duty by an eleventh day's morbid repentance about that indifference is of very scant use in the world. Now in the same way it is of no possible use to decline to go through all the ordinary duties of citzenship for a long space of time and then suddenly get up and feel angry about something or somebody, and demand reform as if it were a concrete substance and could be handed out forthwith.

Progress in Europe

PROGRESS toward international arbitration has been made by the first regular sitting of The Hague Conference, in September. The first case tried by this tribunal came from the United States, and concerned the adjustment of certain financial troubles of long standing between California and Mexico. The cause of the contention was an old mission, originally started by the Spanish, and the question at issue is known as the "Pious Fund" case. It has no important international interest in itself, but is none the less significant as the crowning of a plan that has long been the dream of lovers of peace. Although The Hague Tribunal begins with minor cases, a definite progress has been made in the world's peace, and more important matters may follow.

In England the chief interest is political. The Education Bill is the centre of public concern and continues to awaken high feeling. It is thought, however, that it is being made use of merely as the most available weapon by those whose ambition it is to worry and eventually upset the Government. The whole difficulty is one which could not possibly occur in this country, but is characteristic of English customs and temperaments. Mr. Balfour is happily surprising his critics by proving more alert and vigorous than was expected of him. He has apparently thrown off the role of dilletante and has taken up his work as a leader in sober earnest.

The great schemer of Europe is Russia. It is seldom that she is not planning something, or doing something, and keeping it quietly to herself as long as she can. Her plans leak out, however, and then it becomes apparent how gigantic her ambition is. It is reported that she is now building a secret strategic railway from the Siberian line through Mongolia to Pekin, while it is certain that she is contemplating an immense undertaking in the form of a railway connecting the Arctic with the Persian Gulf. These railway schemes are not, however, taken seriously by the other powers; but that Russia has designs upon the Mediterranean is a fact that comes home more closely and especially concerns England. The Russian ambitions in the far East have,

for the time being at least, been checked by the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and Russia now turns her attention to the eastern Mediterranean, where she is seeking to persuade Turkey to accept Russian protection and virtual control. It does not seem to be England's purpose to thwart this move on the part of Russia. The English press looks on it as a necessary safety valve for Russian energy, which had better let out in the Levant than explode in India. England cannot monopolize the Mediterranean and she already is dominant. It is altogether likely, therefore, that Russia will soon be one of the powers represented on the Great Sea.

A step backward, which may lead to a step forward, is the attitude which Roumania is adopting toward the unfortunate Jews. Her laws against the Hebrews are so strict that large numbers of them have been compelled to emigrate to America, and Secretary Hay has sent a note to the powers asking that they intervene in behalf of humanity and secure better treatment for the poor Jew. The interest of the United States in the matter is due partly to the fact that Roumania's persecutions are causing an undesirable class of immigrants to come to America, and self-interest thus co-operates with humanitarianism to invite the attention of the European powers.

Simple Remedies for Consumption

CONSIDERABLE attention is being given in Canada to the treatment of tuberculosis and much progress has been made in the way of sanitariums, etc. A prominent American physician declares that the main features of the successful treatment of this dread disease are outdoor life, plenty of pure air, good food, and absolute rest in extreme cases. He names a list of things which a consumptive must and must not do if he hopes to recover. He must:

Get at least an hour's exercise in the fresh air every day.

Sleep with bedroom windows open.

Form a habit of deep breathing whenever he is in the open air.

Avoid stooping and contracting the chest while bending over work.

Open the windows of his office or workshop several times a day.

Wear light weight woollen garments next to the skin.

Eat as much fatty substances as possible.

Drink all the cream he can afford, and plenty of water, especially just before going to bed.

A consumptive must not:

Do anything which suppresses the breathing.

Wear tight, heavy clothing.

Sleep in same garments worn during the day.

Eat scorbutic foods, salt meat, pickles, cheese and spices.

Drink alcoholic liquor or smoke tobacco.

These simple remedies, the consumptive's table of commandments, are not too simple to be worth the trying. They have the advantage of being easily available and will undoubtedly in average cases give a considerable lease of life to weakened men and women.

THE ECONOMIC NEED OF TECHNICAL EDUCATION*

The Incessant Demand for the Technically Trained Man.

THE day of the untrained man is past; the day of the technically trained man is here. At no time have the untrained, the unfit, the poorly prepared been so ruthlessly weeded out of the professions, the arts, the trades and business callings as they are to-day. The incessant demand, heard by him who has "his ear on the ground," is for young men in the vigor of manhood, whose eyes ears and hands, as well as minds, are trained to do the work demanded in modern industrial pursuits.

Those who stand midway between the active industrial workers on the one hand and the oncoming groups of young men on the other, like the administrative officers and professors of our technical schools are able to take a broader and more comprehensive view of the field of supply and demand than most others.

The Manual Training of the Future.

The pedagogical reason for the existence of manual training in a school curriculum is identical with the reason for the existence of drawing, singing, numberwork, sciencework or reading—no more and no less. To be perfectly fair and impartial, then, it must be admitted that the term "Manual Training School" is as erroneous as "Mathematical Training School," "Science Training School," or "English Training School." The names primary, grammar and high school are quite sufficient, for in each school mathematics, English, science and manual training should enter as co-ordinate subjects. Manual training should no more give name to a secondary school than philosophy should be the describing feature of a university. Rather should shopwork, science and hand manipulation be an integral part of the curriculum of all grades of schoolwork, from the kindergarten up. The simple handwork of the kindergarten, the sciencework of the primary school, sewing and cookery for girls and carpentry for boys in the grammar grades, are all movements in this direction.

The manual training of the future, and the very near future, will be handwork of some kind adapted to the ability of the student, whatever may be his stage of advancement. *Manual training will* then lose the distinctive feature it now holds as an adjunct to a high-school course, and *become one means of education applicable to all grades of instruction.*

The Proper Point of View.

Most, if not all, recent improvements in educational methods in this country, have been purely academic or philosophic; they have been evolved by musing in the library, or perhaps from classroom experience; but none of them have resulted from a close acquaintance with the real conditions of the industrial and business warfare into which the student enters when he leaves the school. The so-called "systematical development" given to young people is but a twentieth-century way of training a "jack-of-all-trades."

The one thing needful will not come from teachers' conferences, nor county institutes, nor the August meetings of school superintendents, for the attendants at these assemblages have not, and can not get from their experience, the proper point of view. The great majority of the public-school teachers are women whose environment has been limited by the home, the school and some social

* Paper by Victor C. Alderson, Dean of Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, read before the Western Society of Engineers, and published in the Journal of the Society, June, 1902.

functions. The number of men engaged in teaching who have done serious practical work outside of the schoolroom is small. The academic circle which they tread reminds one of the Illinois farmer whose circle of experience was to raise more corn to feed more hogs, to buy more land—to raise more corn to feed more hogs, to buy more land—*ad infinitum*.

Educators of to-day should break out of the circle in which they are travelling and look at matters from a new point of view. This should be from the vantage ground of the factory, the workshop, the railroad or the counting-room; it should be industrial and commercial rather than academic. The practical needs of every-day workers should be considered, after a scientific study of conditions at present existing. There should be no prejudgment by the social or educational philosopher who knows not the difference between a "shaper" and a "milling machine," and evolves theories of what ought to be, but never is.

Industrial life in its relation to national growth and prosperity, in its influence on international competition, and in its demands upon educators, offers interesting fields of investigation. *This change of view from the speculative and philosophic to the practical and industrial will result in many desirable changes for the betterment of our system of education.* Hitherto the speculative element has been supreme; the time has come for this influence to be tempered by the introduction of more rational and scientific views.

This is the Age of Technical Education.

With advancing civilization, with the luxuries of yesterday becoming conveniences to-day and necessities to-morrow; with our products going to far-away lands in competition with local goods, with competition becoming sharper day by day, with the margin of profit becoming steadily narrower, it is found necessary to seek new lines of economy. In the accurate application of the laws of science, an almost limitless field is open. Mere practice, no matter how long continued, can not long avail against theory followed by intelligent application. A stupid fireman can burn up the profits of his establishment by ignorant firing; an engineman was recently discovered running an engine for no other purpose than to get exhaust steam to heat his building. He was a "practical man of long experience." A soap manufacturer who had depended upon the "knack" of one workman for many years, nearly went into bankruptcy when the man died, for no one else seemed to have the requisite "knack;" but the employment of a trained chemist without the "knack" regained for him his lost business. A large railroad company recently saved more than half a million dollars in six months by equipping a laboratory in connection with its machine shops and putting in charge a technically trained man—one who could unite theory with common sense.

Day by day the demands for scientific and technical training become more and more emphatic. The present age has truly been called the age of science, but with this designation the story is only half told. *Pure science to be of the greatest value must be applied.* The application of science to industry has made this the age of technical education; it has changed many of the conditions of life and has given rise to new problems, the solution of which depends in a high degree upon men who have received a technical education.

Technical Training Covers a Broad Field.

Technical training in its broadest significance, should be made to include professional schools, as of law, medicine, theology, engineering, dentistry, pharmacy, the special research work of universities, as well as the more modest

schools for the textile industries, the mechanic arts or domestic science. Although professional training may, in this broad sense, be termed technical, yet for the present purpose it will be best to limit its significance and apply it only to the arts and crafts. A dozen years ago the introduction of manual training was always preceded by a spirited controversy; to-day its value is generally conceded and its introduction is becoming fairly common. Not only is it incorporated into the high-school curriculum, but it is fast going where it especially belongs —into the graded schools, as an organic part of educational training. In another dozen years the necessity for advocating manual training will probably have ceased. What new features will be advanced to take its place? What new element in educational progress will be demanding recognition? In all probability it will be secondary technical education. Leaving out of consideration the two extremes—unskilled labor at the foot of the educational ladder and those professions at the top which demand a preliminary college training—there are many vocations in the middle ground for which a technical training is necessary. This broad field has been cultivated very little in this country. England, France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland have all done more than we have, and it may not come amiss to examine the system of technical education in one of these countries.

What has Been Done by a Small Country —Switzerland.

Switzerland is best known to Americans as a region of mountain scenery, but it is an object lesson for us in a manner not yet fully recognized. The natural conditions under which the Swiss people have struggled for the past six hundred years have been so burdensome, and their industrial success so pronounced, that Switzerland is to-day the best of the European countries in which to study the close relation which exists between the technical education of the masses of the people and national industrial prosperity.

There are fewer people in all Switzerland than in Greater New York; the largest city, Zurich, contains only 150,000 persons; the area of the country equals the combined area of but three of our smallest States, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island; of this area twenty-nine per cent. is utterly unproductive even for the frugal Swiss; twenty-one per cent. is forest; twenty-five per cent. is meadow and grazing land; thirteen per cent. is under fruit; twelve per cent. is under crops and gardens; the country has no seaport, no navigable river and no lake of commercial size; she has little or no natural wealth; she must import her raw materials, work them up into salable form and export them; lines of transportation are expensive and rates high; the amount of fertile soil is meager, and would scarcely make a respectable-sized western ranch.

In the United States we have been allowed to blunder at will, to be improvident and wasteful; we cut down our forests with reckless disregard for the future. Twenty-six years ago Switzerland enacted a law that her forest area should never be reduced; and since that time for every tree that has been cut down another has been planted. Forced by almost cruel natural limitations to rigid economy, both of material and labor, required to solve the problem of industrial success under exacting requirements, Switzerland has given us a solution which it behooves us to examine with considerable care. *That solution is the careful, systematic education of each citizen, be his station in life high or low, so that his efforts will be efficient enough to meet competition in similar lines of work the world over.*

Like the United States, Switzerland has no national school system. The constitution of the federation allows the

federal government to establish a polytechnicum, a federal university and other institutions of higher instruction or to subsidize such local schools as may be selected. Provision for elementary instruction must be made by the several cantons, but the federal government in most cases subsidizes these cantonal schools. There is no federal university, but six cantonal universities exist at Basel (founded in 1460), Zurich (1835), Berne (1834), Geneva (1873), Fribourg (1889) and Lausanne (1891).

The Three Grades of Technical Schools.

1. The Polytechnicum.

The polytechnicum at Zurich (founded in 1854) is supported entirely by the federal government. The school covers the higher scientific and technical fields in a most thorough manner. For accuracy of instruction, completeness of equipment and high professional standard, it is the peer of any technical school in Europe. It has the proud distinction of having more of its graduates holding positions of responsibility and of attracting more foreign students than any other continental technical school. With a most complete cement-testing laboratory; a mechanical laboratory, covering every possible demand that can be made upon it; with a department of electricity equipped regardless of expense; with extensive departments of chemistry, forestry and agriculture; with a new department devoted to the testing of building material alone, it is evident that the federal government has provided liberally for the most advanced instruction in technical lines. *There seems to be no fear in the minds of the Swiss that a man can be too scientific, or that too deep a study of the scientific basis of industrial questions is possible.*

2. The Technical School.

Next below the Zurich Polytechnicum are three technica, or technical schools, offering less theory and more practice, and relating their work more closely to the trades, and industries. One is located at Bienne; the second, at Winterthur, is noted all over Europe for the thoroughness of its instruction and the success of its graduates; the third is at Burgdorf, where Pestalozzi taught his first school and where Frœbel at one time was developing his philosophy of education. This group of technical schools gives scientific character to the entire Swiss system of technical education.

3. The Trade and Industrial School.

The trade and industrial schools, to be carefully distinguished from the group first described, have been established to teach the homely trades, and are a conspicuous feature in the educational and industrial life of Switzerland. They are found in every canton, and are intended to make the local industries more successful. Some cantons with a population not over 300,000 have as many as a hundred of these schools, enrolling more than 3,000 students.

Schools of Watchmaking.

The watchmaking schools have had a long existence, the Geneva school beginning as early as 1770 with the desire of a journeyman watchmaker, Luois Fargare, to learn more of his trade than the ordinary school instruction provided. Besides the school of watchmaking at Geneva, which has a worldwide reputation, and has contributed largely to the success of the Swiss watches, other schools exist at Locle, La Chaux de Fonds, Neuchatel, Fleurier, Solothurn, Bienne, Porrentruy and St. Imier. In these schools the course covers from three to five years; the age limit is thirteen or fourteen years; vacations are few and brief. At Locle the school is open every day in the year except Sundays and holidays. At Neuchatel three weeks' vacation is allowed in summer. The tuition is invariably higher for foreigners than for natives. At Fleurier the charge is

$1.93 per month for natives and $4.83 per month for foreigners. The pupil on entering one of these schools enters into a contract of apprenticeship with the school authorities. At St. Imier a contract must be signed by the parents or guardian. At Porrentruy the pupils are on probation for the first three months and may be dismissed if found unfitted for the work. At Solothurn pupils must pass a theoretical examination and afterward a practical test before entering fully upon their apprenticeship. If they leave before the expiration of their contract, a fine of not more than $1.93 per month may be exacted for the unexpired term. The amount of practical work is greatly in excess of the theoretical. At La Chaux de Fonds theoretical instruction is given for only ten hours per week in the first year, twelve hours per week in each of the second and third years, eight hours per week in the fourth and only seven in the fifth year. All the rest of the time is given to practical work. The object of these schools is primarily to give instruction in every detail of the art of watchmaking. *How well they have succeeded all the world knows; but it is not so well known that these schools have converted regions naturally fit for nothing but growing pine trees into important industrial centers.*

School of Metal-Working.

In 1888 a school of metal-working was established at Winterthur, as a part of the Industrial Museum, under federal control. The object was to educate skilled workmen for the various branches of fine metalwork. Attendance is in the form of apprenticeship; the course three years in length, and the age limit fifteen years.

School of Wood-Carving.

At Brienz, the present center of the wood-carving industry, a school of wood-carving was organized in 1883, under municipal control. Tuition is gratuitous, but a contract of apprenticeship is required. This school has a fully organized faculty; instruction covers not only the art of wood-carving, but the distinctive characteristics of the different woods and the manufacture of all needed tools. Not only are the usual styles of carving studied, but special attention is given to the plants and animals peculiar to the Alpine region, as every tourist in that country knows.

Schools of Straw-Plaiting.

No better illustration of the value of technical education can be found than in the straw-plaiting schools like that at Wattwyl. These had a very humble origin, and were established to teach the people in the poorer regions of the sub-Alpine districts a useful occupation. The result has been to create a new industry and to convert regions naturally poor into flourishing industrial centers.

Schools of Shoemaking.

There are also shoemakers' schools, with a peripatetic staff of instructors who give short courses wherever classes can be formed. They also issue publications to the trade, dealing with subjects of technical interest, as the structure of the human foot or the reasons of the military authorities for the specifications relating to the contracts for boots and shoes for the army.

School of Silk-Weaving.

Somewhat different in plan is the school of silk-weaving at Wipkingen, near Zurich, which is owned by the Association of Silk Manufacturers of Zurich. Only a few of the graduates of this school are ordinary weavers; most of them hold superior positions, as proprietors, superintendents or master weavers. The School for Carpenters and Shoemakers, founded at Berne in 1888

by municipal authority, but aided by cantonal and federal grants, is peculiarly interesting. Instruction is gratuitous; hours of instruction are from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m., with a free dinner at noon. *The object of the school as published is distinctly utilitarian, namely, to teach thoroughly a trade, to investigate the latest improvements in the trade and to meet the increasing competition of foreign labor by putting domestic labor on a high plane of efficiency.*

Schools for Women.

The needs of women are by no means neglected. A private school of ladies' tailoring and needlework, with a three years' course at Zurich; a trade school at Berne, teaching plain sewing, ladies' tailoring, embroidery, ironing, cookery, housekeeping, mending and making children's garments; a housekeeping school at Worb which is self-supporting and has more applications than vacancies; a housekeeping school at Buchs, with a three months' course, popular with young ladies about to be married; a trade school at Basel, which has enrolled nearly three thousand pupils since its organization in 1879; a school of art and needlework at Zurich, with a curriculum of such artistic, educational and scientific merit as to make it a model for other schools; schools at Berne and Lenzburg to supply the demand for trained and competent household servants. *All these emphasize the necessity for giving women, as well as men, a technical training.*

Industrial Art Schools.

Schools for Embroidery, Designing, Bookbinding, Basket-braiding, Stonecutting, Fruit Growers and Gardeners, Agriculture, Horticulture, Dairying and Commercial.

Industrial art schools exist at Geneva and Zurich. The one at Geneva is the oldest in Switzerland, founded in 1751, and is attended chiefly by persons already employed, but wish to devote their spare time to improving themselves in the artistic side of their work.

At St. Gallen, the center of the lace industry, a special school devotes its attention to embroidery and designing. In Zurich alone there are seven schools for woodwork; in Fribourg, schools for bookbinding, basket-braiding and stonecutting; in Bienne, a school for railroading; at Waedenschwyl, a school for fruit growers and gardeners; at Zurich, Berne and Neuenburg, schools for theoretical and practical agriculture; at Geneva a school for horticulture; at Sursee, Brugg and Lausanne, winter agricultural schools; at Ruti, Fribourg and Lausanne, dairy and cheesemaking schools; at Geneva, Neuenberg, La Chaux de Fonds, Berne and Winterthur, commercial schools. In addition to the already extensive list must be added a large number of institutions designed for the instruction of the humblest members of the working classes. The first of these, a drawing school for apprentices, is now nearly a hundred years old. Between 1820 and 1830 three others were established at Aarau, Baden and Zug; between 1840 and 1850 nine were organized, and between 1850 and 1865 seventy-eight more. Since that time their number has increased with great rapidity, and now reaches into the thousands, while the attendance reaches tens of thousands. Sessions are held evenings and Sundays. The original idea of teaching drawing has been maintained in many, but in others distinct industrial courses in cabinetmaking, tailoring, upholstering and other trades have been introduced.

Swiss education is the result of no single philosophy, no one method, no selfish utilitarian object; it has not been dominated by social reformers nor by mere theorists; it is a composite type, the result of many conflicting views and necessities. Throughout the entire system can be seen, however, an attempt to solve the problem of the relation be-

tween education and industrial prosperity. This point of view is the one thing needful in developing our own system of technical education, and the one idea which we can best borrow from the Swiss. With them no valuable feature, either cultural or technical, is ignored. Each branch of knowledge is prized according to its value as discipline or as a distinct aid in professional or industrial pursuits. *Their object is not only to train men and women for their vocations, but to build up new industries or at least to extend and strengthen those already established.* They have even enriched the humblest callings with many applications of art, skill or science; they have expended money liberally upon every form of technical education which would increase the workingman's efficiency; they have transformed regions naturally poor and barren into thriving communities; they have entered freely into international competition, and have made the world their marketplace; they have shown that technical education is an economic necessity, worth many times its cost. *The commercial and industrial success of Switzerland, achieved in the face of great natural obstacles, shows conclusively that the surest foundation for industrial prosperity lies in a complete and thoroughgoing system of technical education.*

Technical education is one of the greatest needs of an enlightened democracy and should not be left to private enterprise. With state normal schools where young men and women can be trained for teaching, with State universities furnishing instruction in agriculture, dairying and stock-raising, besides training engineers and librarians—technical education supplied at State or national expense—it is evident that we are irretrievably committed to the policy of providing technical education at public expense. If the farmer's son can secure at the State university free instruction in scientific agriculture, what good reason is there for depriving the son of a mechanic from securing free instruction in engineering practice, machine-tool work or any other industrial calling at the city technical high school ? The answer of the schoolmaster that the public schools are intended not to teach trades, but to develop character, citizenship and general culture, is totally unsatisfactory. *We must remember that in order to become a good citizen a man must first secure a livelihood by honest toil; that whatever conduces to greater industrial efficiency in the individual increases the national prosperity and indirectly improves citizenship. Technical education does this.* Furthermore, if it is proper to train civil engineers, stock-raisers, butter and cheese makers, librarians and the teachers themselves at public expense, why should machinists, enginemen, carpenters, plumbers and house painters be excluded ? No cleavage line can be drawn. If technical education is a good thing for one class, it is equally good for others. Hitherto the ranks of such workers have been supplied by the influx of foreigners trained abroad, aided to some slight extent by apprentices from selected industries. But we should not, as a nation, depend upon any such uncertain supply. We should follow the example of Switzerland and, recognizing the dependence of national prosperity upon technical education, set about the task of providing an education for all classes of workers suited to their lives. The technical high school, if properly equipped and put in close relationship with the trades and industries, will satisfy this national need; it will not be a copy of the European trade school, but rather an adaptation of the trade school which will be in harmony with American thought and American educational ideals.

Industrial warfare is not a new idea, but its sociological effect in giving impetus to technical education during recent years is noteworthy. We are familiar with martial warfare. Our newspapers

for the past few years have been teeming with reports of battles, of warfare, of disease and death as the concomitants of war; we have been called upon to pay homage to the prowess which has conquered our enemies on land and sea; we are playing the part of hero-worshipers as we have not done since the Civil War. But in the midst of all this clamor there has been going on, largely unknown and unnoticed, the most bitter, the most relentless war in the history of the world; a war not for territory, not for naval nor military glory, but for wealth, for industrial supremacy, a contest of brain with brain, skill with skill, economy with economy, techincal training with technical training. It is only another example of the " struggle for existence." The war in South Africa or the Philippines is less fatal to the workingman than the ceaseless competition of similar workingmen in other countries. It is this unremitting rivalry between workers of the same class the world over that makes the cultivation of the workingman's powers by means of technical education an absolute necessity. *That nation that neglects to equip its workmen with the armament of industry —technical education—will surely be defeated and become a decaying nation.* These workers should receive immediate and thoughtful attention for they are the bone and sinew of successful national and industrial life. That they should be technically trained through the medium of the technical high school is at the present time the greatest economic need of the American people.

THE LOGGING INDUSTRY

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY, B.A., LL.B.

ONE fresh from the perusal of the fascinating pages of Parkman might well be pardoned for thinking that the fur-traders and the voyageurs were the pioneers of civilization in Canada.

This, however, would hardly be a correct conclusion. The gay and reckless seekers after profitable peltry were indeed the first to plunge into the vast wilderness, and to brave the perils and privations of traversing its mysterious depths, where the red man and the beast of prey lay in ambush. But they left no abiding impress upon it. Their tortuous trails never grew into highways, nor their scattered camping-places into cities. They were at best mere wayfarers, the marks of whose presence vanished utterly soon after their activities ceased.

Not so was it with the lumbermen. They were the true pioneers to whom the opening up of the country is really due. Beginning by clearing the land along the banks of the larger rivers they proceeded to follow up every tributary stream that could float, or be made to float a log until they had penetrated far into the forest wilds, hewing out and laying down roads, bridging and damming rivers, establishing depots which in due course developed into villages and towns, and withal contributing largely to the revenue of the country.

The lumbermen were the first and best customers of the farmers in the newly settled districts. Indeed, in very many cases they provided the farmers in the following way. The immigrant on arrival usually possessed little or no capital, but he could at once find regular and remunerative employment in the service of some lumberman. A few seasons steady work afforded him the means of buying land, while it also gave him the knowledge of

THE OFFICE

the country and the ability to shift for himself, so essential to a new settler. Hence he was enabled to select a good location, and to put up his own buildings on it. When he had raised his first crops of wheat, oats, vegetables, etc., he found a ready market near at hand among the lumbermen. When he could afford to purchase a team of horses, after working them on his farm all summer, there was remunerative employment for both them and himself in the lumber camp during the winter. Such in brief is the history of many a prosperous pioneer farmer in Canada.

The development of the city of Ottawa so admirably illustrates the whole process that it will serve as an example of what took place in the case of many other Canadian cities. More than a century ago the worthy Philimon Wright, of Woburn, Massachusetts, established himself beside the Chaudiere Falls, and founded what is now the flourishing city of Hull. A score of years later he could boast of having cleared 3,000 acres of land, and built several mills, for which the roaring Falls provided illimitable power. He was both lumberman and farmer, and reaped large returns from both vocations.

Among his numerous employees was one, Nicholas Sparks, who, lifting up his eyes, and looking across to the opposite river-bank, beheld that it was also a goodly land, and greatly to be esteemed. Accordingly he secured an extensive tract covering the greater part of the site of the present political capital, and emulated his former master in the joint industries of farmer and lumberman. This was in

THE STABLE

1821, and from that day the manufacture of lumber has been the chief interest of the city, its political activities being mere by-play in comparison therewith.

While the forest is being converted into logs in almost every province of Canada from Nova Scotia to British Columbia the methods of conducting the business in vogue at Ottawa are sufficiently characteristic of other lumbering centres to render them typical.

In regard to facilities for the lumbering industry Ottawa would be unique upon the continent were it not for Minneapolis. As it is she has in the tremendous torrent that passes so tumultously over the Chaudiere an even mightier power than the falls of St. Anthony, while in the matter of rail or water communication with the timber limits, honors are easy, at all events.

But at the Chaudiere Falls you reach the final stage in the life of a log, which there becomes converted into a plank, and so in order to begin at the beginning we must betake ourselves far up into the depths of the forest primeval where the mighty trees stand all unconscious of the fate awaiting them.

Among the many natural resources which Canada possesses in common with other countries there is one which she can claim to hold in larger measure than the rest, and that is her supply of pine. Her pine forests are unquestionably the most extensive and valuable in the world. They spread through all the eastern provinces. They go as far north as Ungava Bay, and Coronation Gulf, and as far west as the Yukon. After they have yielded up their large timber they will continue to furnish pulp wood indefinitely.

The proprietary rights in them are held by the different Provincial Governments, who grant licenses or leases to the lumbermen. An area of standing timber is known as a "limit." Theoretically, a limit is ten miles square, but, owing to the topographical features of the country, the limits are of all sizes from twenty square miles and upwards. It is not often that one worthy of the name is less than fifty square miles in extent. They are in the first instance sold at public auction to the highest bidder, and there is no restriction upon the number of limits one person or firm may hold. The extent of territory held under lease by some of the Ottawa lumber kings, such as Mr. J. R. Booth, or Mr. E. B. Eddy, is so immense that an ordinary German principality would be lost in it.

Work upon these limits begins early in the month of September, when the gangs of men are sent into the woods, the usual number in a gang being from thirty to forty, including foreman, clerk, carpenter, cook, and chore-boy. This number is about doubled, however, later on when the teams come in to haul the logs that have been cut, so that from sixty to eighty men may sometimes be found at one shanty. On arriving at their destination the gang proceeds immediately to build their shanty, which is placed as nearly as possible in the midst of the "bunch" of timbers to be cut, so that little time may be lost in going to and returning from work. With all hands helping, a shanty twenty-eight feet by forty can be put up in five days, the men in the meantime living in tents. Stables for the horses then having been added near by, the campaign against the forest giants begins forthwith.

The men are divided up into sets according to the nature of their work. Thus in an ordinary gang there will probably be three pairs of "choppers," and twice as many "cutters," the rest being teamsters, sawyers, "chainers," and so forth. The work of the "road-cutters" is to prepare a main road from the bunch of timber attacked, to the nearest available water, be it lake or stream; and also smaller roads branching out from this according as the choppers extend their operations. Over these roads,

JAM OF 150,000 SAW-LOGS

which are often rendered very hard and smooth by the use of a sprinkler, the teamsters haul the logs from the rollways upon which they have been piled, and drop them beside the borders of the stream or upon the icy bosom of the lake, there to await the coming of spring.

No part of the work is more interesting than that which devolves upon the choppers. The foreman, having gone ahead and "blazed" the trees he wishes felled, the choppers set to work in pairs at opposite sides of the trunk, and, handling their heavy, keen-edged axes as though they were mere trifles, chop swiftly into the heart of their helpless victim. The white chips fly thick and fast as the axes swing steadily to and fro, and presently the tree begins to tremble; a few more skilful strokes, a warning crack, and then with a sudden sweep the great tree comes crashing down to earth, making a wide swath in the smaller trees standing unsuspectingly around.

Having felled their tree, the choppers next trim off the branches, and then with cross-cut saws divide the trunk into lengths of thirteen and a half, or sixteen and a half feet, according to its quality. Two, three, four, or even five logs may be got out of a single tree, and with such rapidity do experienced choppers work that on new limits, where the timber is thick and heavy, eighty logs is not an out-of-the-way day's work for one pair. While when towards the end of the winter "striving" is begun,—that is, one pair putting themselves against another pair—it is not uncommon for six

hundred logs to be turned in as the handsome result of a single week's work.

Twenty-five thousand logs will be a good winter's work for such a shanty as the one I have been describing, and when the warm spring sunshine comes, unlocking the bars and bolts of winter, the labor of the lumberman enters upon its most exciting stage, to wit, the "drive."

The winter's cut of logs having been piled in heaps beside the river-bank or lake margin, or better still, upon the ice itself, when in mid-April the Frost-King's rigid grasp is finally relaxed, they go tumbling pell-mell into the water to begin their long, rough journey mill-ward.

And now it is the business of our hardy, fearless toilers to direct this great fleet of cumbrous tree-trunks in their devious, varied course by swift-running stream, and placid lake, dislodging those that fain would tarry by the way, and lifting stranded ones into the current again until the broad bosom of the Ottawa is reached, and the logs, gathered into "booms" can be towed by powerful steamers to their destination.

Each "river-driver," as the men are now called, is armed with either a long pike-pole, a "cant-dog," or a handspike, and in big flat-bottomed boats, called "bonnes," or tramping along the bank they keep the awkward army of logs in movement, having ever before them the danger of a jam. The jam is the lumberman's *bete noire,* and it is caused by the logs catching in mid-stream against some projecting rock, and piling one upon the other until a barrier is formed that puts a veto upon all other farther progress.

Then comes the most thrilling experience in the lumberman's career. The jam must be broken at all hazards, and with the least possible delay, for the longer it is left the worse it becomes. To accomplish this the "key-piece," the log which was the first to stick, and has caused the whole trouble, must be found, and loosened, or, if necessary, chopped to pieces.

The precision with which an experienced river-driver will locate the key-piece of a jam is only less remarkable than the skill with which he will evade the rush of the suddenly liberated logs. Maintaining his balance well-nigh miraculously on the slippery cylinders, he will with strenuous strokes chop the offending log in two, or drive it back into deep water, and then, as the whole mass thus set free charges furiously down upon him, he will leap from log to log, with the sure-footedness of a chamois, until safe out of harm's reach, or, perhaps dive headlong into mid-stream and thus avoid the danger.

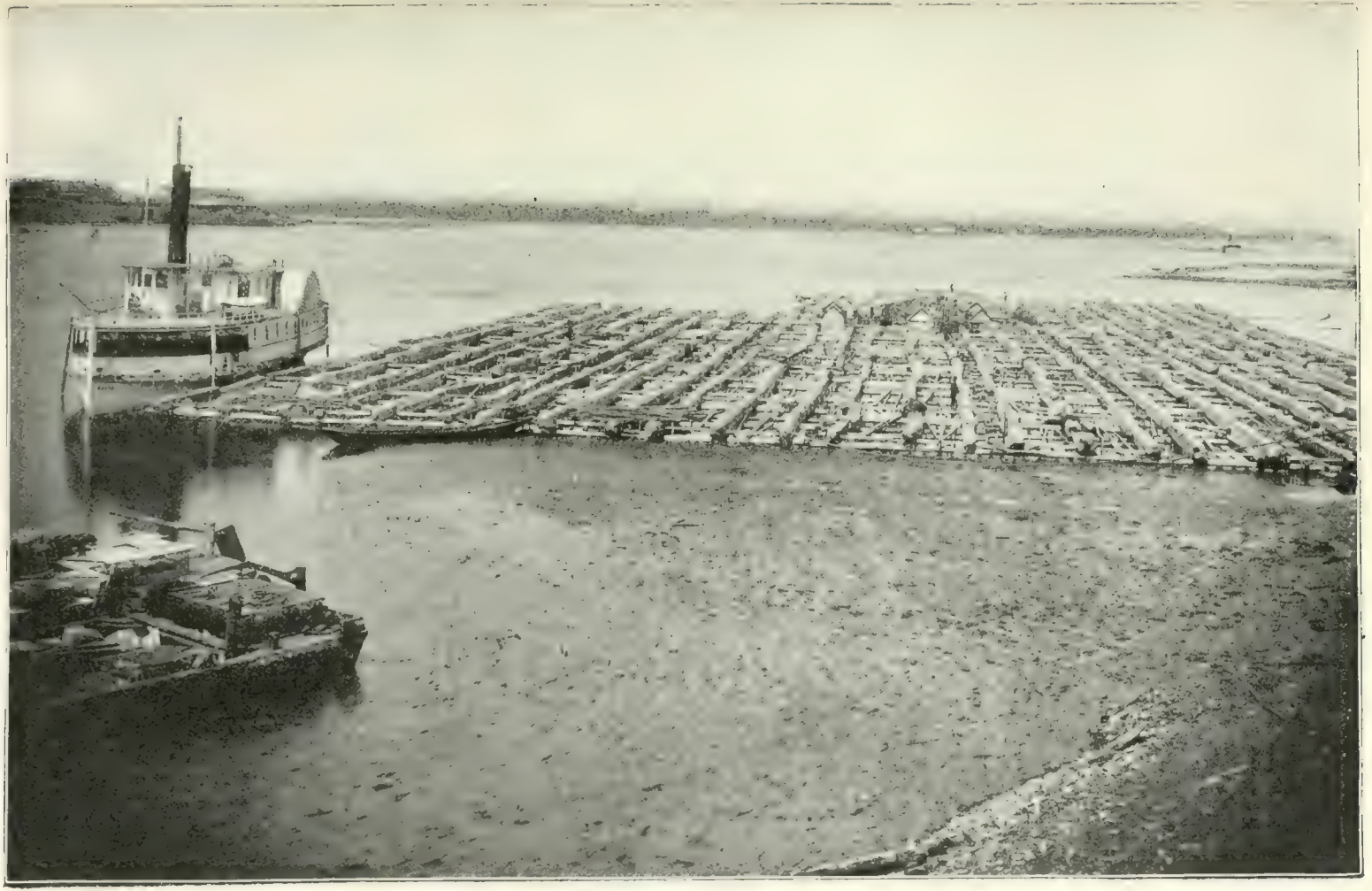
Dexterous as these men are, nevertheless, scarce a season passes without taking its toll of their lives, and there is nothing more unwelcome to the lumberman's ears than the announcement that a "jam" has formed.

Once the logs are fairly afloat in the deep waters of the Grand River, as the lumberman loves to call the Ottawa, the river-driver's work is at an end; and he either finds employment in the mills, or idles away his time at home until autumn.

Having been assembled at the booms, and sorted out according to the marks of ownership they bear, the logs are now sent forward to the mills in tow of powerful paddle-wheel steamers; and, following in their wake we come in due time to the immense lumber-mills which have the spring of their highly profitable existence in the foaming floods that fling themselves over the chasm of the Chaudiere.

At these mills by the merciless teeth of gang-saws, band-saws, and circular-saws, the rough red logs are converted into boards and planks, box-shooks, laths, pickets, and railroad ties, and by this process of transformation the life of the log as such is ended.

With some allowance for varying local conditions the business of lumbering is carried on in practically the same way from Nova Scotia to British Columbia,



RAFT OF TIMBER

and it is therefore not necessary to go further into detail.

The economic importance of the products of the Canadian forests can hardly be over-estimated. Until last year, when the wonderful output of the Yukon gold fields wrought a change, they stood next in value to agricultural products as the following figures will make clear. For the four years, 1897-1900, the totals in round numbers were:

Agricultural products	$288,000,000
Products of the Forest	115,500,000
Products of the Mine	63,750,000

But for the year 1901 the respective results were:

Agricultural products	$80,000,000
Mine products	40,000,000
Forest products	30,000,000

so that the mine stepped into second place.

The great bulk of Canadian lumber goes either to Great Britain or the United States. In the year 1901 the exports to the Mother Country were valued at $15,662,750, and to the Republic at $12,190,617. Without giving the figures for each, it is interesting to note the way in which these exports were divided. Thus Great Britain went in principally for Spruce and Pine Deals, while the chief purchases of the United States were Planks and Boards and Laths, Palings and Pickets.

The best class of Canadian lumber, and especially the pine, goes to England, but as between the Old Country and the New there is a significant change in the business done which calls for comment. We find in *Morang's Annual Register,* which Mr. J. Castell Hopkins has so competently compiled, that Canada shipped to Great Britain in 1890, 68.07 per cent. of that country's total import of forest products, but in 1895 only 33.41 per cent., whereas to the United States in the same period her exports increased from 30.67 to 66.05 per cent. of the Republic's total forest import. This striking reversal of figures was chiefly due to the cutting of immense quantities of pine logs in the Georgian Bay district which were then floated across to the Michigan saw-mills to be there converted into boards. But this proceeding being considered injurious to Canadian interests was subsequently prohibited in regard to all logs cut upon Crown Lands, and is now practically at an end.

Comparing the total export of all forest products, including manufactures of wood, for 1868, when it was $18,750,000 —with 1901, when it reached $30,000,000 —one has no difficulty in realizing with what respect and care the forest possessions of Canada demand to be treated.

None of the items show such remarkable relative increase as that of Pulpwood, which from only $80,000 in 1890, rose to $675,000 in 1896, $1,210,421 in 1898, and $1,937,207 in 1901; of this latter total Great Britain took $934,722 and the United States $937,330.

The rapid growth of the Wood-Pulp Industry and its future possibilities would require for adequate treatment a separate article, and only some notable features can be now mentioned. The capacity of the Dominion for this product is practically unlimited. Dr. Robert Bell of the Geological Survey figures out a possible supply of 16,000 million tons. Bearing in mind that the available water-power of the country is equally exhaustless the future for this profitable industry is certainly of the brightest.

No mention of pulp mills can be found in the census returns for 1871. That of 1881 showed five mills with a total capital of less than $100,000. In 1891 there were twenty-four mills with an invested capital of $3,000,000, and in 1900 thirty-five mills showing investments of $15,000,000. Ten of these were in Ontario, fifteen in Quebec, five in Nova Scotia, four in New Brunswick, and one in British Columbia.

The recent action of the United States

BOOM OF SAW-LOGS

Government in raising the duty on wood pulp 25 cents a ton, and upon chemical pulp 35 cents a ton has caused consternation among the Canadian producers as it cannot fail to check the growth of their business in that direction, which was very encouraging, the imports of Canadian pulp into the United States for the seven months ending 31st July of this year being $200,000 in excess of the corresponding period of the previous year. It is accordingly to be hoped that some way of overcoming or removing this new obstacle may be discovered.

When it is considered that the forests of the Dominion of Canada form one of her chief assets the reckless prodigality with which they have been treated by governments and individuals alike seems little short of startling. Instead of care being taken to conserve these natural coverings of the land, strenuous measures both legitimate and illegal, have been used to destroy them. In all the older provinces this has been done to such an extent that in many sections that fifty years ago were covered with unbroken forest, there is to-day scarcely a good-sized tree to be seen. Without taking into account the loss in beauty to the landscape, and value to the land, there is the consequent change in climate due to this short-sighted deforesting.

On the sea-coast cutting away the forests has let in the sea-air, and to-day, as Prof. Macoun has pointed out, the soil of Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia has become so much moister that in many places under-drainage is a necessity.

On the other hand the deforesting of Ontario has dried up springs, lessened the flow of rivers, caused sudden and early thaws in winter, and in summer droughts over large areas, and as a result decreased the products of the sod materially.

Yet year by year this state of things continues with little or no effort on the part of the authorities to remedy it. The forests of Northern Ontario are being cut down to supply the increasing demand for pine, and in the wake of the cutting follow the annual fires which, besides burning over the districts from which the big timber has been cut, extend into the untouched woods, and cause far more destruction than the lumberman.

Thirty years ago the Algoma district, covering over 1,000 miles from East to West, and 200 from North to South, presented an unbroken coniferous forest. To-day the most of it is so completely denuded of trees that even the dead and whitened trunks of some localities have disappeared, and nothing is to be seen for miles, but bushes and young trees growing in the crevices of the naked rocks.

A traveller going west on the Canadian Pacific Railway will pass through 1,200 miles of what was once continuous forest, but now little else than a dreary wilderness of bare rock, of burned and bleaching tree-trunks, of rotting "rampikes," will meet his eyes.

Of the vast and magnificent forests that clothed the slopes, and filled the valleys of the Rocky and Selkirk mountains the same sad tale has to be told. When the railway was built a broad lane was cut through the dense tree growth, and the logs and brush piled on either hand. The burning of the debris started the fires that climbed clear to the mountain tops so that at Mounts Hector and Stephen not a green tree was to be seen in 1890 where they had stood in serried ranks in 1885.

The writer while passing through this region in 1896 saw scores of miles of smoking forests, and was appalled at the ruin which had been already wrought by fire.

Recklessly as Canada has wasted her magnificent forest heritage the loss is not yet irreparable, and if only the admirable example of Germany for instance, in con-

serving her arboreal resources could be seriously laid to heart, and faithfully imitated, the future would be full of hope. But very efficient measures are imperative. The different provincial governments must take the matter in hand, and by concerted as well as by individual action protect the forests that remain, for in no other way can they be made to meet the demands of the future.

STELL WORKS FROM RIVER

THE NEW CAPE BRETON

ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

A CANADIAN who desired to learn something about his country for himself recently took passage at Montreal for Charlottetown and Cape Breton. The boat was a passenger-carrying freighter, and the device on her funnel was a black diamond upon red. Besides a manifest of "general supplies," she was laden with mining and milling machinery,—huge grey castings, plates and girders, and fine engine gear of oily steel and new-lathed brass. Ahead of her, down the harbor lane pushed a big sister freighter, similarly bound, similarly laden, and with funnels blazoned with the same heraldry of ocean. On the way to Quebec eight more great freighters were met, all sailing under the same emblem: and they were not only all either Canadian owned or chartered, but they were all carrying Canadian coal to Canadian consumers.

In the main port of Prince Edward Island, that long sea-girt farm, eternally

fertilized by the unresting tides, there was taken aboard a deck-load of fruit and vegetables, sheep and cattle. The latter, swung over the bulwarks by surcingle girths, were curiously reminiscent of the sign of the "Golden Fleece;" and at least one on-looking passenger accepted the symbol. And the boat steamed on again with a latter-day duplication of those odd "Swiss-Family-Robinson" cargoes which went to Australia and California in the gold-strike years.

While still some three hours' sail out of "the Sydneys," there gradually began to show themselves along the headlands a long line of dusky plumes. They were the same dark smoke-banners which drift across the mouths of the Clyde and Tyne, which overhang the grey northern coast of Germany, and darken the southern shores of Lake Erie and Lake Michigan. They come from great mills and factories, from furnaces and coking-ovens and collieries. They are no white plumes of chivalry,—but they *are* the swarthy standards which bespeak the power and vitality of modern nations.

Passing North Sydney and leading on up the broad sea-way of the inner harbor was a big, black, French man-of-war. And the chart showed that she had fifty and sixty feet of water everywhere. She might, if she had chosen, have pushed in close enough to those "bold" shores to throw a spring line to the beach. And now with the broad red stretches and stacks of steel works, a whole fleet of other craft come into view. A Bath six-master,—one of the only two in the world,—was loading coke for New York. A blunt-nosed English "tramper" was filling her hull with five thousand tons of steel billets for far over-sea. Hopper-car after hopper-car was being dropped into two more deep-lying freighters, and still another "tramper" was giving up her cargo of iron ore from Belle Island. And before dawn next day, one and all would have given place to yet other craft. It was hard to think that this was Canada. And it *was* not the old Canada, although only thirty miles to the southward lay Louisburg, with all which it inherits of ancient-time traditions. It was a New Canada. Here on the seaboard has come the same strong, stirring, life-spirit which from Sault Ste. Marie, from the wheatfields of Manitoba and the mines of British Columbia, is now calling so ringingly upon this whole huge Dominion to awaken.

It is not the purpose of this article to repeat the story of the last nine years in Cape Breton, but rather to tell what is being done there now. Coal had been mined there from the times of the French,—it was the first coal mined in America, indeed;—it was good coal, there was known to be much of it, and it was on tide-water an inestimable export advantage over the American fields. Yet in a hundred and fifty years, the output had not grown to an amount that could be called considerable. In 1893 Henry M. Whitney, of Boston, became interested in Cape Breton coal, consolidated two-thirds of the small warring interests into the "Dominion" company and began to mine Canadian black diamonds in quantities very considerable indeed. The presence of iron ore in Cape Breton was equally well-known. It was in all the geologies. Nor was there any reason either, why steel could not also be made at tidewater. Yet not the first pound of it *had* been made. In 1899 Mr. Whitney became interested in Cape Breton iron conditions, managed to get half a dozen other wealthy men equally interested, and a new enterprise began to take life. And because little Sydney possessed a pluck and spirit as big as its purse and population were small, it raised $85,000, bought up three hundred and eighty acres along its harbor, and got the steel works. The two companies were united, the former being bought up by the latter, after the manner of such corporations when con-

STEEL WORKS FROM RIVER

solidating. Both are distinct in staff and management, but both are instinct with the same life and vigor, and they shall here for the most part be considered as one.

Now, without wishing to go too tediously into details or to be betrayed into the arid labyrinths of the technical, at least some approximate idea of the huge proportions of these twin enterprises may be given. More than one hundred and forty square miles of coal areas are owned. There are five seams, without including anything less than three feet thick; and only the upper two have as yet been touched. The total capacity of the six collieries now being worked is 297,000 tons a month. One new shaft—the Dominion No. 2—has now been sunk to nine hundred feet, the greatest depth in the coal mining world, and when it is completed it will "lift" more than any other shaft in the world—some 6,000 tons daily. Some conception of the new machinery being installed may be gathered when it is said that only a part of the old machinery it has recently replaced has been sold, merely as "scrap," for $28,000. Electricity and pneumatic tools are replacing hand-work everywhere. If horses must still draw the big "tubs" out to the "haulage ways," compressed air is driving the mining picks. And the miners' lamps are far outnumbered by the long vistas of incandescents. Twelve hundred double houses have been built, and boarding-house accommodation for another fourteen hundred single men as well. The company owns the forty miles of railway which connects the mines with Sydney and Louisburg; and thousands of steel hopper-cars are moved daily. During the close of navigation last year there was piled up in one place 165,000 tons of coal; it would have taken half a dozen circus tents to cover that far-sprawled black behemoth. The company's fleet

consists of five steamships owned, and fourteen chartered, five barges and two ocean-going tugs. Its docks and piers are alone worth going to Cape Breton to see. At Louisburg a great, trough-like, rubber belt, five hundred yards long, is capable of loading "slack" at the rate of 750 tons an hour. And Louisburg and Sydney harbor together could receive the whole British navy and "bunker" it at the rate of 40,000 tons a day.

But of necessity the coal company is largely tributary and subservient to its younger and more opulent brother of steel, and of its resources it is hard to give any just idea. Before this second company began to build, it made itself owner of properties not only throughout Cape Breton, but in Newfoundland, far north along the coast of Labrador, and even in Cuba. It is from Belle Island, Newfoundland, that the company brings the greater part of the ore it is using now: it is not so near as the home deposits, but its higher grade turns the balance for the present in its favor. There is estimated to be 28,000,000 in the land bed; and, like the Glace Bay coal, it stretches far under the sea. On a clear day the wide outlines of the dun-colored bank of hematite can be discerned with a water-glass. In Cape Breton, Father MacPherson's famous magnetite and hematite deposits are probably even greater. For each of these properties more than a million was paid.

Mr. Moxham, late general-manager of the steel company, and now the genial philosopher of the industrial renaissance in Canada, has written that "steel, reduced to its final analysis, is a product resulting from the application of man's labor to three raw materials, ore, coal, and limestone." And to make one ton of pig iron,—steel in its first state,—there is required one and three-quarter tons of ore, one and a half tons of coke, and three-quarters of a ton of limestone. The

THE COKING OVENS

four blast furnaces at Sydney have each a capacity of 250 tons of "pig." Therefore, down those four great throats there is unceasingly poured four thousand tons of the "three raw materials" a day. And unceasingly through the long lines of "stoves" standing up like gigantic test-tubes of oxide red, there is forced a blast under the heat of which everything which does not go off in gas flows off as fluid. The hourly volcano from the purification, and its clinging enemies, phosphorous and sulphur, are all but eliminated. The excess of fluid metal which cannot be handled by the "open-hearths" is poured into a sort of endless-chain of moulds, which, hardening by a passage through a water-bath, drops the solid, loaf-like "pigs" into the shipping-car.

From the "open-hearths" the molten steel is let out into other great ladles, and

VIEW OF PART OF STEEL PLANT FROM WITHIN

stacks lights the countryside. At Louisburg, on an evening of fog, it shows like an immense conflagration to the north. Sailors can point to Sydney while still half a night's sail away.

The liquid pig iron is run off into twenty-five ton ladles, and a procession of them is constantly moving to the ten open-hearth furnaces,—great fifty-ton, rocking crucibles. In them the iron becomes steel. It receives its final fiery again from these ladles, raised by seventy-five ton cranes, the cooling ingot-moulds are filled. The ingots issue from them flushing a fierce, rosy grey, and are passed on for another heating before they go to the blooming-mill. There they are rolled out to long bars and bitten off as steel billets: or, as will be the case by the time this article is in print, they will be sent into the rail mill. It alone will have a capacity equal to Canada's entire railroad

demand. And with the Clergue "plant" at the "Soo,"—to say nothing of the other forges and furnaces fast being erected,—Canada's production of steel will, in tonnage if not in variety, be correspondingly as much for her entire consumption. Five years ago, it was not equal to one-twelfth of it.

The "coking" plant at Sydney is no less immense. There the coal is crushed sand-fine in the "breakers," is cleansed of its surplus sulphur in the "washeries," and is shaken free of slate in the great, revolving, screening drums. From them it is carried to the "compressing machine," where it is moulded into cakes, each of some 260 cubic feet. And the four hundred great ovens give these mammoth cakes their thirty-six hours' "baking." The finished coke,—it is really the same word as "cake,"—is broken up and poured down the huge hopper tops of the blast furnaces. But the coke is not the only product of the ovens. Tar, gas, sulphuric acid and sulphate of ammonia must be added to it. Of the latter, enough is produced to keep all Cape Breton fertilized. Indeed it was Mr. Whitney's own original genius that actually suggested the giving back to the soil something no less valuable than was being taken from beneath it. As it is, huge quantities of the "sulphate" are now being disposed of to the chemical works of Boston and Charleston, the West Indies and Glasgow. As for the gas, enough of it is purified and sent back to the ovens as fuel to serve for its own production! It is one of the "magic circles" in this amazing world of modern science in which it is our particularly good fortune to have our existence.

And how closely, in a score of other ways, are these mighty and astonishing processes linked by this magic of modern science to the even greater processes of the steel mills! The vast body of coal-gas not sent back to heat the coking-ovens is sent on to a great central gasometer; and coupled with the tar,—driven flaming through atomizers,—produces the frightful temperature of the open-hearth furnaces. Nor, as is often the case, is the gas from the blast furnaces allowed to pass off in blazing waste. It goes to the fireboxes of the boiler-house and is there turned to steam,—more than 8,000 horse-power of it. And that "power" not only drives the gigantic bellows which blow the blasts, but also loads and unloads the freighters at the ore and coal docks, turns the hundred-ton wheels and rollers of the mills, and finally,—transmuted to electricity,—plays all *its* manifold Ariel magic, and lights the whole multiplex system of the works.

The mines and mills and furnaces work together in a sort of mechanical Utopia of power. Yet, Canada, looking delightedly at these new things, is too prone to let herself regard them merely as big new toys; to her pride they seem sufficient in themselves. But it is our business to ask, what have they actually done? What are they doing now? The government is assisting them with heavy bounties,—can almost claim that the bounties have alone made them possible. Will the future pay this back? As a sound business investment, has it been worth while? To look at this three-fold question from a proper perspective, we must step back a little way.

Says Mr. Moxham, speaking again of iron ore, and coal and limestone: "Nowhere has nature grouped together these three raw materials in the proper economic quantity and the proper economic quality. We have all heard of places where the three elements were together. In fact they existed one on top of the other, ready placed in proper proportions, and always in a hill of the proper height, provided with a nice level valley just fitted in size and location for a modern blast furnace: all that was needed was for the hill to topple down into the

"DOMINION NO. 2"—ONE OF THE GREATEST COAL SHAFTS IN THE WORLD

mouth of the furnace awaiting it below. We will all of us hear of these favored localities again. When they are brought to you and you are asked to believe in them,—remember Mr. Punch's good advice, and "don't"!

Yet,—"the ore and limestone delivered on cars or boat, (as the case may be,) must be 'dirt cheap,' and the coal not far from the same. This is to be taken literally, not figuratively. In the Messabi and Birmingham (American), the Middlesboro (English), the Luxemburg (Belgian), and the Belle Island (Newfoundland) mines, the actual price of mining and putting the ore on cars is less than the traditional contractor's price for the removal of earth." In short, the question of cheap steel is altogether one of the cost of "assembling the three raw materials at the blast furnace." It comes down to a question of distances and freights: and herein Sydney has most unquestionably a long lead upon the world. Pittsburg, the mighty, brings its ore eighty miles from the Michigan mines to the South shore of Lake Superior, one thousand miles to the Lake Erie ore ports, and another one hundred and fifty to the mills. Its coal comes almost altogether from Connelsville, eighty miles away, and its limestone one hundred and thirty miles from the Tyrone district. In Newcastle, England, the case is the same. The coal and limestone come from the centre of the island, and as for the ore,—perhaps this would astonish the average Englishman,—it comes almost wholly from central Spain. In Germany, the assembling distances are hardly less.

At Sydney the coal lies from ten to twenty miles to the south, the limestone is on the water, about twenty-five miles to the north. Ore in great quantities lies in almost every direction. And if, as was said before, the richness of the Belle Island deposit invited its prior use, the four hundred miles it is distant across the

channel is added to by no railway charges; for it, too, is mined on tidewater. And when we remember that water transportation is from six to ten times cheaper than land transportation, even four hundred miles will not seem a very enormous distance. It is Sydney's boast that they can export steel for $6.00 a ton, or 50 per cent. less than it can be made and exported from any other point upon the globe. And, as will be seen in a moment, —to every appearance it is making good its vaunt.

But first a little geography; and it is safe to say that for the majority of readers, it, too, will have its surprises. One might expect to learn that Sydney is much nearer Liverpool than is Pittsburg, but not that it is 1,228 miles nearer. And being closer to Liverpool it is correspondingly closer to all the ports of the German Ocean and the Baltic. It is also 1,050 miles nearer to Gibraltar,—and consequently, too, to every port in the Mediterranean. And so much does the outstretching of this right hand of the Dominion count for, it is even 757 miles nearer Capetown than the great American steel centre. Yes, and it is even 200 miles nearer than Liverpool, too! But most astonishing of all, Sydney is actually closer to every South American port, from Pernambuco to the Horn than any rival shipping point on the American sea-board!

Nor has Sydney failed to take full advantage both of its cheapness of "assembling the raw materials" and its cheapness in getting out the finished product again. The coal company alone has done much. Not to mention the American bitumen it has replaced all along the St. Lawrence,—(last year Montreal alone took 675,000 tons,)—three trampers' full a week are required by Boston. At the present moment merely one coke contract being filled in New York calls for 25,000 tons. American coal men a year ago gained a foothold in the Mediterranean. This next year Sydney gives every promise of breaking their grip. There is reckoned to be something more than 1,500,000,000 tons of coal in Cape Breton; it may be prophesied that there will be a very great deal of "undercutting" before the last of it is mined. And, as for these year-old Canadian steel mills, their product is not only already competing at home with the mills of the United States and England and Germany, but,—mark the full meaning of this,—it is selling to Glasgow and Liverpool, to Rotterdam and Hamburg, and to Pittsburg the tariff-protected, the city of the wall of coal and iron, itself!

Whether or not the rest of Canada realizes the significance of these facts, Cape Breton certainly does. At Sydney Mines more hundreds of thousands of tons of coal are being "lifted" and at North Sydney more steel mills and blast furnaces are being erected by the "Nova Scotia Coal and Steel Company;" this, too, is now a multi-millionaire corporation, and was the first in the field, indeed. Much more might have been written of it, did not the "Dominion" companies seem the Castor and Pollux, the great "twin brethren" of good omen to the eastern "Cape." An English concern, the "Gowrie and Whitehouse Company," is working coal mines at Morien Bay, and is said to be planning other enterprises. The redoubtable Mackenzie & Mann combination has entered the field; and it may safely be inferred that it will be heard of in the very near future. And there are more besides.

Sydney has changed much in the last three years. It has taken on the distinction of the cosmopolitan. In that town of twelve thousand people, one feels hardly more distant from the centres of the world than when in Montreal or Toronto. Its percentage of skilled labor is undoubtedly much greater than it is in any other place in Eastern Canada. And the "big" men who have now made

it their home count for very much more than the hand-workers in all their thousands. For the miles of works along the south shore of the harbor came from their creating brains, and wherever they may go, that same power to work the industrial miracle goes with them. What of the men who are in command now?

In the first place it is an old story that Canadian capital, with a hard-headed recognition of a good investment, coupled perhaps, to a patriotic distrust of Steel Trust "Morganizing," has purchased the preponderating influence in the fortunes of the "Dominion" companies. Yet he would be an ingrate Canadian who did not freely give to these powerful and restless spirits to the South the fullest credit for having made the way clear for this new Cape Breton. Nor has it been any mere matter of superior capital. They have not only the lubricating money, but the knowledge of where to place it, in the new machinery of nature, to make it do its work the best. They have fairly won their place as master mechanics of the modern world. And just as there will always be work for the "binder expert" in the western wheat-fields, there will, for many years to come, be work for these master mechanics in the vast workshop, the mere ground plan of which is now being drawn in the Canada it is given *us* to know.

And the Canadians who now control the "twin" companies may also well claim to be of the world's master-craftsmen. They are the same type of men who have made the United States the power it is to-day. Jas. Ross, and Sir William Van Horne and their fellows have learned their trade over half a continent. Part they have picked up when railroading, part banking, part mining,—now managing, now constructing, now financing. They know their tools and can safely be left to do the rest of the work alone.

In the Sydney works the "slag," that molten concrete of flint and iron poured off from the furnaces, is being used to fill in the marsh along the frontage of the "open hearths." On such a foundation the Carnegie Steel Company is now erecting the greatest mills and forges in the world. And upon the foundation which is now being laid at Sydney there may well be done such building as neither Americans or Canadians can now foresee.

THE NEW PREPARATORY SCHOOL,
UPPER CANADA COLLEGE

SCENES IN THE CANADIAN ALPS

BY FRANK YEIGH

THE entrance to the Rocky Mountains of Canada is impressively dramatic. The sun sinks, a glowing ball of fire, beyond the rolling plains that border the foothills, leaving behind the great ranches, the long irrigation canals, the herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and the lonely hamlets where the ranchers live; it shines the following morning on a narrow portal, with towering walls looking weird and ominous in the grey light of dawn—the stupendous Cordillerean barricade that Nature has thrown across the Continent, from the Arctic shores to the southern ranges of California. He who made the mountains also made this wonderful avenue of approach, through which the Bow River flows impetuously toward the prairie.

Following the erratic course of the stream, the Government National Park at Banff is reached, where an area twenty-six miles long by ten miles wide has been set apart in perpetuity for public use, and it is probable that the enclosure will be greatly enlarged within the near future. Situated within the very

JUNCTION OF SPRAY AND BOW RIVERS, BANFF, ALTA.

VIEW OF THE BOW RIVER VALLEY

THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS

heart of the Rockies, the boundaries of Banff contain many a lordly peak. Cascade and Rundle Mountains stand out as geological curiosities, both having been completely overturned when the inconceivable upheaval took place, the older Devonian and carboniferous limestone being imposed on the newer rocks. Thus the word of Job of old is true: God overturneth the mountains by their roots! Tunnel Mountain has its limestone summit grooved into channels by the movement of the glacial ice. The scratches can be traced, and the slopes are covered with boulders that have been brought from some distant region and left stranded thousands of feet above sea level.

From the top of Tunnel Mountain the panorama is a superb one. On every hand are the curiously jagged profiles of peaks, rivalling the valley of the Yosemite in grandeur and variety of scenery. Mountains from eight to ten thousand feet high overhang the clear lakes, the twisting river with its picturesque falls, and the little village of Banff. To the north, the lines of Cascade Mountain seem to have been caught in their primeval writhing like giant serpents, resulting in strange rocky contortions on a colossal scale, and beneath the shadows of Mount Inglismaldie lies the deep Devil's Lake, an immense reservoir high above the hills.

A two hours' railway run brings the traveller to Laggan, from which station the Lakes in the Clouds are accessible. A carriage drive up a steep grade and by the edge of a rushing, noisy torrent covers the distance to queenly Lake Louise, the first of the trio of lakes. The view from the Chalet reveals a magnificent arena of peaks, making it the Switzerland of

THE LOOP FROM OBSERVATION PEAK, THE SELKIRKS, ALONG THE ILLECILLEWAET RIVER

Canada. Facing the beautiful sheet of water is grim Mount Lefroy, with its northern edge appearing like a scene partially shifted across the stage of a theatre. To the right the Victoria glacier, sheathed in its garment of white, effectually bars the way to the westward. It was on the slopes of this glacier that the American mountaineer, Abbott, met his death in 1896, falling a terrible distance in sight of his horrified companions, who narrowly escaped a similar fate. This forms one of the comparatively few tragedies of the Canadian Alps. The eastern slope of Lefroy presents a practically sheer precipice three thousand feet deep, and its towering ridges form the vertebrae of the whole Rocky range. As each midday approached, the melting power of the sun produced a succession of avalanches, the sound of which reverberated through the canyons and over the Lake with thrilling effect.

Mounting our horses and led by an experienced guide,—an old trapper with a full stock of hunting tales—the journey skyward was commenced. A thick forest of spruce and fir was entered, the low branches over the trail just missing one's head. Occasionally a forest giant reared its top high above its fellows, showing hundreds of rings as evidence of great age. One old monster exhibited a sufficient number of rings to prove that he started to grow when Columbus discovered America! Alpine flowers grew in profusion, white mountain anemones, violets and orchids vieing with the sheep laurel, whose red flower caught the eye in every direction. An open space in the forest had been made by a snow slide, which had swept away every vestige of the standing timber.

A sudden turn of the path revealed the second body of water—Mirror Lake, resting unmoved in its granite basin. High above our heads towered the Bee Hive, seemingly preventing all further progress. Carved out of flinty sandstone to a cone of horizontal strata, it poised as a sentinel over the world below. But the guide ordered an advance across the bed of an avalanche, thickly strewn with immense boulders, over which the ponies cautiously picked their way. Beyond lay a narrow trail clinging to the face of the craggy cliff not unlike a llama path in the Andes. At the end of the dizzy and unnerving trail, where the fullest faith in the sure-footedness of one's horse is called for, Lake Agnes came into view, literally among the clouds, as a mid-summer snow squall swept over the range. Then the veil of storm moved southward, revealing some of the finest Alpine scenery on the American continent. Mirror Lake and Lake Louise have shrunk to the dimensions of small ponds and are but trifling features in a landscape that includes miles upon miles of peaks. The Bow River valley meanders from east to west for many a mile; lonely Mount Temple, 11,658 feet high, is separated from its neighbors of the continental watershed, the fearfully steep sides showing black against the matchless purity of its ice beds. Away to the north, buttressed against the sky, sketches a mighty phalanx of summits. Immediately above us rise still higher peaks, the home of the big horn sheep and the mountain goat. The high hills are still a refuge for the wild goats. The only trace of animal life came from a whistling marmot, in its shrill answer to the well-imitated challenge of our guide.

Proceeding westward from this delectable lake region, two other colossal peaks in the Rockies are near neighbors—Cathedral Peak and Mount Stephen. The summits of the former have apparently been broken off, the debris crossing the mountain sides and reaching the banks of the Kicking Horse River far below. Cathedral Peak makes puny the greatest of men's creations, the massive mountain resembling a mighty minister with dome and roof and countless spires. The play

VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS, NEAR LAKE LOUISE

of storms around its roof-top is a sublime sight, but when the sun emerges from a bank of clouds and casts its rays upon the fleecy world around it, then the effect is beautiful beyond the power of words to portray.

Mount Stephen, the monarch of the Rockies, is widely different in conformation, its solitary dome of rock piercing the heavens to a height of ten thousand feet. A Canadian Government surveyor scaled the mountain some seven or eight years ago and celebrated the event by placing a Union Jack thereon, but the winds of the years have long since blown away every vestige of the banner. As the train curves around the base of Mount Stephen and the eye glances upwards along its ribbed sides to the giant pinnacle, the mind grows bewildered in the attempt to estimate the bulk of the gray old monster. Such a view causes one to firmly believe in Ruskin's dictum that mountains are the beginning and end of natural scenery.

The exit from the Rockies is through as narrow a gateway as the entrance along the Bow River. The lower Kicking Horse Pass leads to the valley of the Columbia River, sweeping northward for the bend it makes preparatory to its final journey southward to the Pacific. Again there is a view superb in its vastness. Behind are the everlasting hills of the Rockies, with keen knife edges of rock cutting the clouds asunder. Across the valley, martialled in military line, loom up the Selkirks, with their green bases and

IN THE FRASER CANYON

THE THREE SISTERS' PEAKS, AT CANMORE, ROCKY MOUNTAINS

snow-silvered crests, suggesting, under the glory of sunset, the celestial city of Asgard.

The Selkirk range is entered through the Rogers' Pass between walls four thousand feet high. To the right rise the Hermit peaks, scarred by the tracks of avalanches and roofed with glaciers. Beyond and to the north lie scores of great hills that have never been scaled. Gazing southward, one views the noblest prospect of all—a theatre of mountains, around the bases of which the railway line curves. The eye is attracted as by a magnet to the King of the Selkirks, Mount Sir Donald, named in honor of Sir Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona, who played such an important part in the construction of the great railway. The mighty pinnacle of Sir Donald reaches a height of 10,662 feet—"a kingly spirit throned among the hills, which seems to overhang the world."

At its feet glistens the great glacier of the Selkirks which, according to Professor Muir, is the largest sea of ice left remaining on the Continent, outside of Alaska. The Selkirk glacier is a wonderfully beautiful frozen river, which reflects the sunshine with dazzling effect. The loosening of huge masses of ice led to their tumble down the slope until the echoes reverberated across the valley. The front wall of the glacier is honeycombed with curious caves that are constantly changing their form, as the stream moves on its downward way foot by foot. During ten years the glacier had receded five hundred feet in its shrinking, even as it travels to the lower levels.

Still journeying westward, the third of the four parallel ranges—the Gold, or Columbia as it is better known—is traversed amid a succession of charming lakes that recall the Scottish lochs for quiet, restful beauty. Some of them had forced the railway to excavate a path for itself out of the wall of rock on the side. A detour southward for a few miles connects with Okanagan Lake and Vernon, in the garden of British Columbia, where the sheltered vales account for the rich fruit farms and orchards.

The final gorge of the route—the Fraser Canyon—is the wildest of all the clefts among the hills. Penetrating the Coast Range, the railway follows the sinuosities of the turbulent river, indicating the engineering difficulties that were overcome. No less than eleven different lines were located before the present one was decided upon. The valley of the Fraser is singularly formed as if some superhuman sword had at a single stroke cut through the labyrinth of mountains, leaving the narrowest of footholds for the tracks and the narrowest of beds for the salmon river. The wild rush of waters makes all the more remarkable the successful trip of Simon Fraser, the old fur trapper of a hundred years ago, who succeeded in sailing through the seething floods, past the dangerous Hell Gate and around the sharp bends where before and since many a human toll has been exacted. Along the steep sides of the canyon are the pathetic remnants of the old Cariboo trail of the "Sixties," leading to the gold fields four hundred miles from the sea, over which thirty thousand men travelled, and most of whom drifted back physical wrecks and penniless. Deserted cabins and dead towns line the way and many a lonely mound tells its own story. A wayside board speaks of the Headless Indian. The inscription reads:

"Here lies the remains of the Headless Indian, discovered by Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle, A.D. 1863."

Then is added:

"150 yards up the banks of the River was also found the skull, which was sought for in vain by he above gentlemen."

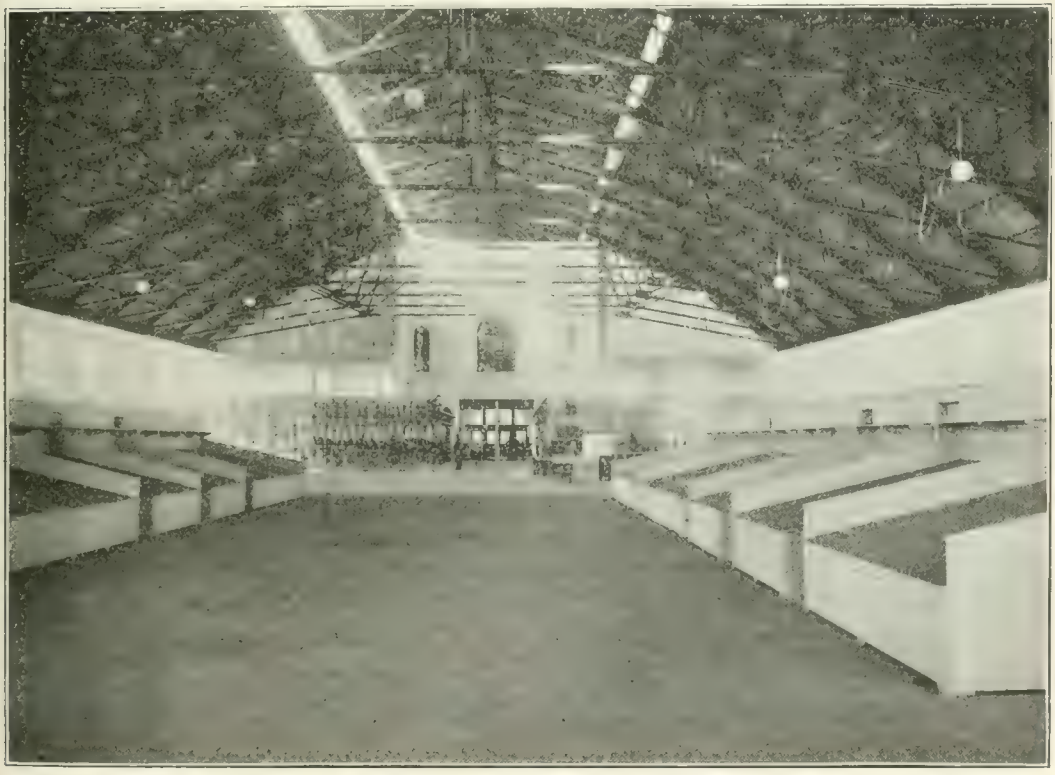
(Signed),

"T" Party, Canadian Pacific Survey.

June 5, 1872.

The Fraser Canyon ends at the town of Yale, from whence there is an open stretch of a hundred miles to Vancouver. The huge folds in the crust of the earth, with their towering peaks and deep chasms, telling of the convulsions of Nature when the continent was formed, have been left behind, and the sea of mountains which have been passed leaves a picture on the mind that will live as long as memory lasts.

THE NEW ST. LAWRENCE MARKET, THE FINEST MARKET IN CANADA



INTERIOR, ST. LAWRENCE MARKET

"EUROPE *versus* AMERICA"

Being the Rectorial Address delivered at St. Andrews University, Edinburgh, Scotland, October 22, 1902

By ANDREW CARNEGIE

I THOUGHT that I might interest you by considering a subject now attracting wide attention—the economic changes which have come and are impending in the relative position and power of nations, since it has been necessary for me during my business career to watch and study these and to base action upon them. The growth of nations in wealth and population, the social conditions and aptitudes of their people, natural resources, prospects, ambitions, national policy, all bore directly upon our problem.

It was upon no easy task that the American manufacturer entered when he determined to struggle for place for his country among manufacturing nations, and it behooved those who risked their capital, or incurred debt in the attempt, to keep a wary eye upon the doings of their established competitors, and weigh future probabilities of development in other lands.

In studying the manufacturing world, Britain claimed more attention than all other nations together, for here was the seat and throne of manufactures. We examine the globe and note how much is marked red under the Union Jack, and speculate upon what would be left if this were obliterated. But if in viewing the world's material development we should consider what would be left if her inventions were deleted, a greater void still would be found in this nobler field of conquest, for this island has also been the seat and throne of invention, the work not of the barbarous sword, but of the brain of civilized man. That development rests upon the steam-engine of Watt, one arm of which embraced the sea through the steamship of Symington, another covered the land through the locomotive of Stephenson. Here is the great triad which has created the modern material world. This audience will not fail to note with satisfaction that all of these magicians were Scotch (the first two native-born, the last by descent)—a remarkable fact, and not to be readily accounted for except upon a hypothesis which national modesty prevents a born Scot from suggesting here in the presence of so many distinguished members of other nations. Arkwright, Hargreaves and Cartwright, through their inventions, brought economical spinning and weaving of textiles; those of Nelson and Cort, cheap iron; Bessemer, Siemens, Martin and Thomas, cheap steel, the most important article of all, since it is the basis of so many other articles. It is the inventions of these men based upon steam that have revolutionized the conditions of human life upon the earth, and, in passing, will you be good enough to note how many of these, and indeed of the supremely great in other fields as well, have at first worked with their hands? Whatever the future may have in store, nothing can rob Britain of the credit of having given to the world the means for its surprising development. Material Progress is Britain's child. At the time of which I speak, she was the only important manufacturing nation, for here naturally her inventions were first utilized. The reward obtained from this monopoly—for such it was—made her the richest of all peoples *per capita*. Her realized wealth is still unequaled. Forty odd years ago she made more iron and steel, manufactured more machinery, mined more coal, wove more cloth, than all the rest of the world. It

was Britain in the one scale, the world in the other, the world kicking the beam. In the dawn of this prosperity came Cobden and Bright, who insured cheaper food for the workers, which further stimulated manufacturing and insured Britain's pre-eminence. The theories of these great men and their school were justified in their day, one being that the various nations of the world were created with different qualities and resources, all so beautifully arranged that one was to supplement the other. Britain's destined part clearly was to manufacture the raw materials of other lands. Interchange of raw and finished and of different products, was evidently Nature's intention, thus uniting the nations in the noble task of supplying each other's wants. Nations were destined to be co-operating parts in one grand whole, and thus Commerce became the golden chain to bind the world in bonds of peace and good-will. There was only one flaw in the entrancing theory, but that was fatal—the various members were not satisfied with the parts assigned to them in the beneficent drama. On the contrary, each evinced the strongest desire to develop its resources and manufacture its own raw materials as far as possible. None relished being the mere hewers of wood and drawers of water to another nation: all wanted to play Hamlet, and as is usual in the most talented companies of performers, all believed themselves destined by nature for the great part. There came to the aid of the new ambitious lands, automatic machinery and scientific methods which largely solved the question of skilled labor. A few managing Britons, or Americans, can now readily be obtained to establish manufactures in any part of the world, and educate the natives to become satisfactory workers. In my travels round the world I carefully noted this weighty fact. I saw the peons of Mexico weaving cloth in factories, and engaged in iron and paper works, at two and three shillings a day in silver, worth only one-half value in gold; the people of India, the Japanese, and the Chinese, all doing excellent work in cotton and jute mills; the negroes in the United States steadily rising in the scale and becoming good workmen in mines and in iron and steel works; the Russian, Hungarian and Italian, Swede and Norwegian, all making good workmen. Capital, management and skilled labor have become mobile in the extreme. The seat of manufacturing is now, and will continue to be, more and more simply a question where the requisite raw materials are found under suitable conditions. Capital and skilled labor have lost the power they once had to attract raw materials; these now attract labor and capital. The conditions are reversed. The cotton industry, for instance, was attracted from Old to New England, and is now attracted from it to the Southern States alongside the raw material. The jute industry, once centred in Dundee, is now also established in India, near the jute supply.

Another factor is clearly seen: the most patriotic people of every land consider it a duty to develop their resources. Hence Canada to-day gives twelve shillings a ton bounty for every ton of pig-iron produced, and Australia has a scale of bounties, and has just offered a large one for the manufacture of steel rails. They are not content to be dependent even upon the Motherland for manufactured articles. Germany, Russia and America give protection, and all the colonies tax your productions, thus giving their home producers incidental protection.

Another element enters. Business methods have changed in the past twenty years; manufacturing especially has been revolutionized by new inventions, improved machinery and new and enlarged demands. The old rule of thumb has given place to scientific precision. The Technical Schools furnish the young fore-

men and superintendents. Automatic machinery has developed a new class of workmen more intelligent than the old. The size of works has increased tenfold, and instead of partnerships devoted to one process, all processes, from the minerals in the mine to the finished articles, are combined in one. Railroads are constructed and fleets of steamships built and worked, all the needed materials are owned, the company is its own insurer, and everything entering into the product or needed to maintain the works is made by it. One by one subsidiary branches or new departments are added, and from a score of small streams of profit, unknown to the small producer of the past, the main stream is fed. So rapidly does one improvement follow another that some parts of the huge concerns are constantly undergoing reconstruction. Old-established works are seriously disadvantaged by the new order of things, especially if under joint stock ownership, because it is difficult to get from numerous small owners the capital needed for modern improvements. Hence the old countries, and particularly Britain the pioneer, have been disadvantaged, and the new American land, with a clean slate to begin upon, much favored.

The causes specified have already changed the positions of Britain and America as industrial powers. America now makes more steel than all the rest of the world. In iron and coal her production is the greatest, as it is in textiles—cotton, wool and silk. She produces three-fourths of the cotton grown in the world. The value of her manufactures is just about three times that of your own; her exports are greater. The Clearing House exchanges of New York are almost double those of London in amount. She furnishes you with most of the necessary food products you import. She has two-fifths of the railway mileage of the world. Thus she has become the foremost nation in wealth, manufactures and commerce, and promises soon, in some branches, to occupy the position which Britain occupied when it was Britain *versus* the world. She already does this with steel. Although no Briton can be expected to see with satisfaction his country displaced from first place, there is yet cause for rejoicing that supremacy remains in the family. It is not altogether lost what the race still holds. Macbeth's fate is not Britain's. The scepter of material supremacy has been wrenched by no unlineal hand. It is her eldest son, the rightful heir, who wears the crown, and he can never forget, nor cease to be proud of, the mother to whom he owes so much.

The relative position of Germany has also changed. She has forged ahead, her product of steel being now second to that of the United States. In other departments her rate of increase is also great. She promises to run Britain close, perhaps by the end of the decade, for second place as a manufacturing nation. During the ten years previous to 1900 she added five and a half millions to her population, and almost doubled her production of iron, and increased that of iron ore from eleven to nineteen millions of tons.

In comparison with these three countries others are of trifling moment in the production of staple articles for export, always excepting that giant of the future, Russia, whose latent resources are enormous, and whose growth is so steady, not only through increase of population, but through accretions of contiguous territory. She must occupy a great position, but not in our day, nor perhaps in the next generation: if she hold together, she will be a continent under one government like the American Union, although, as far as known, not with comparable resources and conditions. She has employed more than one of my former assistants to construct and manage steelworks, and is vigorously developing her resources in

many lines. Her production of iron has doubled in the last twelve years. Coal mined in 1880 was six million tons, and in 1900, ten years, sixteen millions—an extraordinary increase. The cotton industry has also developed during the ten years. It is probable that she will soon supply many of her own chief wants, great as these are to be; but as these will be largely additions to present world needs, this will not greatly lessen the trade now tributary to other nations.

Belgium, for its size, is the most wonderful of all manufacturing nations, but too small and fully developed to play a greater part than now in the world's trade. One notes with surprise the magnitude of her commerce. Exports and imports *per capita* much exceed those of Britain, exports being as 11.4 per head to 6.14—almost double; even her imports are greater.

France occupies a unique position. She may be said to have, in the artistic quality, substantially a monopoly most difficult to break. Till women reach the height of wisdom attained by man and establish a uniform and unvarying style of dress, and as long as articles of luxury are in demand, and till men reach the wisdom shown by women in regard to French wines, so long will France remain in the first class of nations, although much further increase of her trade is not probable. I might also say that as long as the French people remain so industrious, frugal and free from the vices of other lands, gambling and drinking, so long her position is secure. It is significant that the silk trade of Britain has passed entirely into her hands, and that in motor machinery she is pre-eminent in Europe. The Swiss Republic may be included in what has been said of France. It is a wonderful little manufacturing centre. A splendid race the Swiss, who are often described as the Scots of Continental Europe, and very highly valued in America.

In our survey of the world the efforts of Canada and of Australia to manufacture were not overlooked. Nothing ever found or heard of in either of these lands was calculated to deter us from going forward without fear. If the United States had not transcendent resources, and an unequaled home market that enables it to sell its surplus to Canada cheaper than Canada can possibly produce, manufacturing might be established to some extent there. Under present conditions the outlook is not favorable. In Australia so little has been done, and, so far as I know, so little has been found of a favorable character, that it need not be reckoned with at present. Neither is ever likely, as far as yet seen, to be important factors as manufacturers for the world's trade.

In India, China and Japan the textile industry has taken firm root, and in the latter an attempt is being made to build warships from domestic products; but in none of these countries did I see much prospect of rapid or extensive development, except in textiles, one reason for this being that while the home market for these is great, it is small for machinery, steel, and other branches of our diversified industries of the West. The absence of a large home demand is a serious, almost fatal bar to the introduction of any new article of manufacture which must be produced upon a great scale.

From what has been said it will be inferred that the manufacture of staple articles for the world is to be chiefly conducted in our time and in the next generation by the three countries, Britain Germany and the United States, France retaining her own domain, although the smaller countries will increase their industries and supply a greater part of their own wants.

In the race for the world's trade between these countries several considerations are important. *First*—let this vital fact be noted—the most powerful weapon for conquering foreign markets is a pro-

fitable home market. It might also be taken as an axiom that the nation fortified by the best home demand for any article will finally conquer the world's trade in that article in neutral markets. In economic circles "the law of the surplus," as I have ventured to call it, attracts increasing attention. Manufacturing establishments are increased year by year until they become gigantic, simply because the more made the cheaper the product, there being a score of cost accounts divisible by product. By giving men constant employment, and having a reputation for never stopping, the best men are attracted and held—an important point. The manufacturer upon a large scale can afford to make many contracts in distant parts of the world, and even some at home, at a direct loss in times of depression, knowing that, upon the whole, the result will be less unprofitable by running full than running short time or stopping. Hence, those possessing the most profitable home market can afford to supply foreign markets without direct profits, or even at a loss whenever necessary. I speak from sad experience on this point, for during most of my life we have had to encounter Britain's surplus in our markets in times of depression here, to the great disadvantage of the home producer and advantage of the British manufacturer. This position the United States now in turn occupies toward Britain and other manufacturing countries, since it has the greatest and most profitable home market, not only for steel but for most articles. Invasions of Europe, and especially of Britain, by American manufacturers are not to be apprehended to any considerable extent, except at rare intervals. It is not the amount imported, however, that discourages the home producers; the knowledge that he is open to serious competition from abroad, a small amount of which will break his market, is what makes him loath to invest the great sums sometimes necessary to keep him in the front, and robs him of the do-or-die resolve, which often is of itself the secret of victory in the struggles for life.

Second, the question of population bears directly upon the industrial development of nations, since increased numbers expand the home market. There are to-day 78,000,000 of people in the American Union. More than 600,000 immigrants from Europe will have landed on her shores this year. Her rate of increase between 1880 and 1890 was just about three times that of the United Kingdom. Last decade it was not so great, although more than double, having fallen, because of five years of depression caused by an agitation upon the standard of value, the most disturbing of all economic questions. Nevertheless she added 13,500,000 to her population. This decade, even at no greater native rate of increase than the last, will add more than 15,000,000. Every morning the sun rises it greets more than 4,000 new faces added to the Union.

Germany's population is 56,000,000; she added 5,500,000 last decade. The increase of the United Kingdom was 3,600,000. It is a serious disadvantage to Britain in the contest that her home market cannot expand as rapidly as the American, or even the German. Size of productive territory, as affecting population, is a prime factor in the race for the first place among nations in material production.

Third, we see proofs of another important law. Just as raw materials now attract capital and labor to any part of the world, so untilled fertile soil increases and attracts population. We note the rapid increase in the Mississippi Valley, and that America is consuming more and more of its own food supplies. It already manufactures as much of its enormous total cotton crop as Britain imports, and not more than 10 per cent. of all its field crops, except cotton, are ever exported. Wherever food products can be grown

profitably people will increase until the limit of food supply is reached. Where exceptional conditions exist, such as valuable minerals, population may remain in excess of the food supply, as with this favored island; but permanently to maintain population beyond food supply, a nation must be able to supply needed articles to so much better advantage than the purchasing nations can produce or procure them as to enable it to endure the disadvantage of higher cost of food.

It seems clear that the spread of manufactures will be so general that the leading nations will finally supply most of their principal wants—at least to a much greater extent than hitherto. It follows that exchange of articles between nations, "Foreign Commerce," is not to increase as rapidly as exchange of articles within nations, "Home Commerce." But the unceasing growth of the world will nevertheless probably keep British, Belgic and French foreign commerce and manufacturing at their present figures.

There is a great difference between a home and a foreign market, which is not much dwelt upon in Europe, to which I invite your attention.

Exchange of products benefits both buyer and seller. With British home commerce both are Britons; with foreign commerce one only is a Briton, the other a foreigner. Hence home commerce is doubly profitable. And this is not all. When the article exported, such as machinery or coal, for instance, is used for developing the resources or manufactures of the importing country, and enable these to compete with those of the exporting country, the disadvantage of this foreign Commerce to the seller, except the profit upon the sale, is obvious. How different when the machinery is sold at home and develops home resources continually.

Here is another important point. The relative importance of the two markets is often lost sight of. The home market of America takes ninety-six per cent. of all manufactured articles, only four per cent. going to foreign markets. Even Britain's home market takes four-fifths of her manufactures, only one-fifth going abroad. Politicians give far too much attention to distant foreign markets, which can never amount to much, and far too little to measures for improving conditions at home which would increase the infinitely more important home market. If the people of the United Kingdom could spend even one pound per head more per year her home commerce would be increased more than the total value of her exports to all of Australasia, British North America and China combined. Truly foreign commerce is a braggart always in evidence, home commerce the true king.

In studying the industrial positions of nations, imports and exports are misleading. The undue attention still generally bestowed upon these by writers upon economics here is surprising. Arguing as they do who judge of a nation's prosperity by its foreign trade, America's prosperity to-day is lessened because her manufactured exports have for the day declined, which is, on the contrary, the best proof of extraordinary prosperity, for America at present needs all its manufactures in some branches for its own development. Happy country whose steel builds railroads, ships and other structures in its own territory. It is not what is exported, but the amount produced, that shows a country's condition, and what is not exported but put to profitable use at home is, as we have seen, doubly profitable.

The habits, conditions, intelligence and spirit of the masses are important elements in the industrial race, and we gave close attention to these as bearing upon our task. The German, as we know him at home and in the United States, is a valuable man, steady, sober, methodical, thorough, self-respecting, of fine domestic tastes, an admirable workman and super-

intendent. Thanks to the conscription of Germany, among other causes, we had many thousands of Germans in our service, of whom at least four whom I recall became partners and earned the millions of dollars they obtained. They fled from the conscription of their sons, and to-day the son of a German who left his country largely for the same reason is at the head of the greatest manufacturing corporation in the world. We owe a valuable invention to one of these men. The value of the German element to America can scarcely be believed except by those who, like myself, know it by experience. The total emigration from Germany and Austria-Hungary has about equaled that from Great Britain and Ireland. It may be accepted that if ever Britain resorts to conscription, the Republic will be still more enriched than it has yet been by one class of emigrants who will come in greater numbers than ever, even more valuable per man than the German—the Scot; and that many more than ever of the most valuable men of England—a splendid strain when they reach the "open mind"—will leave their shores for the land which knows not conscription.

One is not wrong in believing that it is the ablest and most ambitious who leave their own land—men who have saved enough to enable them to reach and to start in the new; that they have saved being the best possible proof of their value. One such emigrant is worth to America a score of inert stay-at-homes. One census showed that more than half the total number of Scotch emigrants were engaged in manufacturing. The three most celebrated pioneer manufacturers of iron in the United States were Scotch—Burden of Troy, Dickson of Scranton and Chisholm of Cleveland. The American is efficient beyond other men because compounded of the best of other nations and developed in a climate under political and social conditions all stimulating beyond any to be found elsewhere.

In comparing Britain with the Continents of Europe and America, much is seen unfavorable to Britain's industrial position and to the comfort and happiness of her people, both employers and employed. The former fail to give business the unremitting attention and to display the energy and enterprise of the founders of the practical monopoly of the past. They generally regard it as only a means to win entrance to another rank of society. The employed think too much of how little they need to do, too little of how much they can do. Both classes still take life easy in this day of competition which only the day of established monopoly could support. Employers would find it much to their own interests to give to their ablest employees shares in the business. The more given in this form the more would flow to the employer. The great secret of success in business and of millionaire-making is to make partners of valuable managers of departments. The contest between the old and the new lands to-day resembles that between professionals and amateurs. It is in their workmen that the Continent has one of its chief advantages over Britain, and America over the Continent, for even the German has to yield the palm to the compound British-German which makes the man of the more stirring New World. He could not be more thorough or methodical than the German, but he is more active and more versatile. Wages of skilled labor, though higher in Britain than in Germany, are not so much so as to rank in importance with the factors stated; the difference between the two is trifling as compared with that between Britain and America. It is not the lowest, but the highest paid labor, with scientific management and machinery, which gives cheapest products. Some of the important staple articles made in Britain, Germany and America are produced cheapest in the last, with labor paid double.

The two continents have another decided advantage over Britain in the

sobriety and regular habits of their workmen. The broken days of Britain both handicap the employer and injure the workman.

In viewing the immediate future of Britain without misgivings, as far as maintaining her present trade is concerned, I count upon the inherent qualities and capabilities of our race, which, lulled to drowsy inactivity by prosperity under highly favorable conditions, are bound to be again aroused by adversity, more or less severe, under strong competition. There is such wide scope for improvement that the most despondent may be encouraged; nor does the reform imply want or suffering, or less desirable conditions of life for either employer or employed. Far otherwise. That the drink bill of this country, now reaching the incredible figure of £160,000,000, should be cut in half, or only a quarter or less of it left, or, better still, if only £20,000,000 were left, implies not the degradation but elevation of the people. That the sums risked by both masters and workingmen in gambling, and the greater injury wrought in the waste of their time and thoughts, should become evils of the past, would improve the poor slaves of this habit. That they should smoke less would not render life less happy nor health less robust. There are now spent upon tobacco per year £32,000,000: better if half or more were saved. And so with many of the rude sports: better if these were abandoned. From these evils the Continent and America are comparatively, and in some cases almost entirely, free.

The peace expenditure and debt charge of the four principal Powers stand thus *per capita:*

	Expenditure.	Debt Charge.
United Kingdom....	£3, 10s.	8s. 6d.
Germany	2, 1s.	1s. 7d.
Russia	1, 15s.	5s. 2d.
United States	1, 8s.	1s. 10d.

Germany's position financially is remarkable; that of Britain in contrast deserves careful attention.

That Britain's present population, wealth or trade in the aggregate are to decline is unlikely. I believe these may even increase somewhat in the immediate future. Her wealth, climate, geographical position and resources are superior to those of any country in Europe, some of which, because of these very advantages, are allowed to furnish her with products which she herself could produce. They get the crumbs which fall from her more luxurious table. That busy hive, Belgium, for instance, sends her articles to the value of £21,000,000 yearly, £3,000,000 of this being cloths and yarns, £1,500,000 iron and steel. Germany is permitted to send £1,000,000 worth of cloth goods and £1,000,000 worth of butter and eggs. France sends silks and woollens to the value of £18,000,000; leather goods, £1,750,000. Little Denmark, with a population not much exceeding 2,000,000, supplies Britain to the extent of nearly £12,000,000—almost as much *per capita* as your total exports. Denmark receives £7,000,000 yearly for butter and £3,500,000 for bacon and eggs. The latter item equals the total value of all you send her. Norway, Sweden and Holland send her £1,500,000 worth of butter, and the latter also sends gloves and glassware valued at £1,000,000. Here are £60,000,000 worth per year of foreign supplies, most of which Britain could herself produce, and will produce if ever she fails to find more profitable occupation for her own people, as she now does, or if ever her people become as industrious as those of the Continent, thus obtaining a permanent home market almost equal in amount to one-quarter of all her foreign exports.

Thus Britain alone among European nations holds in reserve an important home market capable of yielding profit equal to at least one-third or more of all

her present export trade, since home commerce is doubly profitable. Here lies an untouched mine of wealth. She has in her unrivaled supply of coal, as far as Europe is concerned, another mine of vast wealth.

There is one dark cloud upon her horizon which cannot be ignored. From the best information I can obtain, in twenty or twenty-five years the supply of Cleveland iron-stone will be practically exhausted at the present rate of production, except that two concerns will then still have sufficient for some years longer. The Cumberland supply is already nearly exhausted. This will bring dearer iron and steel. Without cheap iron and steel the construction of ships and machinery of all kinds, and of the thousand-and-one articles of which steel is the base, would tend to decrease; but the loss in this trade may be compensated for by increase in other branches, caused by the ever-growing wants of the world. Britain is not alone concerned in the iron-stone supply, for, as far as I know, the supply is soon to become precarious in some of the other manufacturing nations before many decades pass unless new sources of supply are discovered. Even the United States has a proved supply of first-class ore only for sixty to seventy years, and a reserve of inferior grades which may keep her supplied for thirty years longer, say for a century in all, unless the rate of consumption be greatly increased. The enormous extent of territory in the Republic over which ore can hopefully be looked for encourages the belief that new deposits are sure to be found. It is upon new discoveries that Britain depends, the outlook in her case being less hopeful. Germany has to-day, as far as proved, the most enduring supply, although its ore is not nearly so rich as the American.

Years of painful lessons may be, and probably are, before the people of Britain, but the discipline will be salutary, leading to their improvement and elevation, and hence to make life here truly happier because freer from degrading tastes than ever before.

The evils of poverty receive unceasing recital, but there are evils of long-continued prosperity of no mean order which pass without the attention their poison warrants. The decay of great States is traced, not to poverty and want, but to the reign of luxury and the vices it breeds. A Britain filled with people possessed of the valuable qualities of our race, and becoming as temperate and industrious as the French, German or American, has nothing to fear in the struggle for maintenance of a place among industrial nations. She needs no sympathy since her destiny is in her own hands. Fortunate, indeed, may be the verdict of her future historian, if sheer necessity at this epoch in her history compelled her to discard the vices engendered by a long season of extravagant gains, and consequent spread of the evils which luxury brings in its train, and led her once again to tread the toilsome path of self-improvement. A nation's position often depends upon the character and attainments of the leaders it produces—the exceptional men who lift their fellows. May it be the part of the historian to record that in inaugurating, and by example, precept and exhortation, conducting, this great campaign for the improvement of the habits of the people, rich and poor, noble and commoner, rulers and ruled, there was one body of men distinguished above all others for the enthusiasm, labor, ability and sacrifice displayed in every part of the field—the students, graduates and alumni of Scotland's oldest university.

To summarize in one paragraph the laws bearing upon the material position of nations, as described, may not be amiss:

(1) The chief nations of the world have greater capacity to supply their own wants than was supposed.

(2) Skilled labor has lost its power to attract capital and raw materials, which

under favorable conditions now attract capital and labor.

(3) Nations will develop their own resources to the greatest possible extent as a patriotic duty, offering inducements to the enterprising to risk time and capital in the task.

(4) The country with the largest and most profitable home market has an invincible weapon for the conquest of foreign markets, as the "law of surplus" operates in favor of the largest producer in competing for the trade of the world.

(5) As nations are more and more to supply their own wants, home commerce is to increase much more rapidly than foreign commerce.

(6) Nations tend to increase in population according to their capacity to produce cheap food.

The tendency to enlarge areas under one government must continue, otherwise the small nations become mere pygmies industrially and play no part in world-wide affairs.

These laws have already given some proofs of their sway, to which I beg to direct your attention.

We hear of huge industrial combinations on land and sea, but the combination of forty-five States, some of them larger than the United Kingdom, forming the American Union, which promises soon to equal Europe in the production of many of the staple articles, and is already producing more than the rest of the world of the article of prime importance, is a portent of infinitely more consequence to the world than any possible industrial combinations, the latter being trifling in comparison. At the present rate of progress America will, in the lifetime of many present, have a population equal to that of Europe to-day, excluding Russia.

The influence of a united Continent upon the separate smaller nations of the world is already felt. Europe sees its art treasures and its shipping lines and the centre of finance passing to the new land as primacy in manufacturing, in wealth and in commerce have already done, under the law of gravitation, which operates in every field, even in that of literature. Eight copies of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* find their home in the new land for every one in the old land of publication. The manufacturers of the new land invade the old and compete in the world's markets. These facts have not escaped the attention of the nations. Austria's Premier was among the first to direct attention to the situation, and he has been followed by others in authority. Europe is alarmed at the threatened consequences, and the search is now directed to the discovery of countervailing forces. The first necessary step in this task is to compare the two continents and note the points of difference which create the dangers feared. We have treated of the positions of different nations hitherto; now we must contrast Europe and America as units—continent against continent.

There are some portentous contrasts.

First, we find Europe an armed camp, every man's time and labor for years taken for military training, not merely unproductive labor, but labor costly to the State. Nearly 9,000,000 of men are thus called to military duty. The American Union, on the other hand, has only an army of 66,000 men, and there is no conscription. Its men are in the industrial, not in the military army, constantly adding to the material wealth of the country. She is further enriched through the operation of conscription in Europe.

Europe has 410 battleships, cruisers and coast defense ships; America, 35.

It would be difficult to overestimate the effect of this contrast upon the industrial development of the two continents.

Second, America is one united whole at peace with itself, and enjoys immunity from attack by neighbors, or even by Europe, since she supplies so many parts of it with necessary food products that

non-exportation of American products would produce not only famine prices, but actual famine itself, and compel peace. Hence industrial development has one indispensable condition—peaceful security. In Europe this is lacking, for it is divided into hostile camps. That its huge armaments cannot go on unceasingly growing is evident—an explosion must come. That this is considered imminent is evident from the measures taken by the nations to protect themselves from its consequences. If rulers and statesmen did not see the inevitable result impending over their heads—a Damocles sword—they would strain less violently in preparation. It is impossible for industrial development to proceed satisfactorily under the shadow of this dreaded catastrophe. There is nothing so timid as capital.

Until these contrasts cease, anything approaching equality of power between the industrial armies of the old and the new worlds is unattainable.

Third, since his continent has less than thirty people per square mile, the American has a constantly expanding home demand, urging him to extensions, and justifying costly improvements and the adoption of new processes. He has also a continent under one government. He establishes his several works at the centres of the various markets. If a needed ingredient be found in one State, another somewhere else, if it be desirable to construct works for one part of a process here, or there, or ply ships, or build railroads in any part of this broad area, he proceeds without hesitation, dreading neither interference with supplies, hostile legislation, nor national antipathies. "No pent-up Utica contracts his powers": more the boundless continent is his, as are all its markets, free from tariff. His operations are free from start to finish.

The result is that every process of manufacture in the Union flows naturally to the localities best adapted for it, there being no barriers to free selection. The best places also are selected for assembling materials, raw or partially prepared, for their final forms. In short, it is free, unrestricted trade in everything under the same conditions, same laws, same flag, and free markets everywhere over an expanding continent—advantages which only those experienced in industrial trade will estimate at their full value.

The European manufacturer finds obstacles to such varied expansion in a continent divided into hostile and warring States with different laws and exactions and tariffs at every boundary, the fear of war overhanging all. He is almost compelled to confine his investments and works to the small area of his own country and its small home market.

One of many telling advantages which industrialism receives from political union in America is that a great home demand for any article from one united people occupying a continent evolves standard forms, the evolution of the best types, which justifies the manufacturer in erecting special machinery and running it exclusively upon each part of the type. Railway, electric, harbor, bridge—engineers in these and other branches adopt the standard forms: hence whenever a huge bridge, for instance, is needed promptly in any part of the world—Egypt or India—America is applied to: the steel-maker has his bridge construction and bridge erection departments managed by specialists who know what is best much better than any general engineer can possibly do. The proper plans for the standard bridge required are taken and the work begins instantly. Note here that the steel-maker is also the bridge contractor: a vital point. The bridge is probably open for traffic before the European engineer could have submitted plans and the bridgemaker had contracted with the steel-maker. A new bridge in Europe is a new creation in which several separate contractors have participated; in America

it is from standard patterns evolved from experience and completed from start to finish by one contractor.

In greater or less degree this exists in the manufacture of the principal articles of which America is now the greatest producer. Consider agricultural machinery. One of the leading English manufacturers once told me that he had been compelled to abandon foreign markets and finally to cease business. The American manufacturer had triumphed. While here three or four hundred machines were sufficient for the season's demand, his friend in America put in hand seven thousand. Megalomania again. This output justified the automatic machinery used in every process of manufacture. If my memory be correct, it was twenty-two men in Britain for two men in America in one of these processes—that is, the machinery did twenty men's work. Why, then, not adopt it in Britain? you say. Small home demand is the adequate reply, and that demand itself open to the American competitor.

Here is an illustration of different character. The Republic has now more than ten thousand miles of connected river and lake navigation which supplies the cheapest inland transportation of materials in the world. Having one government, these lakes and rivers were easily improved and joined, harbors deepened, and rivers rendered navigable by means of movable dams and locks. The work still goes steadily on under government naval and military engineers. Some years £12,000,000 have been devoted to it. In one day recently 226 barges, containing 200,000 tons of coal, passed through the Ohio River lock at Pittsburg for Western and Southern cities. All articles can be thus floated or towed to points three and even four thousand miles distant for a few shillings per ton.

The iron-stone from Lake Superior mines is transported over part of this water system to the coal of Pennsylvania for nine hundred miles at a cost of two shillings per ton—one of several elements in the making of cheap steel. So much for water transportation through the action of government; now consider land transportation by railroad through private agency. There is free trade in railroad building—five men in Pennsylvania, for instance, can meet and organize a company under the general railroad law by satisfying the county court that it is a bona fide enterprise, and that the capital is subscribed and one-tenth paid in: a charter issues costing eight shillings, and the work begins. Railway traffic rates per mile do not average over one-half, sometimes one-third those of Europe for long distances—often for three thousand miles merchandise is carried by rail in bulk, without transfer, at rates that would surprise you.

Pause to consider for a moment what such facilities by land and water mean as bearing upon the area of the home market which the gigantic producer of any article can reach and supply—and then carefully note how impossible to acquire these except through the action of one central government, disregardful of the rival claims of its petty parts, and dealing with the problem solely from the national point of view, always intent upon developing one unbroken system of transportation.

Let us go to Germany for another proof that magnitude tells. She is supreme in speed upon the Atlantic: no steamships like hers. And why? Because these monster ships start from Germany after draining the passenger travel of Northern and Eastern Europe. Not content with this, they touch at Southampton and compete for British travel, and still unsatisfied cross to Cherbourg and drain France and Southern Europe. On their homeward trips from New York they are filled with passengers for all these ports. It is not subsidies which enable the Germans to conquer here, for their lines are not

paid more than half what British lines on the Atlantic receive. It is magnitude. The 250,000,000 people the German lines serve is equivalent to a great home demand. This justifies their ocean greyhounds as the American home market justifies unequaled manufacturing establishments. Since these lines were penned strong proof has come of the law of surplus. The Britain, the smaller market, has been compelled to pay $150,000 per year for two Atlantic greyhounds, while the greater market, Germany, has four of these supported by the greater demand of the greater market.

Germany, in herself, furnishes proof of the necessity in this age for consolidation of small areas. As long as she was cut up into petty divisions, with different laws and tariffs, she had no international position industrially—it was impossible she could have. United into one empire, with free trade over the whole area, giving a home market of 56,000,000 people, she only needed to encourage the development of her resources, which was wise statesmanship, to become the dangerous rival of Britain, and even to outstrip her in the most important article of all, steel.

One more illustration. Switzerland was the land of watch manufacture by hand. America introduced machinery, having an enormous home demand—there being scarcely an American adult without a watch. Now one concern there makes more watches than all of Switzerland, as one American constructor makes more locomotives than any European country, and one agricultural implement maker makes more machines than all Britain.

Another proof of the value of home demand can be given from Britain. One important department in Europe is unequaled by the American—shipbuilding, which also obeys the law of great home demand. Since Britain has been the great exporter and importer of the world and the greatest naval power, naturally the building of ships has taken firm root there; and in the world's market she remains supreme. Having the enormous home demand, she conquers the foreign.

More and more clearly must the truth be realized that the industrial struggle among the nations is bound up with the political, the question of magnitude being at the bottom of supremacy in both. A nation cannot be small in size and in population and remain great in material products or material power. To maintain first rank industrially, commercially or financially small nations must merge with others and become prosperous parts of one great federated power. Once the race was between separate nations, henceforth it is between continents.

Ask yourself this question. If America had been composed of petty, independent, jealous States, as Europe is, each afraid of the other, and armed to the teeth against expected attack, and had erected tariff barriers against the products of each other, would Europe ever have heard of the American Industrial Invasion? To ask the question is to answer it—never.

The deepest and most powerful of all contrasts between the two is that the one continent is one harmonious, peaceful, cooperative whole, its power and energy directed to industrial progress; the other divided into hostile camps—the power and energy of each directed to military protection and commercial isolation.

Ask yourself another question. Can Europe, as long as she remains divided into hostile camps, ever hope to conquer foreign markets or even to repel the American invasion? That question also answers itself—never.

Such are the chief contrasts between the two Continents and their effects bearing upon Industrialism. What must Europe do to dispel them? There is only one answer. She labors in vain until she secures some form of political and industrial union and becomes one united whole, as the American Union is in these respects, for this is the only foundation

upon which she can ever contend successfully against America for the trade of the world, or each of her separate nations hold its own home trade in manufactures, except under a system of protection which must handicap her in the race for the trade of the world. The load of militarism would cease to press upon her, for a very small percentage of the cost of the present defensive armaments of the Powers would suffice to protect her from foreign attack. Europe is a body whose members war against each other; her enemies those of her own household. A sorry spectacle.

The consolidation of Europe has proceeded apace within a century. Napoleon abolished more than a hundred independent centres of quarrel in Germany alone. In our own day we have seen Germany emerge, through Federation, into one of the strongest of powers and reach the front rank industrially, Italy reconstructed and enlarged, France adding Savoy and Nice. Several smaller changes in territory have taken place, but no student of international affairs assumes that Europe has yet reached its final forms. It is still in a state of flux. Hence the great Powers sleep upon their arms, minstrustful of each other, and in every successive budget devote huge sums to increase their war power, thus from year to year giving that fearful note of preparation which keeps capital alarmed and prevents rapid and thorough scientific industrial development and free exchange. No end can be safely predicted to the struggle once begun. Twenty wars and peaces may find Europe still in flux, if its final forms are to be determined by the sword. Fortunately consolidations have reduced the centres of disturbance until to-day there are only five in Europe, and, as a result even Europeans are now sometimes permitted to rest from the slaughter of each other for a generation, guiltless of their neighbor's blood, and this although Europe is an armed camp and the Powers still busy increasing their destructive agencies. We should hail the Triple and the Dual Alliances, since these are defensive agreements, and reduce war-making centres practically to two, a contest between which would be of such stupendous magnitude as to give the most reckless gamester pause. But the merely negative influence of these alliances is clear. They cause not one moment's cessation in the race for additional armaments—proof that the Powers still fear each other in spite of these consolidated agreements, and dread the coming of an inevitable struggle, which is to end only when the map of Europe is greatly changed. Hence the military army exacts it conscripts from the industrial army, and progress halts in all the fields of peaceful development. Security is absent. Some have predicted that no permanent peace is possible until the division among the great Powers be effected substantially upon racial lines. Such drastic reconstruction means generations of strife, or of preparation for strife, almost equally disastrous to industrial progress, and would still leave three rival Powers. Such a solution should not be thought of. One exclaims instinctively, "Take away the sword—States may be saved without it." The most important gain of all to the cause of peace among men is to be credited to the enlightened and peace-loving Emperor of Russia. The Hague Conference, called by him, established a permanent tribunal composed of the ablest and best men of the various nations, a selection from which can be made by nations to settle their differences.

Its value has not been realized. Wars in South Africa and the Philippines arose and absorbed attention. In both of these our race was offered by its adversaries arbitration through this agency, which was ultimately rejected, but the time comes when we shall begin to appreciate what the world has gained thereby. Two

international disputes have already been submitted to this high court of humanity, and the example once set is bound to be followed and crystallized into custom. A thousand years from now the historian will probably cite as the most important event of the century the first creation of a tribunal whose object was to banish from the earth its deepest stain, and from human beings their most inhuman practice, the settlement of international differences by the killing of each other. Such the part played by the present Emperor of Russia. Such his unimpeachable title to rank with the few supreme benefactors of men. It is something gained that Europe might relieve itself of internal wars among its parts, as if by magic, by simply agreeing to appeal to this tribunal.

The three leading powers, Russia, France and Germany, took joint action in regard to a question in the far East, and more recently Britain joined them in joint action in China, the United States cooperating to some extent. These are all cheering signs, indications that perhaps the era of continuous joint action is not so far distant as might be feared. The Triple and Dual Alliances, or a new grouping of parties, might guarantee the *status quo* and agree to cease increase of armaments, which would not change the relative positions of nations. Perhaps a second resolve might soon follow that these should be ratably decreased, but this being a positive, not a negative measure, would be more difficult. Still, much seems possible in the direction of peace, since there are now only two organizations to be harmonized.

" A great man has arisen in England, Sire, called Cromwell," said Richelieu to the King. We might say " A great man has arisen in Germany, the Emperor." It is impossible to follow his doings without feeling that here is a personality, a power potent for good or evil, in the world. So far he has given Germany a much-needed stimulus to industrial action. Both on sea and land his influence has been decisive. The German ships are first in speed upon the Atlantic. The inland watercourses of Germany, according to his plans, are soon to play a more important part in her internal development. She is now second in the world as a manufacturer of steel, which means much, since that is the basic element of a thousand articles, and her product of iron is soon also to be second. The Emperor's head and hand and heart, too, are in all these triumphs. He is at once the Emperor and the vital force of the empire. One wonders whether, after having proved the efficiency of the German Constitution, he may not devote himself to its further extension. All that Germany has gained by consolidation into an empire Europe would gain, and more, if merged into one. A combination of the German and American Constitutions, satisfactory to most, if not all, European nations, seems not impracticable, and the union only of the most important is required to insure peace. France, Germany, and Russia would suffice, and these have taken joint action already against Japan. Why are they not to do so hereafter in the greater issue? Under both the German and American systems small nationalities are sacredly preserved as in the Union of Scotland and England; hence the perfect welds. The Kings of Saxony and of Bavaria are German. Every State in the American Union is in itself sovereign with its elected Governor. Wherever suppression has been tried trouble has arisen. Imagine the effect of an attempt to destroy Scotland's nationality and stamp out the sentiment which lies in the core of every Scottish heart, which no words can ever express but " Scotland forever." With this precious national patriotic sentiment properly recognized and protected, consolidations of nations will be easy and wholly advantageous.

The coming century is to look back upon the present petty political divisions

of Europe with the feelings we of to-day entertain for the one hundred and fourteen little States of Germany and their pygmy monarchs of the past century, with their thirty-four tariff barriers to commerce and travel on the Rhine, resembling the Likin of China.

The Emperor of Russia having taken the first step toward the peace of the world in The Hague Conference, the other mighty Emperor might some day be impressed by the thought that it is due to himself and to Germany to play a great part upon the wider stage of Europe as her deliverer from the incubus which oppresses and weakens her, the appalling and paralyzing fear of a war of ruin between the members of her own body. Seldom comes to the world one who is both Emperor and ruler, and the few known to history have made their mark upon the world, from Cæsar and King Alfred to Charlemagne. No ordinary task contented them. One cannot help believing that "one of the supremely great" in the Emperor's position could influence the few men who to-day control Europe to take the first step, not to federate, but by alliance to insure internal peace, which is all that can be expected at present. What the separate nations of Europe—Russia excepted—have to look forward to in the not distant future, if they do not agree so far as to enjoy peaceful security and free trade among themselves, and act in wars, military or industrial, as one power, is to revolve like so many Liliputians around this giant Gulliver, the American Union, soon to embrace two hundred millions of people of the English-speaking race, capable of supplying most of the world's wants, both in manufactures and food products, at lowest and yet to it profitable prices. The most sanguine predictions in regard to her advantages and coming triumphs industrially and commercially are, in my calm judgment, probably to be exceeded. Even if European nations were reconciled to play the subordinate role indicated, there remains the impossibility of their enduring forever the present military strain under which some already begin to stagger. The loan must sooner or later prove too great and force reconstruction.

Let us therefore assume that Continental Europe will be finally compelled, after greater or less sacrifice, through ruinous wars or peaceful negotiations, if not to federalize in some form, yet to adopt means to insure peace among themselves which would lead to some form of federation under free trade. It would then be continent against continent—Europe *versus* America: with the former relieved from militarism there would be equality so far and both could prosper with a large home market and participate in the ever-increasing trade of the world. There is little room to-day for operations upon a small scale either in industrialism or in nationalism —nation against nation was once well enough. Britain and France, Italy, Germany, Austria-Hungary were each once of sufficient size to rank as great powers, but the American Continental Union—forty-five States in one, has changed all that. The solid mass of this great body in action will by mere momentum force its way through small industrial warring units into opposition. There is also huge Russia to be reckoned with, which likewise threatens to overshadow the small nations.

The closing paragraph of Morley's "Life of Cobden" is most pertinent to to-day's conditions:

"Great economic and social forces flow with a tidal sweep over communities that are only half conscious of that which is befalling them. Wise statesmen are those who foresee what time is thus bringing, and endeavor to shape institutions and to mold men's thought and purpose in accordance with the change that is silently surrounding them."

The question arises, what would Britain do if Continental Europe be thus relieved from internal dangers and under free trade possessed of the indispensable home market, and were finally to be federated into one Zollverein or great power? Would she remain a small separate island nation of forty-five or fifty millions, against the hundreds of millions of the Continent? Or, if invited, become a member of the European consolidation—our race submerged by Slav, Teutonic and Latin races? Or would the mother-heart, beating fast within her, turn her gaze longingly to her children across the sea, then hundred of millions strong, and, grasping their outstretched hand, murmur, "Whithersoever thou goest I go; thy people are *my* people": the English-speaking race thus becoming again as it was before—for offense never, for defense ever—one and inseparable.

It is for essays upon this momentous question that I shall offer the usual Rector's prizes.

Students of St. Andrews:—My subject has been the Industrial Ascendency of the World, once yours, and now passed to your lineal descendant, who bears the industrial crown. But, gentlemen, in this audience, assembled in Scotland's oldest university, the thought that fills your heart and appeals to mine, is, of what value is material compared with moral and intellectual ascendency, supremacy not in the things of the body but in those of the spirit! What the barbarous triumphs of the sword compared with those of the pen! Peace hath her victories much more renowned than those of war: the heroes of the past have been those who most successfully injured or slew; the heroes of the future are to be those who most wisely benefit or save their fellowmen. What the action of the thews and sinews against that of the God-like reason, the murdering savage armies of brutal force against the peaceful armies of Literature, Poetry, Art, Science, Law, Government, Medicine, and all the agencies which refine and civilize man and help him onward and upward! Shakespeare and Milton, Burns and Scott, Newton and Hume, Bacon and Locke, Cromwell, Hampden, Pym, Sidney and Russell, Burke, Gladstone, Bright, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Carlyle, Ruskin, Darwin, Watt, Symington, Stephenson, Bessemer, Arkwright, Hargreaves, and others of the past; and all the leaders of to-day who march in the train of the white-robed angel of peace and good-will among men.

There is no ascendency of the world and that the highest, where neither unbounded fertile territory immense store of minerals, nor numbers, nor aught material, are of value, where megalomania reigneth not. For the crown of this realm you have no cause to struggle; it is already yours; it has never been lost; it remains here in the old home Nor has the blast yet blown of any challenger from either of the four winds of heaven. The crown of the material world physical reasons prevent you wearing, although man for man you may remain the equal or superior of any. There is no reason why you should lose the other. See to it that you do your best to guard it against all comers, men of St. Andrews, for precious it is beyond all others, and blessed among and beyond all other nations is she whose brow it adorns.

Let other nations therefore distribute among themselves as they may the victories of materialism. Precedence for Britain, the dear old home of our race, is the thing of the spirit, the modern Greece, and more than Greece ever was to her world, at whose shrine all that highest and best of the nations of the world will dutifully attend to testify their gratitude, admiration, reverence and love.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

By EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER X.—(*Continued.*)

London, Jan. 15th.

EVERY Thursday, I go to the City Temple, to hear Dr. Joseph Parker, and each time I am more impressed by his trenchant utterances and strong personality. A craggy, leonine head, with a tawny mane of hair, a massive outline of countenance upon which sixty years have printed their tale. and a broad majestic forehead give him a great dignity of appearance. He is dramatic in gesture, and speaks as one having authority. Sometimes his voice drops to a whisper, and again, it is raised in ringing emphasis. He has a vigorous vocabulary, and a sense of most exquisite irony.

Yesterday he preached on Eccles. vii., 25 and 29. "Men," he said, "have always sought to know a reason. It was so in a memorable interview, in a memorable garden. Ah, Eve! nothing between you and complete success, *but just one mouthful of fruit.* Yes, Eve! You will know all about metaphysics and physiology and psychology. You will get behind the north wind. Eat and be defied! Man has always sought a philosopher's stone, a lost key, a missing link. He is a foolish man who prys too much into the reason of things. Light is only one syllable, but it holds all literature as a dewdrop holds the sun. We cannot explain God: He comes to us in condescension. He lays His glory by, that we may not be afraid. Comprehend God! We cannot measure beyond our arithmetic, and at times it goes mad, and our minds fail to comprehend its jibber and jabber, and immeasurable cipher. We try to climb the stars when we have no ladder. Why not say, 'I am five feet high, and beyond that I cannot reach, except part of the length of my own arm. If ever I walk on the stars, it will be God's good time, but in the meanwhile, life is duty.'"

"True, God is a mystery, but a mystery of supreme light, but we must choose between a mystery of light and a theory of darkness. The negative is more troublesome than the positive. No prison is so awful as darkness. God did not say there was a God. He would have belied His credentials. He assumed God. He did not say, 'You must pray.' He assumed the religious nature of man and said, 'When ye pray.' We degrade the sanctuary when we preach regarding the existence of a God. We satisfied ourselves of that before we built the church. We did not build the church to prove it. In the dim path of the search for truth, the place for us to halt, is Faith, 'Lord increase our faith.'"

Dr. Parker sent us away with the words of this benediction ringing in our ears: "Mercy, Truth, and Faith, the threefold gift of the Triune God, teach us to know the reason of things." The congregation, which is made up of all sorts and conditions of people, frequently applauded his burning words. The singing is always hearty. Indeed, I am constantly struck with the singing powers of the chapels as compared with the churches.

The pulpit, which was presented to the Temple by the Corporation of the City of London, is a beautiful thing of colored alabasters, lapsus lazuli, cornelian, and malachite. The stained windows do not display the usual saints with impossible drapery, splay feet, goggle eyes, and dis-

torted heads. One is a copy of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," and another is dedicated to Dr. Livingstone, which recall the lines of *Punch*, the burial in Westminster Abbey, of this famous explorer.

"Open the Abbey doors and bear him in
To sleep with King and statesman, chief and sage,
The missionary born of weaver kin
But great by work which brooks no lower wage.
He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known,
He lived, he died for men, be this his fame
Let marble perish—this is *Livingstone*."

A stroll westward from the City Temple brings you to Giltspur Street, so called from the knights who wore gilt spurs riding that way to the jousts in Smithfield, once the scene of quintain, tournaments and miracle plays. At Smithfield too, were held the Bartlemy Fairs, with their bull and bear baiting, acrobatic performances, prize fights by women, shows of dwarfs, monstrosities, and tigers pulling feathers from live fowl. However, the most popular amusement was the burning of witches and heretics, hence it was known as "Ruffian's Hall." It was in Smithfield that the Lord Mayor killed Wat Tyler, and in 1305 William Wallace was here beheaded.

This Golgotha will always be a blot on England's escutcheon, and on the memories of those apostles of religious bigotry, and blinding fanaticism who here lit the torch and whetted the blade. Two hundred and seventy-seven persons were burnt before, in the words of Fuller, "the hydropical humor, which quenched the life of Mary, extinguished also the fires of Smithfield."

Here, the flames licked up the life of the beautiful Anne Askew, she having been brought hither in a chair, because forsooth, my Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, "stockish, hard, and full of rage," had almost torn her body asunder on the rack, and so she was unable to stand on her poor dislocated feet. To this spot too, came John Bradford, John Rogers, and a host of other "Holy men who died here martyr'd and hereafter glorified." It was a hard problem the church had to solve, for what could she do with men who passed to their death with light steps, and the words on their lips. "This is life eternal." Their bones, with scarce a semblance of humanity, were buried where they fell, and now a tablet marks the spot.

To the memory of these saints, and that of my own good ancestors, I laid a wreath of laurels on the stone, all the while repeating mentally some lines, the burden of which was, "Lest we Forget."

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

London, Feb. 1.

Last night we attended a Protestant demonstration in the Royal Albert Hall, held under the auspices of fifty societies.

Deputations were brought from Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, by special trains. Although we had tickets of admittance, we found it hard to get in, and had to push our way through the elbowing crush that filled the vestibule. Already ten thousand people (six hundred of them clergymen) were seated in the great amphitheatre.

The chairman, Lord Kinnaird, said this meeting was the greatest demonstration of modern times. From four o'clock that day, he had received 685 telegrams from all parts of the world, one from Nottingham said, "We the undersigned English men and women, loving civil liberty, heartily support your efforts to maintain the grand cause of Protestantism to which England owes her greatness." To this telegram were appended 3,333 names, every one of which was telegraphed.

At the close of the meeting, a number of his admirers called for a speech from Mr. Kensit. The chairman declined to voice the request, but they persisted for fully five minutes, till Mr. Kensit rose, and in heated words said, that by a disgraceful arrangement he had not been allowed to speak. It is quite evident that Mr. Kensit has been cold-shouldered by the Evangelical party. They object to his designating the Protestant movement as "The Kensit Crusade," and to his self-imposed task of leadership. Privately, the Evangelicals speak of him as an unknown, presumptuous commoner, a bugbear, an incubus—their "old man of the sea." It is true that he is not a gentleman, even in the widest stretch of that very elastic term, but still it was by these same objectionable traits that he brought the flagrant violations of the Clergy prominently before the public.

The Evangelicals look to Prebendary Peploe as their head. His master mind dominates the whole movement. He thoroughly understands the subject, is a quick and accurate disputant, and his words have a manly ring.

London, February.

The Archbishop of Canterbury preached yesterday at St. Bride's. His face is gaunt-muscled with the record of hard thinking writ roughly all over it, and his head might have been modelled with an axe. His sermon was along the line of "definite religious teaching," in which the clergy tell us from time to time we are lamentably deficient. It was a hard-headed essay on the well-worn topic of Baptismal Regeneration. His elucidation of the question was what rude Dissenters would term the exquisite elaboration of a lie. His Grace preached with the aid of an excessively ornate staff, which in no way improved a monotonous discourse. He could not, even by the most charitable, be considered a popular preacher: indeed, I have a shrewd suspicion that a Canadian parish in the back counties would probably starve him out.

Having cast this little stone of criticism, I might say that our Archbishop has the uncommon merit of not erring on the side of prolixity. He is logical and concise in expression, a man of enormous erudition and of rugged mental strength. His position at the present crisis is no sinecure. Stormed at with shot and shell from all quarters of the Church Militant, he holds a true balance. When the smoke of battle clears away, it will be seen that with sanity of nerve and brain, he kept a steady finger on the pulse of the body ecclesiastic. He is a man of sturdy rectitude, has a depth of charity that is not easily provoked, and a width of vision which can see more sides than one of any mooted question—He needs it all!

In pursuit of pulpit celebrities, I betook me to hear the Rev. W. Hay Aitken. In personnel, Mr. Aitken is tall and dignified. He has a masterful carriage, a well-poised head and a thin, sensitive face. A Yorkshire yokel was once asked if Mr. Aitken used much ritual. "Ritual! naw, 'im just sings a 'im and sez a prayer and then goes *bang* at 'em." While this illustrates Mr. Aitken's practical activity, the great mission preacher is also a man of wide culture and intensity of feeling. He possesses a remarkable knowledge of human nature, and a faith that is clear, sharp-cut, and well-defined. He has the power to fuse his thoughts into subtle words that have a spell in them. Words are to him what colors are to a painter. He thinks well, and so speaks well. Mr. Aitken's audiences cannot fail to be impressed with the fervour of his earnestness and the glow of his holiness. He is a master of assemblies and his words are as nails.

THE HOME

By JANEY CANUCK

LOOSE LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A TYPHOID PATIENT.*

"WHAT do you think about shut up here alone?" queried the Doctor. "I have never been ill and often wonder what are my patient's thoughts."

What do I think of? I lie and pray *Eugene Aram's* prayer as he watched the school-boy close his book:

> "Oh God, could I so close my mind
> And clasp it with a clasp!"

What do I think of? In a broader sense of the word I am a "free-thinker." Like Macaulay, I find I have forgotten nothing that I have ever heard, seen or thought. What a medley of mind-and-heart experiences in one day! The children of the brain are wild and foolish, crooked and volatile, great and noble, morbid and lawless. They scheme, invent, combine and contradict. There is no estoppel to their flights of imagination.

The head is like a mill ever grinding and still grinding. Sometimes a bit of gravel is mixed with the grain and the mill clogs. Who can tell the pain when our tempest-tossed thought-craft floats at the mercy of wind and tide, and the sufferer has no strength to grasp the helm, man the oars and direct its course? An old writer says that Queen Catherine Parr died of thought.

Yet so it must be. The head gives artillery, the heart powder. Ideas are the arrows and the body is the bow that sends them home, but when health goes the gun is spiked and the bow-string is on the slack.

One tries like Milton in his blindness to open the eyes to the luminous vision of God, or like Bunyan shut up in prison, to cross the portals of the Palace Beautiful so to cool the hot temples in the breezes of Paradise that blow from the River of the Water of Life.

But alas! the flying is dull and low till at length we are snared in the thickets.

September 16th—

> "Be the day weary,
> Or be the day long,
> It ringeth at length
> To Evensong."

September 20th—

The world may be divided into two classes—the people who lift and the people who lean.

'Tis harder to lean.

September 21st—

Words of sympathy are short armed to relieve the pressure of agony in the sordid hours when pain drags you through its slime!

September 23rd—

I got a note to-day. It was only six words: "*No suffering need be only suffering.*"

September 25th—

Who has ever told the rage of thirst? The first cry of the new-born babe, and the wail of the shipwrecked mariner are of thirst and in the lingering agonies of Calvary, His life-blood ebbing away, it was thirst that wrung from the Nazarene the gasping cry that has curdled the blood of the ages with horror.

September 28th—

Sometimes in my fever dreams I am *Annabel Lee* shut up in her sepulchre.

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* These unique confessions were dictated from a bed of pain for THE NATIONAL MONTHLY.—*Editor.*

The sepulchre is always the cave at Banff. There is a vacuum in the air. I breathe but am not satisfied. The waters are greener than ever and hotter. Dim phantoms of gigantic size glide away in the darkness and there are coiled things and clammy and things not to be thought of.

More often I live in Louthenbourgh's picture entitled *The Last Man.* It is an awful picture—one that confounds the heart and preys on the soul. The background of inky blackness is scarred with jagged glares of lightning that stab the night. The ocean has burst its bounds and "sea covers sea, sea without a shore." Humanity is in its death throes, for a jar has shuddered through the quiet frame of nature and a night of death rages over a world surrendered to its doom. In the foreground, upon the pinnacle of the last rock, the last man clings to the last shrub which is surely being uprooted with his weight. His face is contorted with despair and dumb agony. His wife has slipped from his tired grasp and is sinking out of sight.

Sometime I am the man, more often the woman and the maw of the hot, hungry waves engulf me.

October 2nd—

It seems a far cry back to the lost heights. How easy it would be to slip away to "the desired haven!"

October 3rd—

There is a troublesome "other self" always with me. I must first put her to sleep before I go. How I hate her. The Padre says it is the flesh lusting against the spirit, for they are contrary, the one to the other, and so indeed must be.

October 4th—

The pain is all gone to-day, and that is why my heart sings

> "The broken wing of a swallow
> He binds in the middle air."

October 5th—

My nurse has been writing on her final examinations. To-day the subject was *Materia Medica.* One of the questions asked was how much of a particular drug she would give under certain circumstances. She left the question unanswered. I asked her why she did not guess, anyway. Then she told me the story of a medical student who was once asked a similar question in an oral examination. He replied "a teaspoonful." Before leaving the room he requested leave to re-consider the answer. "It is too late," said the examiner, "your patient has been dead fourteen minutes."

October 6th—

Every nurse speaks of her sweetheart as "My John." The nurses tell me that they are strictly forbidden to be engaged or to have "Johns." The reason of the inhibition is not quite clear. It may be on account of the discovery recently made in Paris that love is a bacillus containing a malignant poison. Eminent professors have announced it to be one of our most dangerous inheritances from the dark ages, one that has been kept alive and fostered by polite literature. They advise that it should be kept under the control of a board of health possessing full police authority.

Ah well! an old Scotch proverb asserts when the gorse is not in bloom love is out of fashion, which, being interpreted, means that love and marriage are eternal. Certainly, in spite of all the medical locksmiths the institution of love is in high favor with the nurses.

October 9th—

Disease signifies lack of ease. It is the designation of a negative condition. It is a deficiency, a degeneration.

The German word for "sick" is *Krank,* and so mankind tries to hunt for a "scapegoat" outside. We like to shift the responsibility, but our own ignorance,

receptivity and crookedness have carelessly opened the door to it.

In the ideal or abstract fever is not a good thing, but it is useful just at the time it appears, for it never comes unnecessarily. Its terrors are only the resistance produced by the quick rush of vital energy to do its cleansing and wholesome work.

Pain indicates life and its acutest pangs tell of a sharp-edged sensibility and an ardent vital force which are working to correct our errors. It is the whip of God. The Pain-Missionary with all its scowling features is in reality a ministrant spirit in disguise who is more friendly to us than we through our ignorance are to ourselves. Even though it present a drawn sword, it is really a guardian angel to turn us away from the sensuous Eden of ignorance.

Physical suffering is a reminder that we are tenants of the body at will and not by right; pensioners of an hour. It is the closing up of the right of way—a warning that life is lent and not given.

October 10th—

It is grim work a nurse has to do and there is little romance about it. She has no time to "rust unburnished," but must ever "work, work, work as prisoners work for crime." We hear much of the beautiful feet upon the mountains that bring tidings of good peace, but nothing of the beautiful tired feet on the hard hospital floors carrying balm and comfort to hurt humanity.

When at night Florence Nightingale walked the wards, carrying a lamp, the wounded soldiers turned to the wall and kissed her shadow as it fell there, and since then the trained nurse has found her representation in "The Lady with the Lamp"—a fitting escutcheon for this noble type of heroic womanhood.

Seeing her for the first time in her own corridor, gowned in an immaculate uniform, one little suspects that beneath her calm features there lies a depth of inexhaustible mental resource that has been stored up by the severest tests and ordeals.

Follow her through the wards to-night! An operation patient is crying out in fretful uneasiness because of wounds that sting and smart. An abandoned woman has staggered in and handed her something wrapped up in a newspaper. It is an hour-old baby and this is its mother.

On this bed, the inexorable imbecile mower has laid hands on a young man, and as the chilling tides of death rise higher and higher the nurse hovers near to stimulate and comfort. In another room lies a man nailed to the cross of his own sin. He is writhing in the agonies of *delirium tremens.*

A woman patient has been seized with an epileptic fit and the nurse hastily summons the house-surgeon to her aid. A petulant girl is threatening to complain of neglect, but still our brave little woman must look pleasant and apologize.

In her spare moments the nurse is copying out lecture notes on the arteries, nerve centres or physiology. A little bright spot comes at midnight, when she is released for an hour and there is a merry supper in the kitchen and often a sly prank or two.

October 11th—

My Doctor is a lineal descendant of George Washington, at least in so far as he cannot tell a lie—straight. If I ask him a question about my condition which he prefers not to tell, he evades it, but in such a way that I have no doubt of his opinion. Such veracity is unusual in "the learned professions." Men are more truthful than women anyway. They can lie—do lie—lie even on a gigantic scale, but the supreme liar is always a woman. The real liar—especially the woman liar—is born, not made.

The Doctor is a big man, big physically and big mentally, yet no nurse can enter

the room so quietly nor any understand the patient with such unerring instinct.

It is no use to pretend you are better. He understands all about you. Perhaps, this is because he is so truthful.

October 16th—Thanksgiving Day—

Am I thankful? On first thought, "no." For four months I have been "a shut-in." First, helping to nurse a typhoid patient, then one myself. It is a long time to take out of life.

On second thought, "yes!" The year has had more sun than clouds—much more, and so I shut the door on the whole sulking, frowning crew of ugly feelings. I will hold my joy cup right side up and catch the drops of gladness that, like the high-priest of old, wherever I go I may carry golden bells to make music for me.

October 21st—

In my cravings for food, the nurse says I am like the little boy who went to his father for a jack-knife. He wanted *awful bad,* and he wanted *now.*

October 26th—

I am going home to-morrow. I whisper it over and over. The nurse says it depends on how I keep, but her words mean nothing. Only a police corps and a *habeas corpus* writ will hold me longer. I was strong when I left home—strong enough in my fever to kick over chairs and tables—strong enough to be cross, but now I am just a tired baby.

October 28th—

In my own room—a big bed, no hospital wails, no bells, no red-tapeism, a trance of happiness! Like the old woman in the nursery rhyme, I pinch myself and say, "This is surely none of I."

There was a *sortie* from the front door, a precipitate attack on the ambulance—kisses, little secrets, greetings, stored-up grievances and more kisses, all in one breath. Then the big ambulance policeman carried me in. How gentle he was. Only a giant can be gentle. Tenderness is an inflection of strength. When the dwarf that attended *Ivanhoe* at the tournament lifted the bleeding knight, he stumbled over the weight and caused the sufferer intense pain, but the giant of the brawny arm and unconquered heart came and lifted him like a feather-weight and bore him away to a hiding place for healing and rest.

Some one was playing and singing "When *Janey* Canuck Comes Home." It was a home-coming that overbalanced the pain. And now the hours are a continual *Te Deum* without one *Miserere* to mar their perfect peace.

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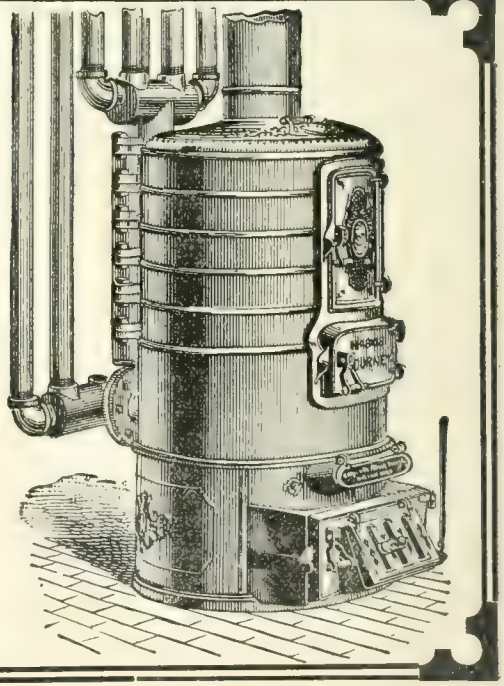

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OUR POINT OF VIEW

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1902

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THE
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VOL. I DECEMBER, 1902 No. 6

OUR POINT OF VIEW

Made in Canada

THAT Canadian people should buy Canadian goods is logical patriotism and sound business. The people most interested in the welfare and prosperity of a country are naturally the people who live in it, and with them rests the responsibility of encouraging the means to that prosperity. If patriotism does not begin at home it is not patriotism. If home industries are not patronized they cannot prosper. If the industries do not prosper the country cannot.

There is no one but will admit these self-evident truths, and presumably there is no one but would also profess to have his country's good at heart. Yet the fact remains that Canadians spend every year immense sums of money for foreign-made goods, withholding their support from the home industries, and retarding to just that extent the business growth of the country. It is true that some of the imported goods are of kinds not made in Canada, and we must either import or do without. Of most such cases it can only be said that, although they are not now made in Canada, they ought to be. But of the great staple lines of manufactures, the Canadian who buys the foreign-made article does so either because he deliberately prefers to do so, or because he is not well informed as to the existence or the excellence of goods made at home. Of these two classes there are many thousands, and partly because of that fact the country has not made the progress within the last half-century that might naturally be expected of it. The charge of being unpatriotic must be laid in the one case, but it is more charitable to believe that the greater portion of the foreign buying has been done simply through ignorance of, or failure to recognize the variety and merit of our home manufactures. It remains, therefore, to educate the public to a more intelligent appreciation of national industries and national needs, assuming that once wakened to actual facts the people will turn their support in the right direction.

This is exactly the point aimed at by the organization most closely connected with Canada's industrial development, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. This body is at present raising a fund of $50,000, to be used in an "educational campaign to impress upon Canadians the advantages of conserving and developing Canadian industries and maintaining, as far as practicable, the home market for Canadian manufacturers." The campaign will be conducted by means of the public platform and the public press, and will be prosecuted carefully and vigorously. It is under good auspices and should bring good results. Canadian

people are unfortunately sometimes indifferent or unthinking about this matter; the proposed campaign will induce them to think.

"Made in Canada" is the winning catch-word of our domestic trades. A movement has set in, especially within the past year, to emphasize the advantages of buying home-made goods, and both national pride and national prosperity may be very effectually fostered by paying heed thereto. It is a good rule to follow: Buy the things that are made at home.

Where Our Money Goes

THE average Canadian does not realize how large an amount of Canadian money goes out of the country in annual trade exchange. Government blue-books and trade returns are not attractive reading, and the busy man needs to have the facts put before him in as concise a form as possible. In brief, then, Canada sends to one country alone, the United States, no less than $120,000,000. That is our largest item for imports, and represents an expenditure of $3.00 for every $1.00 we sell to the United States in return. Our net exports to that country, exclusive of bullion, have decreased two and a-half millions in thirty-five years, while we are now buying from them four times as much as we did then. There was once reciprocity in natural products between the two countries, but after its abrogation in 1866 the United States adopted a protective policy and put high tariff laws in force against us. They had a right to do so if they wished, but instead of meeting them on their own terms, in self-defence, we have doubled, trebled, and quadrupled our purchases from them, while naturally our exports have diminished.

Mr. John Charlton, M.P., summed up these facts very forcefully in a speech in the Canadian Parliament during the last session, when he spoke in part as follows:

"We purchased from the United States manufactured goods to the extent of $28,289,000 in excess of what we purchased from Great Britain, and to the extent of $15,000,000 in excess of what we purchased from all the rest of the world put together. . . . . Why, the United States has command of the market of Canada for manufactures. Now, if we cannot sell to these people of whom we buy manufactured goods to the amount of over $65,000,000; to these people of whom our farmers buy wholly $35,000,000 of that $65,000,000 worth; to these people who allow our farmers, on the other hand, to squeeze in a miserable, paltry $8,000,000 worth of farm produce through their tariff fence—I say that if we cannot secure some arrangement by which we can exchange the products of our own labor for the immense quantity of goods we buy from them, we had better make arrangements to manufacture the goods ourselves. It will cost us something at the start; but for my part I am perfectly willing to pay my share of that additional cost. . . . . Here we are alongside of a mighty nation of eighty million people. Our sons and our daughters are drifting to that country; the choice of our population goes there. We have no arrangement in our trade with them that gives us the advantages which we have a right to demand, and if we cannot get fair trade relations with that great nation, trade relations mutually advantageous and just, then I say that it is not a question of protection *per se*, but that it is a question of self-protection. It is a question whether we will turn the left cheek when we have been smitten on the right cheek, or whether we will assert our own independence, and proceed upon the principle that the best thing possible for us to do is to care for our own interests."

Protection for Farmers

THE farmers of Canada, perhaps more than any other class of people, need to be acquainted with the significance of present conditions, and the correspond-

ing advantages of self-defensive protection. For protection is for the farmer as well as for the manufacturer. The latter is already keenly alive to the situation; the farmer, unfortunately, is sometimes apt to confound no-protection with one-sided reciprocity, and to consider the present weak tariff as a compromise, which leaves reciprocity still a possibility. As a matter of fact however, a higher tariff would itself be reciprocal, for the tariff wall already exists on one side, and to retaliate from our side would merely be reciprocity in protection. Protection can only be met by protection.

The farmers need protection for themselves. Eighty-two per cent. of our farm-product exports goes to Great Britain; the United States takes only ten per cent., or $8,240,000, while Canada actually imports from that country farm produce to the value of $25,460,000! Canada's farmers should ponder this. Not only are manufacturers being imported, but the products of foreign farms are coming in to lessen the profits of our own farms.

The Canadian farmer needs protection also in order to restrict the exodus of young men, which is felt most severely in the country districts and on the farms. There are living in the United States today a full million of native-born Canadians, or enough to produce all the manufactured goods which we import from that country. What might we not hope for in the way of industrial development if we had this million of our own sons back wth us, and conditions such that they could go to work on our own farms or in our own mills? Improved industrial conditions would keep young men at home.

Another reason why the Canadian farmer should welcome protection is because it would strengthen and develop the home market, and in every respect the home market is to be preferred to the foreign. It saves heavy transportation charges, which in the end revert upon the producer; it gives quicker returns and is finacially safer; it furnishes a demand more easily and more readily supplied; and by mutual dealing it stimulates national commerce and encourages local investment of capital. Adequate protection would leave this home market entirely in the hands of the home producer, and a direct gain would thus be made both by the farmer and by the tradesman.

Again, farmers would be benefitted by protection because the farming, mining, and manufacturing interests of the country are all interwoven and have common concern in the national welfare. They cannot and should not be paired off against each other. If Canada is to be built up her success depends upon the prosperity of every branch of industry and not upon any one alone. To retard the manufacturing industries, for instance, is to lessen the chances of the laborer and the tradesman, and thus to minimize the market for the farmer. The farmer is, therefore, both directly and indirectly concerned in the readjustment of the tariff. His chief fear heretofore has been that higher protection would require him to pay higher prices for his implements and other supplies, but Canadian manufacturers now stand ready to pledge maintenance of present prices if only they can secure the domestic patronage.

Labor and Protection

LABOR needs and deserves protection. Competition is not always fair. The conditions governing production vary greatly in different countries, and the same article produced in one place may represent a much larger or a much lower outlay than in another. Under such circumstances competition becomes unfair. An article manufactured in a foreign country where labor is cheap and low-class, and perhaps where sweat-shop methods are in vogue, may, if permitted entrance, seriously interfere with domestic manufactures in the same line, where labor is high-class, fully organized, and

costly. And because the better condition of labor is an outcome of a higher civilization in which skill is more than force, it counts higher in the world's work, and is more worthy of encouragement than labor furnished under inferior social conditions. But, other things being equal, an article will sell in proportion to the cost of the labor expended upon it, and the importation of the low-cost goods may thus become very prejudicial to the local industry. It does not follow, however, that the foreign country is better fitted for production, even if it can produce at a cheaper figure; the home manufactures are equally capable, but are under the pressure of higher general standards of work and living. They have the first claim because they are the country's own, sharing its responsibilities and helping to develop its resources. Competition at home will keep down the prices to a reasonable level, the lowest that local conditions will permit, and to bring in the foreign-made article would be only to disturb the fair adjustment of cost and price.

Protection is therefore the only safeguard for labor. The cost of labor in the home market should be made the standard for all foreign goods entering in competition; that is to say, a sufficient duty should be imposed upon imports to make their cost equal to the lowest cost of the domestic article. Once put on this level, their competition would be purely on grounds of merit. Labor is one of our great national resources, and must, equally with other resources, be protected. The riches of the country are in its mines, its forests and its farms, but the strength of the country is in its laborers; and if those laborers are more skilled, live publicly and privately on a better scale, and share more intelligently in national life than their cheaper co-workers elsewhere, their superiority is rightly a matter of pride for us, as a nation, and is deserving of protection.

Canada's Mineral Wealth

THE mineral resources of Canada give an annual production of nearly seventy million dollars. Every part of the Dominion shares in this wealth. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have gold, iron, and coal; Quebec and Ontario have iron, gold, copper, and petroleum; Manitoba and the Territories have gold and coal; and British Columbia has gold, iron, coal, copper, and silver. Miscellaneous mineral deposits are distributed all over the country. In 1901 the total production was as follows:

Gold	$24,462,222
Coal	14,671,122
Copper	6,600,104
Nickel	4,594,523
Lead	2,109,784
Iron	1,974,397
Asbestos	1,186,434
Coke	1,264,360
Miscellaneous (forty kinds)	12,454,085
Total	$69,407,031

In industrial value coal takes the leading place. The coal areas of Canada are estimated at over 97,000 square miles, with vast tracts in the far north as yet unworked. The amount of coal under surface in Nova Scotia alone is at least 7,000,000,000 tons, while the deposits in the Rockies and in British Columbia cover even a larger area. It is also claimed that a great coal belt exists across the Arctic Circle, stretching for three thousand miles along the islands north of Canada. Coal has been found there by explorers and it may be that some use will be made of these northern deposits when the tide of settlement pushes upward from the North-West. Between New Brunswick and Manitoba there is no coal known to exist in any considerable quantity. Central Canada is therefore, unfortunately, dependent upon the mines of Pennsylvania for her domestic and manufacturing supplies, and the disadvantages of being thus dependent

are clearly evident at the present time, when the results of a protracted labor trouble in another country entail both loss and inconvenience upon us, a country that should be self-contained. There could be no cause for complaint if we were naturally a coalless country; but there is within our own borders enough coal to last all Canada, for all purposes, at least a thousand years. With such unlimited resources, it is unfortunate that we should be at the mercy of foreign capitalists. The simple remedy is the development of the Canadian mines and the improvement and cheapening of trans-continental transportation. Anthracite from British Columbia, and bituminous coal from Nova Scotia would be then easily at the command of Ontario and Quebec.

Prosperity in the West

THE tide of prosperity in Western Canada is still in the flood. There are on every hand abundant evidences of increasing wealth and industrial development, and the eyes of the whole world are turned toward Canada's great West and North-West. Happily this year's record will add still more to the substantial progress already made.

The wheat-crop of 1902 will total fully 70,000,000 bushels, of which 60,000,000 bushels will be available for export. The area under wheat cultivation this year was 2,625,500 acres, an increase over last year of 109,000 acres. Other grain crops amount to another 70,000,000 bushels, with an increased area under cultivation of 250,000 acres. The total value of the grain, live stock, and dairy products for export will be about $50,000,000. The western farmer has thus a goodly heritage in the crops of 1902.

The wheat has also been of excellent quality. Never before was the average so high. Over sixty per cent. is No. 1 hard, ten per cent. better than last year. Some cases of wonderful yields are reported, several farms having forty bushels to the acre, and the average being twenty-seven, two better than the year before. Thus in every respect there has been progress. There is more land in tillage, the crops have been larger, and the quality better, and $50,000,000 is the snug result. There are also more people in the country. At least 50,000 immigrants have taken up homesteads in Manitoba and the Territories, and a number of colonization schemes have been set afoot, which will bear fruit next year.

A sure sign of the commercial progress which follows close upon agricultural development is the increase of banking business in the West. A number of new branches have been established, and capital account has been increased to meet the urgent demands of the western trade. The benefits of this prosperity beyond the Lakes are certain to be felt in the East as well, and eastern business firms have an opportunity which they cannot afford to neglect.

The Effect of Science on Society

THE advancement of science is tending toward a steady upward movement in the industrial scale. Improved machinery and better methods throw men out of work at the lower end of the scale, but they provide more intelligent work at the upper end. Thus humanity as a whole is the gainer and society is transformed to its own advantage. Machines now do the work that men used to do; donkey-engines have replaced the human carrier; the reaper has given way to the swiftly-moving harvesting machine; ships go by steam rather than by the power of galley-rowers; and nearly every article of common use, once made by hand, is now produced by machinery. Thus, at the same time that education is lifting up the lower classes and unfitting them for the menial occupations, science is sweeping away those occupations, the one process nearly compensating the other. In this way large numbers are being deprived of occupation. What becomes of them?

If, however, science is abolishing occu-

pations at the lower end of the scale, she is creating new ones at the top. There are thousands of men at work to-day in callings which had no existence three-quarters of a century ago. Modern society has given rise to many entirely new vocations. The electricians employed by the telegraph, telephone, electric light, electric locomotives, etc.; the civil engineers and draughtsmen; the journalists, teachers, photographers, and a hundred others; these are instances of the new employments brought into being by the new inventions. Whole armies of men are thus employed, and all at what may well be called skilled work. It is estimated that in England alone one-fifth of the adult male population now find their livelihood in callings that had no existence a hundred years ago, and in America even greater progress has been made.

There was a time, and indeed it is not even yet fully past, when the laboring classes met the introduction of labor-saving devices with disfavor, and sometimes with riot. The immediate effect of such improvements is, of course, that workmen are thrown out of employment for the time being. They are thus forced by circumstances to move a step higher in the industrial scale. They cannot, however, pass at once from the lowest to the highest employments. A coal-heaver cannot take up an engineer's work at a day's notice, nor a plumber become an electrician. But a gradual creeping-up is always taking place. The man out of work must exert himself to meet the requirements of a higher position, and the changing at the top brings about a shifting at the bottom by which a vacancy is provided for him to step into. This upward movement is also helped by the family education. The plumber educates his son to be an engineer, the carter apprentices his boy to a plumber, and the dock laborer encourages his young folks to be carters.

Thus the general drift of the whole social scale is steadily upward. Science provides intelligent occupations at the upper end and abolishes those that are more or less brute-like at the lower, and society is constantly being transformed and bettered by the practical effects of scientific progress.

England's Great Excitement

POLITICS, religion, and education, are curiously mingled in the great public question that has for some months been exercising the people of England, known to us as the English Education Bill. No such complication could be possible in Canada, where sectarianism has fortunately never gained the foothold that it has in the older country. Yet complicated as it is, the whole matter reduces to very simple terms. It is a fight for public control of the schools, in which the contestants are the State Church and the Nonconformists.

The public schools in England are of two kinds, board schools, supported from the public funds, and voluntary schools, established and controlled by the church, but only partially supported by it. In these latter schools the religious teaching is sectarian, and there are eight thousand parishes where no other kind of elementary school exists. Long usage has given the churches a powerful influence in this connection, but they are finding the financial support of the schools an increasing difficulty. The present Bill accordingly proposes to abolish the electoral boards and put the control of all schools in the hands of a county council, the whole cost of maintenance to come from the public rates. The voluntary schools will, however, continue under denominational control to the extent that the church in question will select two-thirds of the local managers, and will appoint and dismiss the teachers. To this the Nonconformists strongly object, and are prepared to forfeit their property rather than to submit. They claim that schools supported from the public funds should be under free control, and that the proposed endowment

of sectarian schools is practically taxation without representation. They also hold that, instead of creating a national system of common-school education, the sectarian element will be perpetuated, and moreover the new committees of the County Council will not be directly responsible to the electors. The Bill has some advantages, however. It will bring the various schools under one administration, will attract better teachers, and to a partial extent will bring the denominational schools under popular control.

The Bill is now before Parliament. All England is interested in it and excited about it. The situation is a difficult one, and is further aggravated by the fact that the Nonconformists who so strongly oppose it can suggest no alternative that would not be equally objectionable to the Episcopalians. It is unfortunate that the educational system in so great a country should be so hampered by merely ecclesiastical considerations, but it is one of the disadvantages of long-established habit. The political significance of the measure is also considerable, and its results, if passed, will be very far-reaching.

What is Real Education?

THERE seems to be much difference of opinion nowadays as to what constitutes real education. Systems and methods now in vogue are severely criticized and new experiments are being constantly made in practical application of various theories. It is therefore interesting to know how the foremost educationists of the day look upon the matter, and what they consider to be the fundamental principles of a good education. They are the men who ought to know whereof they speak, and their opinion counts for something. President Hadley, of Yale University was not long ago asked four questions which pretty well cover the field. The following are the questions and his answers:

1. What do you consider the chief characteristics distinguishing the educated from the uneducated person?

Breadth of view. A good general education should give a man broad views of life as a whole. A good technical education should give him broad views of his profession.

2. What special advantages does the college-trained man gain over the self-made man, so-called?

He tends to get the experience of other men and other ages in better proportion of the results of his own experience.

3. How may a person best make up for the lack of a college training?

By dealing with large things, whether in business, in society, in art, or in literature.

4. How would you differentiate the education of woman from that of man?

The general education of the two should, it seems to me, be nearly similar. The technical education will necessarily, in the present stage of civilization, be, in the majority of cases, widely different.

Along the same lines, Dr. Edward Everett Hale says: "An educated man understands the language of his time. He knows how and where to find the facts he needs. He is not, very likely, informed on many of the infinite number of facts, but he can understand those who know, and he knows where to find them. Woman's life is more at home than man's, or should be. Her physical strength, on the whole, is not so great as his. A woman will always be glad if she can readily adapt herself to new relations in life. She has, perhaps, as things go, not so ready a choice of the place she will live in as her husband. The essential point is that Education is the important matter, and Instruction—the pouring in of facts—is comparatively unimportant."

AWAKENED CANADA: A PROPHECY FROM THE ACTUAL

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

FOR the most part the business of prophecy no longer receives either payment or honors, and breath spent in forecasting anything but the weather, might more wisely be spent in cooling good broth. Nay, if a man were altogether to give himself over to prognosticating, he would soon, on the coming of winter, be compelled for lack of firing to seek warmth for his fingers in the roof of his prophetic mouth.

Yet in this century of inquiry, one may go at least so far in prophecy as to venture to deduce some very obvious, and perhaps not uninteresting effects from some good, plain, and highly-interesting causes. Our present business is to attempt by such means, not so much to forecast, as to indicate upon lines sufficiently broad, what manner of future Canada has already entered upon. Furthermore, as it is our wish to be enfranchised from all consideration of politics, either national or international, and to try to bring to our study as much curious interest and as little foolish bias as is in any wise possible,—and because it is always very well worth while to get a point of view that is radically new,—we shall make a little attempt to dismiss our own person altogether, and to view this large-flung country of ours through the astonished round spectacles of a globe-trotting " Man from Mars."

In the first place our Martian, like an intelligent and systematic traveller, has devoted his first studies and journeyings to that " Middle Continent," old Europe. And when leaving it, to his scientific and mathematically-ordered mind it has seemed most natural to follow the course of the sun, and to move westward upon lines of latitude. While still upon the Atlantic it is explained to him that during the last century the shifting of population upon this planet has been almost entirely to the northern continent of the western hemisphere. And from political causes, and because there existed a very general belief that the upper half of that northern continent,—whither his ship is now bearing him,—was a region of ice and snow, all but a very small part of that emigration had gone to the southern division. Indeed, so great an activity had been created thereby, and by the industrial revival consequent upon it, that hundreds of thousands of emigrants who *had* gone to the northern half, and hundreds of thousands more who were afterwards born in it, were in the end also drawn to the southward. And after seventy-five years of that, the proportion of population, northern and southern, stood as five millions to eighty.

Now our Martian has provided himself with an atlas, and while still on shipboard, too, he already begins to make his investigations. At once he notes some rather unlooked-for coincidences. The area of " Canada " is 3,650,000 square miles, or within less than one-twenty-fifth of being the same as that of Europe. Both, too, have almost the same extent of territory within the arctic circle. On the right, Europe reaches out, irregular and peninsula-like, to the westward. On the left, Canada extends itself, with like irregularity towards the east. For a Baltic there is a Hudson's Bay,—much less accessible he is informed, but vastly richer in fisheries. For a Scandinavia there is a Labrador. For a Mediterranean there is a Gulf of St. Lawrence and

the "Lower Lakes." For the salt waters of the Black and Caspian there are the "Upper Lakes," which, with Erie and Ontario, offer 2,700 miles of connected waterway to the sea. And the abashed Martian is compelled to admit that even those famous canals upon his own planet,—of which he has hitherto had so much to say,—can in no manner compare with this!

He is glad enough to duck his head into his geography again,—to discover that,—corresponding to European Russia, in western Canada there is a vast region of great plains. These great plains are watered and drained by a wonderful network of rivers of the first class, and by more endless chains of huge, fresh-water lakes. And, in the extreme West,—where, in the East, Europe was shut in by the Urals,—Canada, in a great stretch of island-sheltered harbors, lies open to the navigation of the Pacific.

Having landed, our wanderer proceeds to view the land, not only,—like your bored and be-timetabled Cook's tourist,—by railroad and steamboat, but on horseback and a-foot, with "packing" parties and dog-trains,—going, indeed, wherever a wide-minded and inquiring Martian may have opportunities of seeing new things. His first surprise, and one that is most lasting, is caused by the temperature. He has come in the autumn, and his European garments are much too warm. In all the Maritime Provinces he is informed that he might wait many winters for zero weather. It is very similar along the St. Lawrence and in Ontario. In its lower peninsula he finds an unmarketable plenty of fruits, more than enough to supply the whole country; and not only hardy apples and small berries, but pears and peaches and grapes, such indeed, as he remembered in the orchards of the Rhine and Southern France!

He goes north to James Bay. At Moose Factory all the small fruits can be grown. In the North-west, in the mighty valleys of the Peace and Athabasca and the Mackenzie, he still finds that it is almost the same. Nay, more, he learns that the temperature is uniformly higher there than it is in Minnesota and the Dakotas, six and seven hundred miles to the south. And even in the Yukon there are big gardens of summer vegetables! As for Manitoba and Assiniboia, where, as he has read, on the un-lee'd, unwooded prairies, the frost strikes a fathom deep into the soil, he finds such a cereal-growing country as surely had never been imagined by Europeans!

He begins to feel that somehow he is being made a joke of. And when, in British Columbia, its inhabitants give him to understand that they can grow "pretty nearly everything in the temperate zone," he suggests, with some acerbity, that under such happy circumstances they would we well to commence doing it.—Then he gradually works his way back to the East in the winter, and, through his stupefaction, breaks a realization that it is only the great snowfalls and the formation of thick ice upon the lakes and streams that really bring out the gaiety of this strange people. And in the country districts, this terrible winter season is the only great time of merry-making!

Long since, too, he has made other almost incredulous observations, of which a very considerable group are geographical. In Labrador and Ungava he finds infinitely the most extensive region between the equator and the arctic which is still to be explored. Yet enough is known of it to say that it is one vast forest, and the overflowing wealth of its minerals reaches to the very sea-shore. The ray-like upper counties of Quebec disappear, over the "height of land," into a great breadth of fertile land, which, in one tremendous sweep of watering rivers and alluvial plains, extends, ever-widening as it goes, for two thousand miles to the Rockies.

And it is practically without population! Yet he is informed that, even in the one small division of it known as the "clay

belt" of New Ontario there is farmland upon which every inhabitant of Canada at the present time could subsist. He tries to imagine as unpeopled a tract of equal area in Europe. It would comprise Germany, Austro-Hungary, and half of Russia. He cannot quite remember what the populations of these counties were,* but it seems to him that, added together, they would make a very large figure. Nor are there in this Canada any great marshes or deserts. It has none of the far-stretching "tundra" wastes of Russia. The only barren lands it once did believe itself possessed of, he is told, have of late begun to be turned to such account by a certain Mr. Clergue and his fellows that any man might well wish himself the possessor of many square miles of them. True, the temperature averages uniformly a few degrees lower than in Europe, but of late he has been much enlightened upon this matter of temperature.

And in the great North-west the farther one penetrates into the interior, the finer becomes the natural system of irrigating waters. Nor is the land crossed and broken by the hundred little mountain ranges of the older continent. Yet in one place there *are* mountains. In the Rockies could be hidden Alps and Vosges, Balkans, Appenines and Carpathians. And between these Rockies and the Pacific he sees once more this British Columbia with its 250,000 square miles of valleys and plains and plateaus, and its twelve thousand miles of coast-line, and its population is of tens of thousands where in Europe it would be of scores of millions!

Again our Martian speechlessly overlooks the land. It is timbered throughout one-third of its entire area. What billions of feet have been already cut serve but as the merest measuring-rod to guage the rest. In the Pacific province, the Douglas fir and red and yellow cedar alone count their fifty thousand million feet; he has learned to know that to almost any European country such amazing forests would be its most valuable of natural assets. Yet in the upper North-west, in the central section and the whole East, there is *pine* in such quantity that the fir and cedar of British Columbia could very well be altogether neglected. And of spruce and poplar there is enough to supply the world its pulp-wood for a thousand years to come.

Indeed, to our traveller, what settlements there are, seem little more than so many clearings in the woods. Prince Edward Island, a coast and river-line fringe in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the St. Lawrence and Ontario valleys, and a small part of Manitoba,—these districts alone can be said to be under cultivation, as he has been taught in Europe to understand the word. True, too, as in Europe, through the middle region there is beginning to be much production of cheese and other dairy products. Yet, commensurate with its area, how very little! In Alberta and Saskatchewan, as upon the *steppes,* there is found the raiser of cattle and horses. Yet again only thousands are grown where in Europe there would be millions.

Our Martian is, by now, as near exasperation as it is possible for a mandarin of that smooth and urbane planet to become. Yet still he pursues his investigations. He finds that East and West and North there are minerals, gold and silver, copper and iron and nickel in a profusion astonishing even after what he has seen in such countries as England and Spain. There is the best bituminous coal in Cape Breton, peat and lignite in "Old" and New Ontario, surface coal in Manitoba and the territories—(the farmers dig it from the banks of the Saskatchewan)—and more of the highest grade bituminous in British Columbia. His atlas tells him tersely that the fisheries of Canada, both fresh water and salt, "are the most extensive in the world." Hudson's Bay, that inland sea containing everything from salmon and herring to whale and walrus, has no parallel in any other continent. And it seems to the Martian that the untouched

*About 145,000,000.

streams can be hardly less in number than the fish so far taken from those now plied with line and net. He finds the woods full of game for the hunter, of skins for the trapper. Everywhere throughout the country are wonderful lake districts where tens of thousands of tiny wooded islands offer idyllic summer retreats to almost whoever wills to take them!

"Truly," says our staggered wanderer, "this is the very prodigy of countries! But,—unless it be the poor opinion so many of you appear to have of it,—its greatest wonder, and one which you seem to accept with no amazement, is the countless millions of population which it does not possess! If the other nations of your earth should suddenly have their eyes opened to what you have,—if you even awoke to it yourselves,—I could well wish to return and view your land again, a half century from now!"

Justly might that Martian wonder at our scant population, and well may we acknowledge the necessity of one infinitely greater. For a huge new country is like a great Gulliver asleep in Lilliput; however mighty its innate resources, its strength is pinned down by all the million threads of Nature, until man, himself a pigmy but all-powerful if he have but numbers enough, enters and cuts those threads. The four or five million who have made up our population for the last quarter century have been able to do but little, though indeed they have done some things which could hardly have been looked for from them: perhaps the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway was as great an industrial achievement as has ever before been accomplished by a population so small. Yet with this prone and pinioned Gulliver of a half-continent, we must frankly own, that, of that most multiplex net enmeshing him, only the first strands have as yet been severed.

But now, in these present years, the really *great* work has begun. Canada *has* awakened. And we, now living, are to see the mighty Gulliver uprising! The Martian saw broadly, but only broadly. And many small things, of most inestimable significance, he did not see at all. Nor of what he did note as accomplished, he did not know how much was the work of the last ten years, the creation of this first decade of Canada's "industrial renaissanse." He did not know that at the present moment the trade of the Dominion is increasing more rapidly than that of any other country save Japan. He did not know that in almost every town and city, capital is doubling, not only the capital of the great corporations, but that upon the books of the savings banks. He did not know that everywhere manufacturing establishments are adding to their numbers and capacity more rapidly than houses for the mechanics they employ can be erected. He did not know that almost every forest and mountain range now contains the camps of hundreds of "timber-lookers" and mineral prospectors. And their work is already bearing interest a thousand-fold.

"There be three things," says Bacon,—(and 'Industrial Canada' could have taken no better motto): "There be three things which make a nation great and prosperous; a fertile soil; busy workshops; and easy conveyance for man and beast from place to place." To support Canada's claim to the first and third of these, surely no longer brief need be written. Now let us speak of the second. It has been many times asseverated that the coal of England has given her her present position among countries, and has contributed more than any other cause to the present wealth of Europe. A very clear-headed modern thinker, Andrew Carnegie, has set it flatly down that "that nation that can produce the cheapest ton of steel has industrial supremacy." Within the last few years there have been uncovered in Cape Breton and British Columbia coal to the extent of billions of tons; and both the Eastern Cape and the

Western Province have been shown to be "beautiful pictures in *iron* frames." In Cape Breton already there is now being made the cheapest steel upon the globe,—so cheap, indeed, that it can be sold with profit in every other great iron centre in the world! And smelting works have gone up not only at Sydney, but at Ferrona and North Sydney; and, in Ontario and Quebec, at Radnor, Deseronto, Hamilton, Midland, Collingwood, and the "Soo." If "coal and iron mean to modern nations even more than wood," when wood of almost every commercial variety is at hand to be added to them, what more is needed to produce nine-tenths of the world's manufactured staples?

The country that can turn out the cheapest ton of steel will, in the immediate course of things, begin to roll its own rails and structural and tubular steel; it will manufacture its own machinery, its railroad supplies, its agricultural implements, and a thousand other essentials, and will become industrially independent. With iron weighting its springboard, a country may leap securely and leap far. It will begin to export that one product the consumption of which has for generations been increasing not merely in proportion, but in geometric ratio to national increase in population. A tonnage of steel equal to the entire Canadian demand, will, upon the completion of their works, be produced by the "Dominion" and "Superior" Companies alone. And the other corporations already embarking or embarked upon its production will double, quadruple, multiply the output indefinitely. It is a demand which the blast furnaces of no nation have as yet succeeded in overtaking.

Nor is Canada's wealth of coal, even when standing alone, to be considered something of only medium importance. Already Sydney and Louisburg have become two of the great "bunkering" ports of the Atlantic seaboard; and Cape Breton coal and coke, not satisfied with the market extending from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, is reaching out to the markets of South America, and the Mediterranean. Cape Breton and Nova Scotia now stand where stood Great Britain before the first tons of her most precious resources were fed into the furnace.

More than this—if we may venture to seem to repeat what was said in a former essay,—the Sydneys have been able to assemble their coal and iron upon tide-water. No other steel centre can say this, and the absolute importance of it need not be pointed out to any manufacturer. Manchester, until by dredge and steam-shover she made herself a seaport, paid as much to bring her raw materials by rail from Liverpool, as it cost to freight them to Liverpool from the Americas. If a canal were suddenly to open from Hudson's Bay to the St. Lawrence, it would be no more paramountly valuable to Canada than in this tide-water position of the Sydneys. Said an old sea captain when passing the harbor: "They've got a Clyde and Tyne in there, with a chance for a Glasgow and Sheffield, and Liverpool all in one, if they only knew it. Why don't they start building steel ships?" Only the week before, the "Dominion" Company had declared its intentions in that regard, though the old captain did not know it. But those shipyards were inevitable, and the new Glasgow and Liverpool are inevitable; for of the conditions now found in that wonderful harbor are great cities made. And between Sydney and Louisburg—along that "long dock of North America," are half a dozen other magnificent havens; and Nova Scotia has a score more of them. Nor is all this promise in the much-vaunted great West, nor in Ontario and Quebec, once looked upon as the only natural seats of wealth in Canada, but it is all in the extreme, the abandoned, unhoped-for, unregarded East!

And now we are on the eve of a repetition of all this in British Columbia. The

blast-furnaces and steel mills with which James J. Hill is to astonish Montana, will be duplicated in the Canadian West, and again, as at Sydney, upon tide-water. The keys which open the "Seven Seas" in the twentieth century are of iron; and Canada has been given open portal upon earth's two greatest oceans, with a great steel highway already laid down between them.

Nor can little less be said of the steel works at Sault Ste. Marie, flanked as they are by a dozen other huge industrial enterprises. For they, too, hold a key, that of our inland fresh-water seas. "Sitting at the receipt of custom," they command a shipping tonnage greater by far than that passing through the Suez. Did we compare the Upper Lakes with the unlinked Black Sea and Caspian? Upon the former, which alone is open geographically to the Mediterranean and the waters of the world, every attempt of the Russian Government to establish even a single steamship line upon a paying basis, has most woefully come to naught. And at the Sault, too, steel ships are to be built. Already at Collingwood they have begun launching seven-thousand-tonners And this is taking into no account the steel ship-building of Lake Ontario.

Our Martian learned some unexpected things about Canadian temperatures. And he might very truthfully have been informed that, this side the Equator, until one enters latitudes in which cereals can no longer be grown, the odds have always been to the North. Draw a median through the United States,—is the lower half worth one-third, nay, potentially one-sixth of the upper? Draw your line through Europe—how does Spain compare with France, or Italy and the Bosnian States with Austria and Germany?

The "Man from Mars" saw in Canada only five million people, and he was told that for seventy-five years the trend of emigration had been to the southward. But he was not told that in this decade that movement had come to an end, that the great basin of the United States had been filled, and the overflow from it had begun to billow strongly northward. And, more than that, it is such an emigration as is beyond all reckoning, valuable to a country. Rich men are coming to seek investments for their surplus capital. Widely branching commercial companies have come, with German science and American enterprise, to found new industries, to open the wilderness, and to turn what was once considered waste into the hopper of great mills and reduction works. It is the kind of emigration which trebles the population of a country-side, not by land-opening but by the settlement upon it of a mining people, not by real estate booming, but by the careful launching of enterprises hardly less secure of interest than the treasury of the Government, or of permanence than the Government itself.

In the lumber districts the increase of men and capital has been phenomenal. In the West, syndicates of American farmers are taking up whole counties at once. And companies of ranchers are acquiring grazing lands for ten and twenty thousand cattle in one buying. It is an emigration of the world's best builders and mechanics and agriculturists, those men who are, for a thousand reasons, best prepared to teach the untutored millions who must follow them. And they will follow. They are already following. And now, almost monthly, editors and economists and capitalists from England and Europe, and still more from America, have been viewing the land with all the amazed emotions of the "Man from Mars" himself. And when they return to their own places they speak those words which swing wide the lock gates. We have no need to prophecy; we can read the future in the present.

And if Great Britain, that ancient battling matron, no longer feels within her the strength of her mighty youth, here at her right hand is an Amazon daughter who can well take up the struggle where she may choose to leave it.

She has the weapons of wood and iron; she will soon have the numbers behind her. Is it not good that we should be alive and Canadians at such a time as this?

Upon the most eastward promontory of Cape Breton there is a headland, once one mighty mass of coal, now but a huge, weather-worn ember of lava-like reddish gray. Therefrom, perhaps ten thousand years ago, there blazed a great beacon-call to the old world; and it was not heard. Now, in these years, high above that headland have been raised the wireless towers of modern knowledge and enlightenment; and they, too, are calling. At first their words have been caught but faintly; but with the coming of a time now almost at hand, from Canada will go the voice which will call the people to her from all this earth.

MR. CARNEGIE'S RECTORIAL ADDRESS*

By W. H. HUNTER.

"In our survey of the world the efforts of Canada and of Australia to manufacture were not overlooked. Nothing ever found or heard of in either of these lands was calculated to deter us (i.e., Americans) from going forward without fear. If the United States had not transcendent resources, and an unequalled home market that enables it to sell its surplus to Canada cheaper than Canada can possibly produce, manufacturing might be established to some extent there. Under present conditions the outlook is not favorable . . . . Neither (i.e. Canada or Australia) is ever likely, as far as yet seen, to be important factors as manufacturers for the world's trade."—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

TO Canadians, this is the statement of most interest in the Rectorial Address, an address remarkable for its candor, its analysis, and its breadth of view. Mr. Carnegie makes a special application in the case of Canada of what he has aptly named "the law of the surplus." Manufacturing establishments have become gigantic simply because the more made the cheaper the product, there being a score of cost accounts divisible by product. By giving constant employment, and having the reputation for never stopping, the best workmen are attracted and held. The manufacturer upon a large scale can afford in times of depression to make many contracts in distant parts of the world, and even some at home, at a direct loss, knowing that, upon the whole, the result will be less unprofitable by running full than short time or stopping. Hence those possessing, to the practical exclusion of foreign competition, the most profitable home market, can afford to supply foreign markets without direct profits, or even at a loss, whenever necessary. And the American manufacturer enjoys the largest home market, a market which takes in ordinary times ninety-six per cent. of his total output.

"I speak from sad experience on this point," said Mr. Carnegie, "for during most of my life we have had to encounter Britain's surplus in our markets in times of depression here (*i.e.*, United States), to the great disadvantage of the home producers and advantage of the British manufacturer."

Now, however, the pendulum of trade has swung the other way. The United

* From the Rectorial Address delivered at St. Andrews University, Edinburgh, Oct. 22nd, 1902. Printed in the November NATIONAL MONTHLY of Canada.

States has the greatest and most profitable home market, not only for steel, but for most articles, and therefore by "the law of the surplus" the United States can afford in times of depression and overproduction to invade Britain, or any other market from which its products are not rigorously excluded by prohibitive tariffs, and if necessary may thus sell abroad without direct profit, or even at a loss. Canada, under existing conditions, according to Mr. Carnegie, is so vulnerable to the operations of this "law of the surplus" that Canadian manufacturing which might otherwise be established to some extent, will not be an important factor in the world's trade.

Curiously enough, we owe the first illustration of the injury to Canadian manufacturing through the operation of "the law of the surplus," not to the United States, but to Germany. In the United States, at present, the home market for steel is so prosperous that foreign orders are not only unsought, but neglected. In Germany, on the other hand, the steel trade at present suffers, alike with other industries, a time of depression. The German steel makers, accordingly, consciously or unconsciously following the workings of "the law of the surplus" are willing to sell the surplus of their product abroad, even at a loss, if a loss is necessary to affect the sale. For as we have seen, it is less of a loss in the end if only the home market is conserved and the plants are kept running full.

The German steel makers have just sold to Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann, the builders of the Canadian Northern, an order of steel rails to be delivered at the head of Lake Superior for $27.00 a ton. Why need this one transaction affect Canadian steel rail mills? First listen to Mr. Carnegie:

"It is not the amount imported, however, that discourages the home producer; the knowledge that he is open to serious competition from abroad, a small amount of which will break his market, is what makes him loth to invest the great sums sometimes necessary to keep him in the front, and robs him of the do-or-die resolve, which often is of itself the secret of victory in the struggles of life."

Just one month after the delivery of Mr. Carnegie's Rectorial Address, a Canadian manufacturer who is directly affected, has given his views upon this transaction between the German rail maker and Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann. He says that the German iron master has kept up the price in the home market, but sold at a much lower figure in the foreign market in order to get the trade.*

"The German market," says Mr. Clergue, "is protected by a duty of between $6 and $7 a ton. Consequently, if you were to buy rails in Germany for use in that country, the price would be from $30 to $32 a ton. The usual freight on these rails from the German port to Montreal would be $3 more, and from Montreal to Port Arthur another $3, or a total of about $38.00 per ton. Now Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann are reported to have purchased their rails for $27 per ton delivered at Port Arthur. We cannot afford to produce rails at that figure. We have spent $15,000,000 in iron mines, and in the construction of rolling mills and railways to connect with them, and if other railroad companies are going to follow the example of Mackenzie & Mann we simply cannot produce steel rails, that is all. The question is one for the whole of Canada to decide. But they should understand that the closing down of our rolling mill would mean a loss of $2,000,000 a year to the people of Ontario. I cannot believe that the Government will continue to bonus railroad companies that use foreign rails, or allow in future a bonus to be paid to

* Interview with Mr. Francis Clergue, of The Lake Superior Co., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., in the daily papers of Nov. 22nd, 1902.

railways that are now being laid with foreign rails. The terms of the subsidy require Canadian rails to be used if they can be got in Canada on equal terms, but equal terms does not mean rails sold at slaughter prices. It means the price at which the rails can be bought in the open market abroad plus the current rates of freight to this country. At present the situation is this, that while the Government gives a bonus to encourage the production of steel rails, the absence of duties allows the market to be exploited by foreigners."

The Canadian manufacturer, of course, thinks it is short-sighted policy on the part of Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann to buy foreign rails. For on the line of the Canadian Northern are large deposits of iron ore, which can only be developed in Canadian iron industries. This iron ore, if required for manufacturing in Canada, should yield in freight to the Canadian Northern more in haulage in a month or two than the whole saving effected by buying German rails. Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann will probably answer, if they think it worth while to discuss the matter at all, in the same vein in which they recently discussed the question of terminal facilities with the town of Fort William:

" Our business is building railways, and we understand all about building railways, but we do not know if we shall operate the road after it is built, and as we are railway builders, not railway managers, we do not profess to act as if we were going to operate the road after it is built, and had better not deal finally with such matters.

Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann are perhaps right in their view, that as railway builders they are entitled to buy steel rails in the cheapest market, even if such purchase should injure an industry which, by liberal bounties, Canada is endeavoring to create. As a practical man, the railway builder prefers the certain and immediate profit flowing to himself by the saving in the cost of construction to any future or contingent profit that might accrue to the railway from the development of a great industry.

When the interest of the community is opposed by the more powerful motive of self-interest, the active interference of the community itself is required to protect the common interest. Thus, Canada can compel the Canadian railroads to use Canadian rails by imposing an absolute condition to that effect in the money grants in aid of construction, or indirectly by imposing sufficient tolls upon the importation of foreign rails. And if the question is pushed to an issue in the present instance no doubt Canada will decide against the railway builder. For there is nothing in the history of railway building or operating in Canada to deter the people from restricting the profits of the railway builder.

Instead of acting in isolated cases from time to time, it would be preferable if Canada were to determine once for all the national attitude towards manufacturing in Canada. For if we care to pay the price, practically everything we require can be manufactured in Canada, and if we desire it enough Canada can get a share in the world's trade for her manufactures. Nor does this falsify Mr. Carnegie's prediction altogether, for it will result from so changing the conditions that Canadian industries will no longer be subject to " the law of the surplus," which now favors the foreign manufacturer.

Mr. Carnegie states six propositions as embodying the economic laws bearing upon the material position of nations, and, leaving out of the reckoning for the moment " the law of the surplus," which, if we choose to pay the price, need no longer subject our industries to the " transcendent resources " of the foreign manufacturer; Canada, if tried by these laws, can make out a fair case.

There can be no question that Canada has ample area, had she only the population to make use of her territory. Moreover, she has an unequalled capacity for producing cheap food, for she has empires

of fertile land in the West, of which only the border has been stirred by the plough. Yet to one who has seen the mighty river of wheat even now flowing into the granaries at Fort William, it seems that should new acreage during the next few years be brought unceasingly under cultivation, four such railway systems as the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern will be required to hurry the food stuffs of our golden west to the hungry markets of the world. On every hand, we hear that the drift of emigration has turned towards the Canadian prairies. For the land is cheap; access is easy; and the 20 to 25 bushels of "No 1 hard" to the measured acre, year after year with slight tillage, so far exceeds the bounty of the seasons in less favored countries, that thousands of the farmers of the Western United States are transferring their capital and energy to the Canadian North-west.

The capacity to produce cheap food has a twofold influence upon increase of population, the rate of natural increase rises, and also foreign workers are willing to throw in their lot with such a country, and the more readily if steady employment offer. If new work can be found in Canada for the new people, the increase of population should, for the future, keep pace with the increase in the food produced. On the other hand, increase in population and increase in the amount of food produced are not in themselves conclusive of the well-being of a country. For increase of population, unless accompanied by such an increase in work as to keep the added population profitably employed, merely increases the burden of the community, despite the greater production of food. How best to increase the amount of productive work in the country is, therefore, the chief problem to be solved by a country desirous of a rapid increase in population. The effect already produced in Northern Ontario, by prohibiting the export of saw-logs, is a fair example of how a legislature may materially increase the value, measured in the employment given her people, of one of the natural resources of the country.

New settlement in itself increases the amount of work to be done in the country. New implements, new houses, new stores, and new facilities for transport are at once required. And if, in addition, we can of our own manufacture supply all the articles that the new districts require, the varied industries of the country will be quickened. Every country, Mr. Carnegie points out, has a greater capacity to supply its own wants than was supposed. So in Canada, if it is desired, we can manufacture practically everything needed in Canada. In desiring to do so, Canada but follows another of the Carnegie maxims: Nations will develop their own resources to the greatest possible extent as a patriotic duty, offering inducement to the enterprising to risk time and capital in the task.

As nations are more and more to supply their own wants, home commerce will increase much more rapidly than foreign commerce. Indeed, from Mr. Carnegie's standpoint, the home market is all important. For if exchange of products benefits both buyer and seller, home commerce is doubly profitable. Politicians give far too much attention to distant foreign markets and far too little to measures for improving conditions at home, which would increase the infinitely more important home market. If her people could spend one pound per head more per year, Britain's home commerce would be increased more than the total value of her exports to all of Australasia, British North America, and China combined. Truly foreign commerce is a braggart always in evidence, home commerce the true king. The label "Made in Canada," for articles intended for home consumption is in this view a happy inspiration.

Besides the home market, which, if it chooses, Canada may more freely enjoy to the exclusion of the foreign manufacturer, there is some outlet for foreign trade in

working up her store of raw material. It is probable, for example, that if the export of nickel ore or matte were prohibited, that the necessities of the foreign consumer would lead to the refining of nickel in Canada. It is more certain, that if the export of pulp wood was prohibited, that the manufacture of paper pulp in Canada for export, would largely increase. The establishment of this industry at Sturgeon Falls under existing conditions, shows the powerful attraction of the conjunction of raw material and water power where the intention is to manufacture for export.

Skilled labor, Mr. Carnegie points out, has lost its power to attract capital, and raw materials which under favorable conditions now attract capital and labor. And in many branches of manufacturing for home use, we have all the conditions (assuming that abundant water-power compensates for the want of coal in inland Canada), required to attract both capital and labor.

As the price of success, it will be necessary, however, to assure Canadian enterprises safety from unfair competition in the home market with the "surplus" of the foreign manufacturer.

THE KING'S OLDEST COLONY NEWFOUNDLAND

By FRANK YEIGH

AT last we were headed for England's oldest colony. Behind us lay Canada's coaling town of Sydney, in Cape Breton; before us, the glittering Atlantic, its white-caps catching and reflecting the summer sunlight. After a ten-hours' sail, peaks of rock emerged from the ocean to the north, and gradually grew into semblance as the queer little isles of St. Pierre and Miquelon, where a miniature France exists, all that is left of the New France of the old French Kings.

The Newfoundlanders prefer that their sea-indented home should be called the land of fish rather than the isle of frost or fog, for there indeed the Cod is King, though it is far more than

> "Some place abroad
> Where sailors fish for cod."

The fishermen of to-day draw from the same rich and inexhaustible harvest field of the deep as their forefathers, and the fruitful cod, flattened into homeliness, strewed the scores of drying platforms along the shore or were piled in conical heaps on the stones of the beach. Inside the harbor lay anchored a small fleet of "bankers" (as the native deep-sea fishing craft is called) unloading their catch, while another fleet of schooners were filling their holds with the salted product of the seas ready for the world's market. But before the cod finds its way to the breakfast table of a far distant consumer, it is first taken to St. John's, carried into one of the great whitewashed warehouses that line the water front, treated to a final coating of salt, and thrown into bins according to its quality and size.

The fisherfolk of Placentia are good types of the primitive ocean peasantry who populate the coves and bays of Newfoundland. Their sturdy stature and physique explain why Great Britain has for many a year drawn some of the best stock of her navy from the shores of her Atlantic dependency, and it further explains the wisdom of the recent decision to establish a naval reserve at St. John's.

The journey to the capital revealed

many quaint fishing coves. A narrow opening in the great perpendicular cliffs that face the Atlantic formed a natural sea entrance to Quidi Vidi near St. John's, and a narrower waterway between ugly rocks led to an inner harbor where a strange peace existed in comparison with the mournful restlessness of the ocean a few yards away.

Coming in, were three boats, manned by veritable sea-dogs in tarpaulin and long boots, their feet partially hidden in the heaps of fish. The morning catch had been a good one, so they said, as we stood on the rickety wharf and watched them pitchfork the cod from the lugger into the hut, where others of the crew beheaded and disembowelled the fish with remarkable quickness. Before the men had a chance to rest from their long hours of toil, the catch had to be salted and made ready for spreading on the drying platform.

Going out were other small-sailed craft, bobbing over the waves like corks, and looking fearsomely frail before the breakers outside the cove. Men must work while women work too, in these out-of the-way fishing hamlets, and the labor is a daily toil amid hardships and dangers. Times there are and many when women must weep—when the "Terra Nova" or the "Labrador" or the "White Wings" never returns, when an angry sea claims its human toll, when wives are made widows and children are made orphans by the cruel dash of an over-topping wave. A rude cross, with crude lettering, faced the sea, the wooden symbol of Calvary telling the story of the drowning of a crew of six or eight fishermen near the very feet of the jagged rock and within sight of their humble homes. The coasts of Newfoundland have been a graveyard for many a son of the old Isle.

Did you pause to notice the queer name of Quidi Vidi? It is a sample of the odd local nomenclature. Come-by-chance, Seldom-come-by, and Run-by-guess, are hyphenated specimens. Heart's Delight, and Heart's Content, and Heart's Desire, offset Deadman's Point, Cut Throat, Gallows' Cove, and Famish Cut. Comfort Bight, and Hope—all are encouraging as compared with Dead Island and Ragged Harbor; or you may have your choice of fishing for a precarious living in Push-Through or Step-Aside; in Dominoe or Dumpling, in Punch Bowl or Scrammy, or even Happy Adventure or Bare Need!

Or you may choose, as thirty thousand others have done, to settle in the fine old city of St. John's, the seat of Government; built upon a hillside and overlooking a deep harbor with an ocean entrance most dramatic and picturesque. Entering the Narrows from the Atlantic, a line of cliffs, a mile in length, loom up on either side, the deeply blue waters between forming a safe haven from storm and fog. Fishing huts and drying tables cling to the rocks, and at every turn are evidences of the fishery and maritime wealth of the capitol. A turn of the steamer reveals to the left the head of the harbor, and a panorama of the whole City capped by the towers of the Catholic and Episcopal Cathedrals. The view from the heights is a superb one under a clear sky, the lights and shades forming a composition of color that an artist might seek in vain to copy, but truth compels the statement that, under the influence of a Grand Banks fog, obliterating land and sea with its silent sweep, even St. John's becomes dreary and depressing, and one seeks the cheer of a grate fire to dispel the gloom.

Anchored in the harbor we found the Labrador sealing fleet. The seal-catching season only lasts for a few weeks in the early spring, the boats lying idle for the most part during the rest of the year. An exploration of the "Aurora" illustrated how staunchly this class of craft is built in order to successfully battle with waves and ice. The timbers are of the strongest, the braces are of the finest, the masts are of the stoutest, and all this is needed, for the pressure from a North Atlantic ice-floe is not to be despised.

The spacious tanks in one hold held one spring no less than thirty thousand seals —the large catch of a single boat, though their season only lasted for a few weeks. Here again, the tale of many a tragedy may be told. On a bright day of 1897, a sealing Schooner sailed into St. John's harbor with a gruesome freight, the bodies of some thirty men out of a crew of fifty that had perished on ice-floes away from their ship. The recovered bodies were frozen, the features retaining a perfect lifelikeness until exposed to warmth. One can but dimly imagine the grim procession of coffins that made its way up the steep streets of the city to the cemetery amid the wild cries or silent agony of the widowed and orphaned mourners. Thus the Atlantic claims its human toll from the sealers as well as from the fishers.

St. John's is also the centre of the whaling industry, which has recently been revived and prosecuted with new vessels and improved apparatus. A lull in the business for a few years had resulted in a considerable re-population of the Newfoundland waters, and the companies now operating have thus far been successful in capturing some huge specimens of these ocean monsters.

A new era dawned for the old island with the completion of the Newfoundland Railway for over five hundred miles, from St. John's to Port Aux Basque. No less than ten thousand men were employed on this great undertaking at one time. The opening of the new route has revealed a new world of scenic beauty. The great bays that penetrate the coast on all sides have a striking likeness to the fjords of Norway, a fact which has given ground for the claim that Newfoundland is the Norway of America.

The railway furthermore opened up hitherto inaccessible areas of agricultural lands in the interior, beside extensive timber belts and pulpwood forests. Iron and coal are known to exist in large quantities, as well as granite and marble. The greatest iron deposit is on Belle Island, off the coast of Conception Bay, on the east coast of Newfoundland. It is estimated that forty million tons of ore are in sight, which can be worked as in an open quarry and can be placed on board steamers for a little over a shilling a ton! Some of the richest specimens of the ore contain sixty-four per cent. of iron. The island was recently sold for a million dollars to the great iron and steel company operating at Sydney, Cape Breton. The staple product of the island is as yet the fisheries, the annual value reaching over a million and a quarter pounds, the cod fisheries representing the greater percentage, the seal and lobster fisheries equalling each other, and the herring and salmon coming last on the list.

The trade returns of the Newfoundland total over three million pounds. Her largest customer is Brazil, next in order coming Great Britain, Portugal, the United States, Gibraltar, and Canada.

One may venture to predict that the twentieth century history of the King's oldest colony will be a far different one from that of the former centuries—that its mineral and timber wealth will be utilized, its commerce expanded, its agricultural lands settled upon, its limited population increased, its scenic beauties appreciated by the tourist, and its fish and game attractions become known to the fisherman and hunter. Then if its annexation to Canada could be carried into effect, the dream of the founders of the Canadian Confederation would come true, and the Isle of Fishers would even more rapidly develop in wealth and importance.

A NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING COVE AND VILLAGE.

QUIDI VIDI COVE, NEAR ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

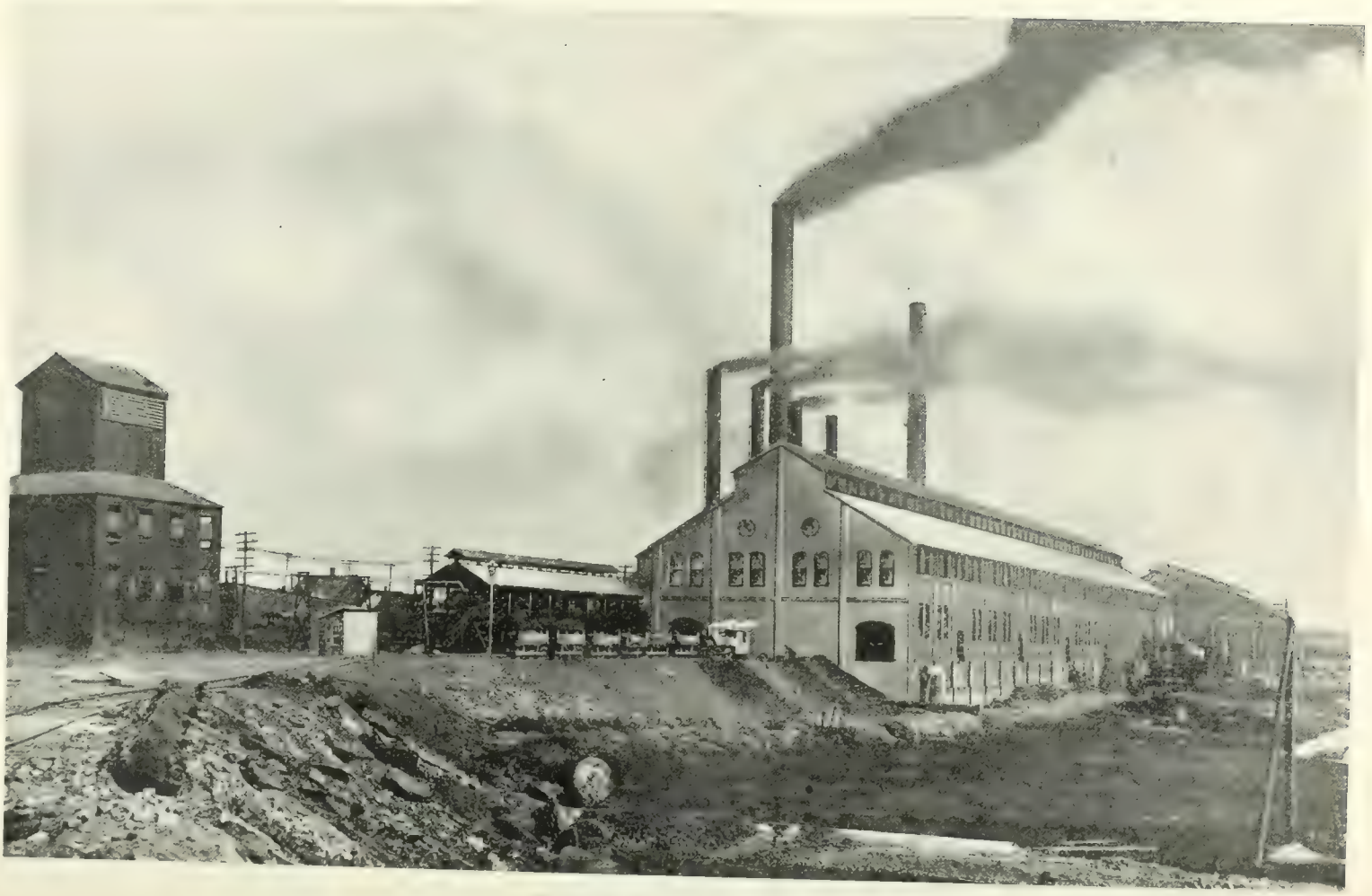
CITY AND VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

ENTRANCE TO ST. JOHN'S HARBOR, NEWFOUNDLAND.

LANDING FISH AT TORBAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.

A NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING VILLAGE.

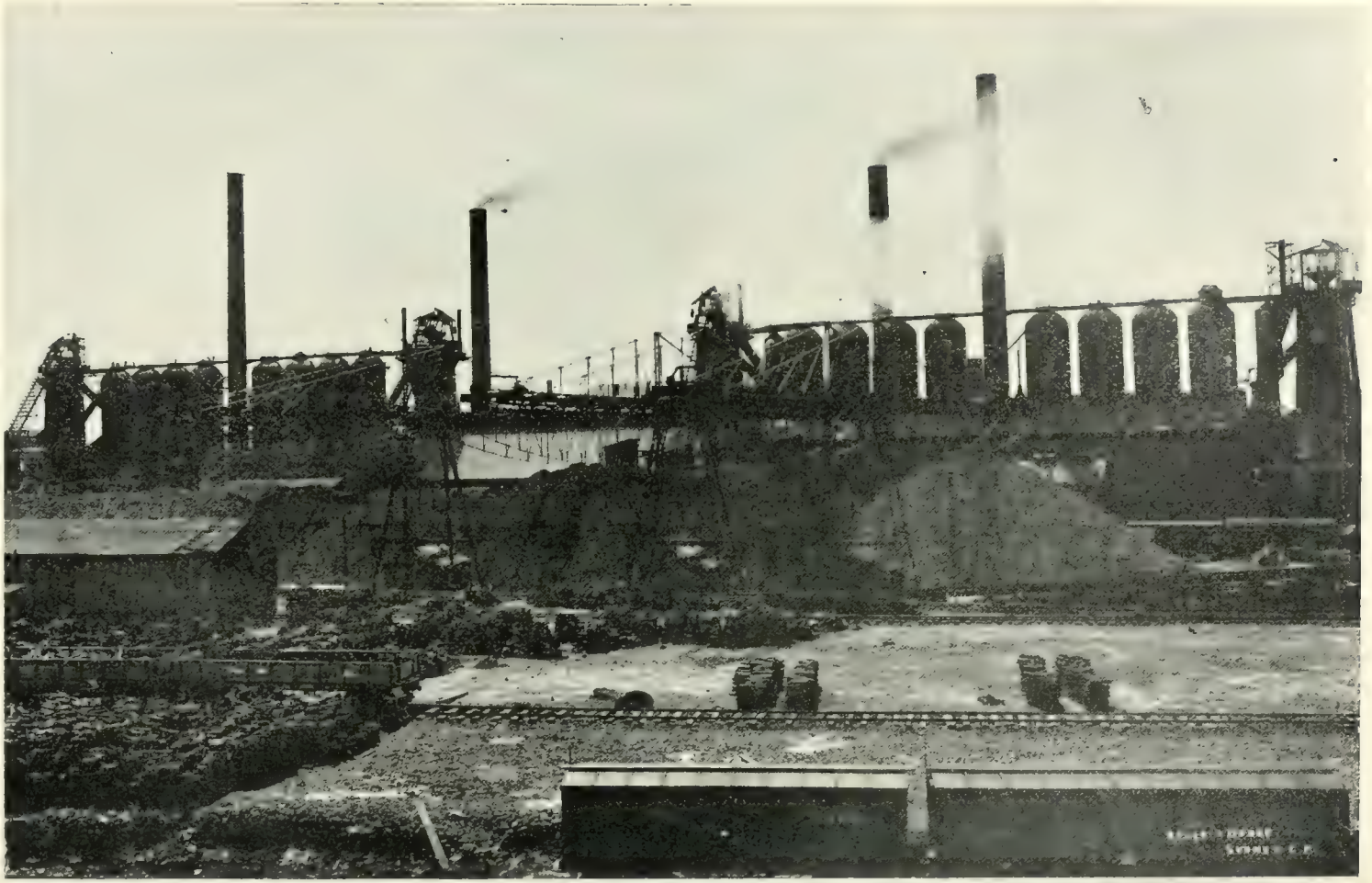
PICTURES OF OLD MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA



BLOOMING MILL, SYDNEY, C.B.

PIERS, SYDNEY, C.B.

BLAST FURNACES, SYDNEY, C.B.



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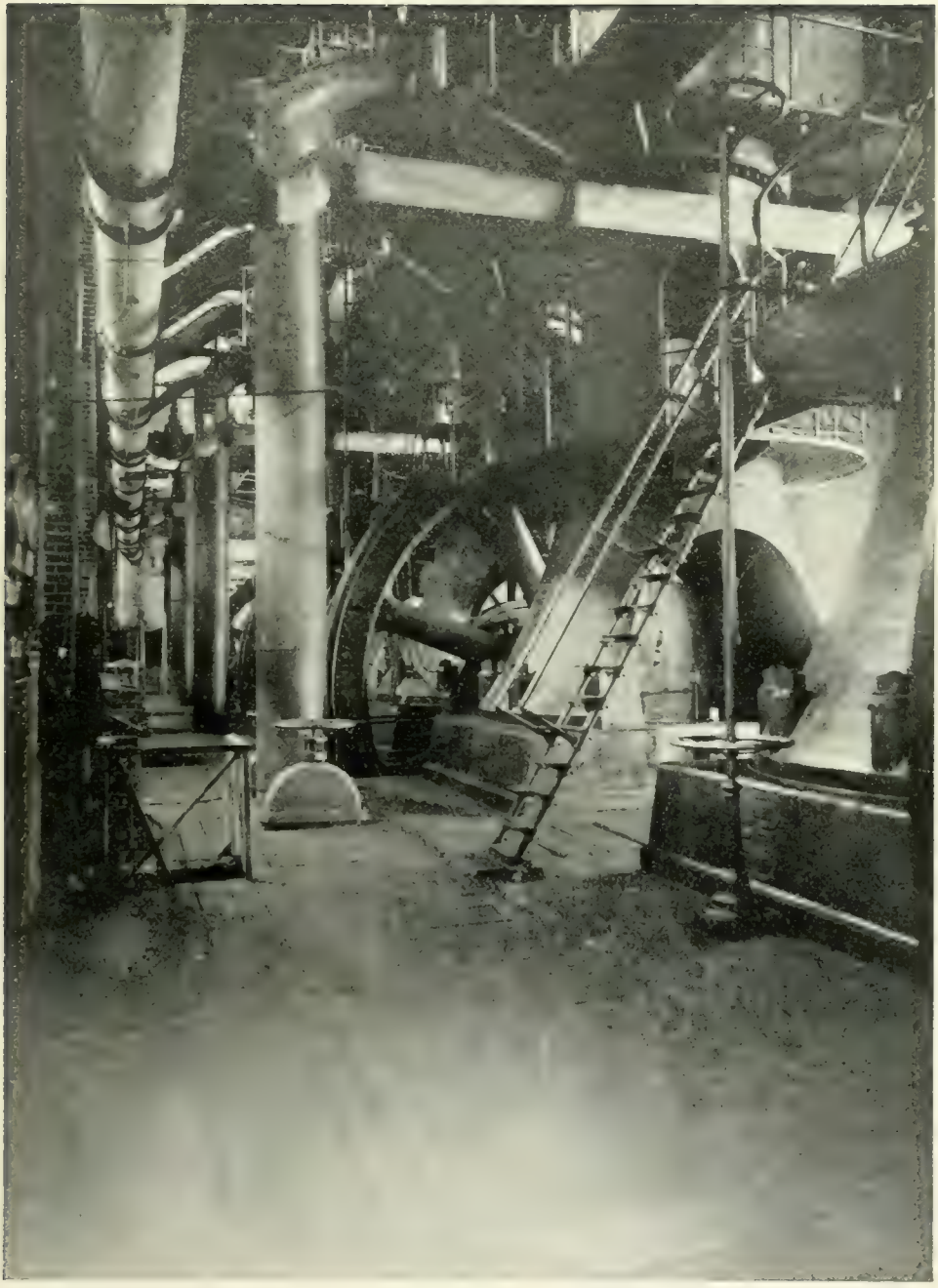
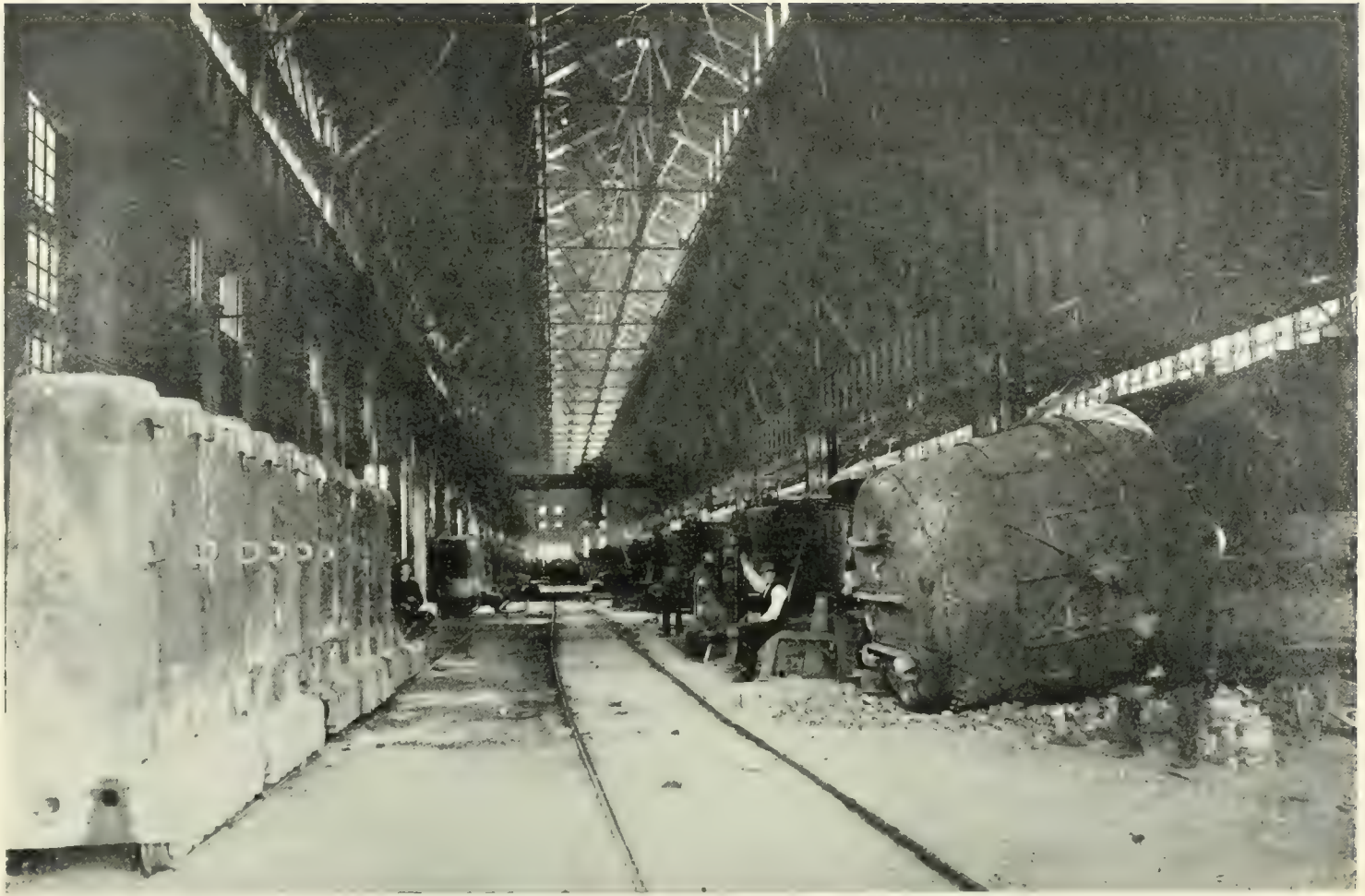
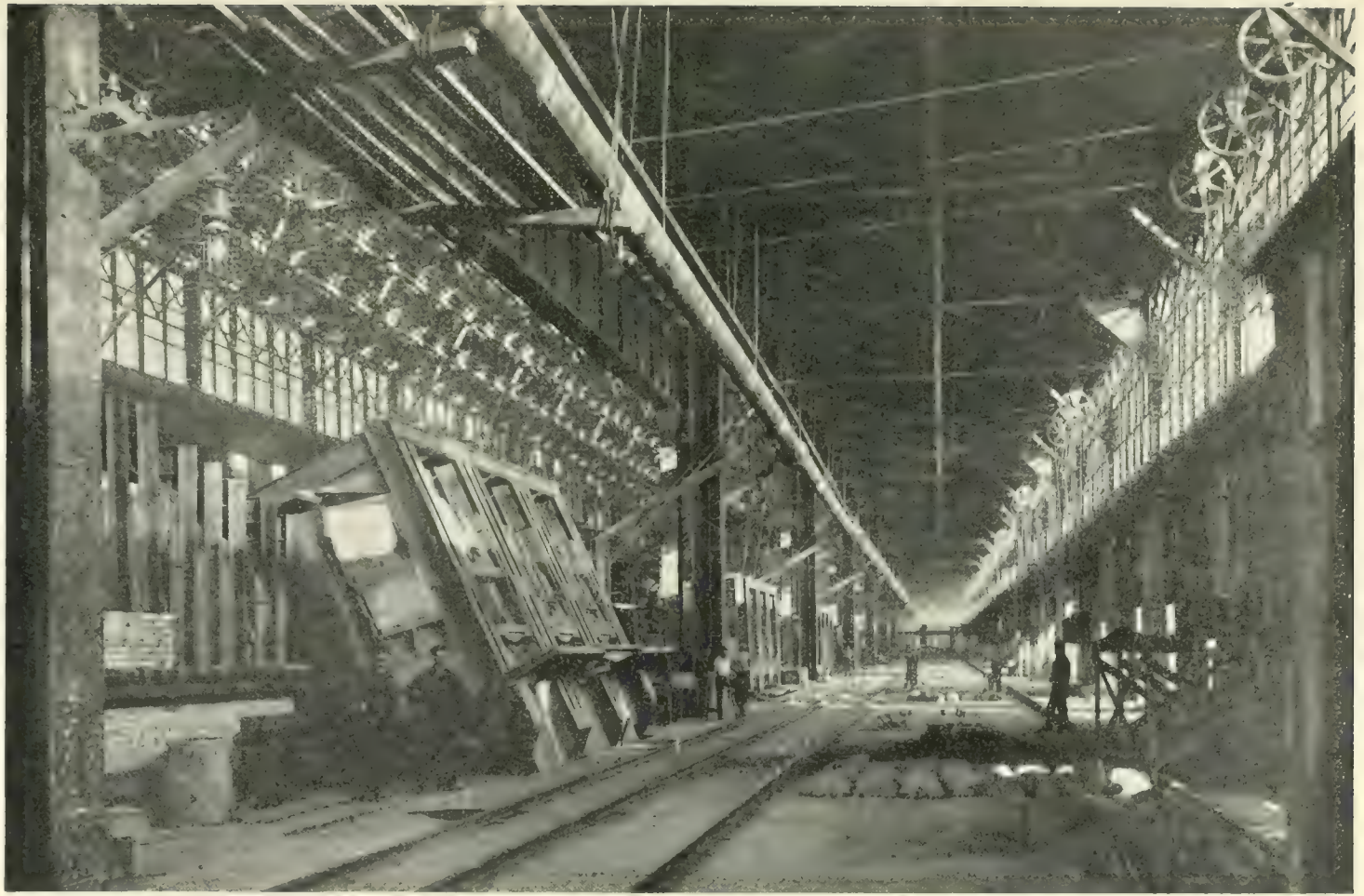


BLOWING ENGINES, SYDNEY, C.B.



INTERIOR OF OPEN HEARTH (EAST SIDE), SYDNEY, C.B.



INTERIOR OF OPEN HEARTH (WEST SIDE), SYDNEY, C.B.

PENELOPE'S CHRISTMAS AT HOME

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

PENELOPE'S brother was one of the "Triumvirate"; the Triumvirate was a Bohemian oligarchy of Canadian bachelors who lived directly below the eaves of a New York flat-house and were their own cooks and housekeepers; and Penelope, with all due respect for the proprieties, wished to play at keeping house with them instead of subsisting miserably on the broken meats of a boarding house.

She chose the only way in which another member could be added to the Triumvirate without changing its name; that is to say, she and "the Squire" were duly made one. It was a way that was quite satisfactory to the Squire. It was a way, indeed, that he was accused by the other two of having suggested to her. And thereafter their co-operative housekeeping became a sort of "fairy-godmothered bachelordom" with a woman in the house.

Her brother, "Marcus Aurelius," whose Christian name was Mark, had no objections, he said, to "committing matrimony in his sister's name." And "Isaac Walton," so called because he had once been on a fishing trip, and "had lived ever since on the fish he had caught"—by writing fishing stories for the magazines—declared that his fiction had been suffering, like Kipling's and Stevenson's, for want of a model for his women, and welcomed the coming of Penelope as his opportunity to remedy his one great defect. The only flaw in the arrangement was the merely financial one from which the Triumvirate had always suffered; and that, as Marcus Aurelius philosophically remarked, was one which their creditors would notice more than they.

It was brought home to them, however, with the approach of Christmas; and when Penelope came into their common "study" from an excursion to market on the morning of the 20th of the month, she surprised them in a solemn conclave which the suddenness of her entrance did not give them time to adjourn. They faced her with the studied innocence of a party of raided anarchists. She sat down in a cane chair and took off her hat. "Well," she said with sarcasm, as she ruffled up her pompadour, "what's the joke?"

"Penelope," her brother replied, "you forget that you're only a woman and have no sense of humor."

"I supposed," she said, "that you were considering the size of your Christmas donations to the hospitals." She smiled at her husband, but he looked so uncomfortably grave that she rose with a good-natured laugh. "I see I'm not wanted. I don't think I take my fun quite seriously enough to join in—in festivities like these." She nodded over her shoulder to them as she shut the door.

Then Isaac Walton said: "You're bound to let her go."

"Well, it wasn't exactly in our marriage contract," the Squire replied, "but it's been an understood thing between us that she was to spend this Christmas in Canada. I know she'll be disappointed." He fingered the veil of her hat. "The trouble is, I don't happen to have more than half a million of the needful right at hand—and she has to have decent clothes—and she has to have pocket-money while she's there—and the only story I have unpaid for is with Murray's, and they don't pay till publication."

"Now look here," Isaac broke out. "You're not the only spade in this hole. She's darned my—half-hose—till there's not two square inches of the original wool left in them"—

"Oh pshaw," the Squire said.

"And she's nursed me," Marcus Aurelius put in, "through grippe, bankruptcy and the hives, this Fall. I got a claim here, too."

"That's awfully decent of you fellows of course," the Squire began to object.

"And you'll have plenty to pay us back after Christmas," Isaac interrupted. "We'd be a darned poor lot if we couldn't advance a little loan"—

"And she may talk of not wanting to leave you," Marcus Aurelius added, "but you know she's set her heart on having this Christmas with the folk. They're used to making a fuss with Christmas trees and a family reunion."

"I suppose she has," the Squire conceded. "She needs cheering up anyway. It's been blue around here lately—with rejections."

"That settles it," Isaac said. "How much are you worth, Marc?"

"In cash or expectations?" the philosopher counter-questioned warily.

"Cash or realty."

Marc made a careful search of all his pockets, and laid on the table one dollar and fifty-two cents, a pearl-handled penknife, a carved ivory watch-charm, and an autograph letter—one of a collection on which he spent all his spare money. "That," he said, spreading the letter, "is—or ought to be—worth twenty-five dollars. It was given to me five years ago—and I was going to sell it anyway. I have some others I can part with, and shed no more than 'a few sad drops.' And I've the first edition that the mug in 23rd street offered to buy."

Meanwhile Isaac had been considering. "There's the suit-case I borrowed from my brother last summer," he said. "It was worth fifteen dollars when it was young. And I've a lot of old 'duds' and books and things that I can 'hang up' for a while. What have you, Squire?"

"Twenty dollars ready money, and one bird on the wing," he said, meaning a manuscript out seeking a publisher. "A homing pigeon it is, too, I'll bet. I can't pawn anything. She'd miss it."

"How much will it cost?"

He pursed up his mouth. "Thirty dollars for her fare there and back. And she can't get a decent outfit short of—a hundred" He was calculating with a man's helpless ignorance of the cost of feminine apparel.

"One hundred and ten dollars," Isaac said, "to be begged, borrowed, or stolen before Christmas—and this is the twentieth. Well, I'll do the begging. It's in my line. Squire, you can"—

"Thanks," the Squire growled. "That seems to be in *my* line, all right."

"And Marcus, you"—

"Oh, don't mention it. Don't mention it," Marc said.

They separated to shut themselves in their rooms. Then Isaac made a secret exit from the back door of the flat, carrying a bulging suit-case in one hand and a parcel of books in the other—"to balance." Marcus went through his beloved collection and pocketed a willing sacrifice of his best. And the Squire sat down before an unfinished manuscript and figured in dollars and cents on the margin of it, like a second Balzac.

After Penelope had retired for the night, one conspirator after the other tiptoed to the dining-room—which was at the end of the flat most remote from "Benedict's Hall"—and there covertly opened a bottle of ale and lit their pipes. There was a silence of deep puffs. Marc said solemnly: "How much?"

Isaac spread his palms. "Dree dollars und sevendy-vive zends for de gaze."

Marcus Aurelius grunted. "Gosh! How much for the clothes?"

"Ach Himmel! De glothes!" Isaac sighed. "I used to think a heap of those clothes."

"I know," the Squire sympathized. "Whenever I see a Willy doing Fifth Avenue in his new creases, I have that consolation—they'd look like thirty cents on a pawn ticket."

"How much?" Marc insisted.

Isaac groaned. "Five dollars for my 'Sunday blacks,' my only public trousers, and a Fall overcoat."

His watch, being of some value as an antiquity," had brought four dollars, and his books two dollars and twenty cents. His gross return, therefore, from his "sacrifice sale," as he called it, was $14.95. "If I can pay fifty cents on the dollar," he said, "it's my limit."

Marc shook his head. His watch—being gold—had brought $8.00. Three letters had sold for $18.75. His much-prized first edition, a relic of his father's library, had gone for $11.00. "And I couldn't buy them back for a hundred," he complained. "That's the difference between selling—and being sold."

The Squire added up the figures. "Fifty-two seventy," he announced. "My twenty makes seventy-two." He took a long drink. "Well, she'll have to do it on that."

Isaac lifted a reflective eyebrow. "It wouldn't be modest of me to part with any more clothes. I'm not tattooed."

The Squire snorted smoke indignantly through his nose. "Rather not," he said. "It's darned decent of you two. You've done too much already." He frowned over a new difficulty. "How am I going to give it to her?"

They smoked on that. Isaac suggested: "Santa Claus?"

Marc added: "Andrew Carnegie."

"Well, if you're going on that line," the Squire sneered, "why couldn't one of us get an acceptance?"

Isaac Walton pointed at him with the stem of his pipe. "Tag! You're it," he said. "Leave it to me."

His hand was forced, next morning, by finding in their letter-box a long envelope addressed to the Squire; and in literary Bohemia the long envelope means "the fact that the manuscript, which you have been so kind as to submit, has been found unavailable for our uses," etc., etc. Isaac smuggled it to the Squire, who confirmed his worst fears. "It's the only one I have out," he said, "and she knows it."

"Hold on, now," Isaac encouraged him. "It isn't a printed slip, is it?"

"No. . . . No; he says he 'should be pleased to take this story,' but although 'it is virile and strong,'—yah! yah! yah! —it's too brutal in places."

Isaac cried out a chortle, seized the letter and a bottle of ink eradicator which they used on manuscripts, and locked himself in his room with the typewriter.

And when the Squire, at luncheon, opened the envelope which Isaac brought to him as newly delivered by the postman, the contents read: "We should be pleased to accept this story. It is virile and strong. A check will be sent to you at the end of the week."

The Squire flourished it at Penelope. "There's your trip home."

She caught it from him. "Goody, goody!" she cried, stroking out the folds in the paper with a tender palm. "Why, what funny-looking typewriting!"

They gathered behind her, winking over her head. "Huh," the Squire said, "I suppose something happened their machine. They seem to have used another one after 'strong'."

"They certainly do," Penelope frowned.

"Well," her brother argued, "as long as they send the check"—

"And I notice by the tailors' ads," Isaac said, "that large checks are fashionable, this year."

Penelope laughed. "All right," she agreed, "I'll wear the most of this one."

It was arranged, then, that she should separate from her husband on the day before Christmas, in the early morning. It was decided by her, later, that she should not take her train until Christmas Eve, after an anticipatory celebration of which she was to have full charge. And finally it was stipulated that owing to the poverty of the bachelors—for which they invented the most glib and amazing excuses—there was to be no exchange of gifts; they

would have a festival dinner, and then they would escort Penelope to her train.

To all of which Penelope innocently agreed. She was so busy shopping for her journey that there was apparently no room in her mind for any suspicion of the check—which came while she was out and was cashed before her return. She accepted $70 of it with a selfish eagerness that filled the Squire for a moment with a treasonable disappointment. And she went so happily about the preparations for her departure that no shadow of the common cloud that hung over the household seemed to pass across her smiling brightness and high spirits.

They sat down to their Christmas Eve dinner at five o'clock so that she might easily catch her train at half-past eight; and when Marcus Aurelius saw the spread of dishes for them, he looked apprehensively at the clock. "Do you think we'll have time?" he said.

The Squire came in from the kitchen. "Where did you get the money for all this stuff?" he demanded suspiciously.

She waved him aside with a table-napkin. "I'll tell you later," she said. "I've a speech to make when we come to the toasts. Don't spoil it now."

He saw a secret in the mischievous sparkle of her eyes. "What is it?" he asked.

"Aw, please don't, dear," she pleaded. "I'll tell you later."

Isaac whispered to Marcus Aurelius: "We've only two dollars to feed on for the next two weeks or so. Fill up!"

They proceeded to fill up, to an accompaniment of laughter and amazement as Penelope's dinner developed course by course. For the two bachelors it was a game of "Open your mouth and shut your eyes"; and the grins and gurgles of delight with which they received each dish, set Penelope laughing till she choked. For the Squire it was a Belshazzar's feast with the handwriting to follow, a banquet of Damocles with a hair that was doomed to split, a dinner at a strange cafe when you know that you are going to come to the desert and find that your pocket has been picked. Penelope had evidently catered for the meal with the understanding that she had only received, as yet, $70 of a hundred dollar check!

When she brought in Havana cigars to accompany their coffee, the Squire felt that his time had come. "My dear," he said, in a tone of faltering reproof, "have you been spending your trip money on us?"

She jumped to her feet, blushing with excitement. She jerked the hurried burlesque of a bow. "Fellow-triumviratians," she said, "let me observe"—

"Hear, hear!" Isaac applauded.

"Shut up, you clam," Marcus said. "Can't you let the lady observe?"

"A thing which *you*," she retorted, "have apparently not observed—namely, that the editor of the ——— magazine, being a purist, always spells 'check' with a q-u-e."

Isaac looked up at her quickly from the lighting of his cigar.

"What? What's that?" the Squire said. "Not so fast."

"And also," she added, "that our typewriter has a defective 'c'." Isaac's match flickered and went out. "Read Sherlock Holmes, Mr. 'Walton', and avoid forgery."

She paused to get her breath. Isaac was a guilty red. The Squire blinked with the brain's quick focus on a new view of the situation, and then smiled sheepishly down his nose at his cigar. Only Marcus Aurelius preserved a classic innocence of eye.

"Let me observe further," she laughed, "that there does not seem to be a watch left in the flat. And when I went to Mr. Isaac's wardrobe for garments to repair, I found several hooks empty that formerly supported Sunday wear."

Isaac Walton made a horrid grimace. Marcus turned to him with a look of stern suspicion. "What's this, Ikey?" he accused him.

"This was strange," she said.

"Well, rather," Marc agreed.

"Strange also"—She addressed the philosopher with an oratorical flourish—"passing strange, was the absence of *the* first edition from its accustomed place on yon shelf. And unless my eyes have deceived me, several autograph letters have been lost to the collection of Marcus Aurelius, no less."

Isaac "Ho-ho'd" at him. Marc said brazenly: "I had to buy some Christmas presents to send home."

She shook her head. "These evidences of a conspiracy to deceive an unsuspecting woman have been strengthened and confirmed by the unusual poverty of the flat and the fact that there are only two dollars in my husband's pockets instead of thirty-five or forty."

The Squire looked up at her with an affected composure. "My dear," he said, "if you are going to catch your train home, you'd better cut off this eloquence."

She replied evenly: "There seems to be some misunderstanding about that word 'home'. This happens to be my home, now, and I'm going to spend my Christmas here."

She waited for the storm of protest to subside. "As for the shopping which I have been doing," she continued calmly, "if you will come into the front room I'll preside over a Christmas-tree distribution of booby prizes for unsuccessful conspirators, as soon as our neighbor across the hall brings in the tree."

Isaac beat his head with a despairing hand. Marcus Aurelius lay back in his chair and howled. "What—what nonsense!" the Squire protested.

"I'm sorry," she said, "that you've lost your pawn tickets."

They sat up to search through their pockets in amazement.

"But your clothes and your watches are on the lower branches, and there are several things on the upper ones which you need more than first editions. . . . Well?"

The uproar that followed came near to being a serious breach of the public peace. And when the loaded Christmas tree was carried in, the Triumvirate set up such an earth-shaking dance of whirling dervishes about it that the janitor himself came up breathless to them from the depths and darkness of the basement. "Here! here!" he gasped, "youh're knockin' all the tessalature off the ceilin's down below there."

They dragged him in. They tipped him all around. They wished him a merry Christmas. "Are you having a good time down below?" they asked.

"So, so," he grinned. "We're not much on celebratin'."

"Why don't you send your wife home?" Marcus Aurelius joked.

He winked. "She wouldn't go."

"That," the Squire said, as he ushered him out, "that is exactly what has happened here." He turned to his wife. "Penelope, if you are to spend Christmas with us, I must really ask you to make less noise."

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

By EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

February, London.

I had my first ride yesterday in a horseless carriage. On the whole I prefer the horses, but still it has some advantages.

"It doesn't shy at papers
As they blow along the street;
It cuts no silly capers
On the dashboard with its feet;
It doesn't paw the sod up all around the hitching post;
It doesn't scare at shadows as a man would at a ghost;
It doesn't gnaw the manger,
It doesn't waste the hay,
Nor put you into danger
When the brass bands play."

I drove to 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, for forty-seven years the home of Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle. The sound-proof chamber where the crabbed seer wrote "Frederic" is in the attic. Every inch of the house was interesting, even the closets, which Mrs. Carlyle described as roomy enough to satisfy any Bluebeard.

I touched the copies of Carlyle's works as sacred things, and why not? His writings were no mere empty masks. You can feel his heart-beats in them. To no philosopher, historian or essayist, can we attribute greater critical acumen, more piercing insight, or fearful fluency, than to this venerable sage of Chelsea. And how the unholy public have turned him inside out! We are told that he was acrimonious, a soul-pickled misanthrope, an old scalded baby, a mangler of his unhappy wife. Nevertheless, none but a man with well-nigh unfathomable depths of love in his heart could pat the marble hands of William of Wykeham's statue.

Froude has told us too much about his peevishness, his gloom, his domestic dissensions, and we poor silly bats have listened, and on the altar of our curiosity have immolated Carlyle with bloody ceremonies. Few look at his other side. His wife's carpings were often the result of tingling nerves and "low spirits," yet he prepared her letters for publication. He hid no evidence of his thoughtlessness or neglect, but made an atonement as bitter as it was magnanimous—What more could a great soul do?

February, London.

Having received permission from the Deputy Master of Royal Mint, I went to see how the coin of the realm was made. It is an interesting operation. Each press can stamp and mill one hundred and twenty coins per minute.

A great deal of Colonial coin is minted here, although there are mints in India and Australia. Everywhere one looked, were great piles of gold. It has been pointed out that there are no gold mines to speak of in England, but yet it has more gold than in all other countries. In the waiting room is a collection of medals and coins and a skeleton cube 33 3-8 inches in length, showing the size of £1,000,000 worth of standard gold in mass.

I felt pathetically poor, and as if I badly needed the Gold Cure (not the Keeley) but tried hard to think that after all, "this was only a common place of solid granite where they turn out dollars and rubbish of that kind."

* * * * * * *

Having secured an "Open Sesame" to Newgate, I was duly admitted to this gruesome gehenna. Strength and durability are written on every line of its

thickly-massed masonry. Its smeared face has passed into an adage, for one often hears the expression "black as Newgate."

In the room where criminals were pinioned before execution, the guards show the axe that was used for decapitating the bodies which had been hung. The corpses are covered with quick-lime and buried under the paving stones in the "Bird-cage walk," a passage covered only with cross-bars of iron. Newgate is much the same as other prisons:

"The grated bars and iron-studded door,
The cold, bare walls and chilly pavement floor,
The hammock, table, stool and pious book,
The jailor's stealthy tread and jealous look."

Since 1868 the public have not been admitted to executions, which formerly took place on a scaffold known as "Black Meggie." In 1882 Newgate was condemned as a prison and will shortly be torn down. Among others imprisoned here were DeFoe, Dr. Dodds who was hanged for forgery, and preached his own funeral sermon in the chapel on Acts xvi. 23; Sackville and Withers the poets, and Penn for street preaching. Lord George Gordon died in Newgate from jail distemper.

The prisoners are of a different stamp to-day. One may read "a dead soul's epitaph on every face." They are men without even hope. Some go insane. They are "God's children," for so the poor call the mad. A pall of sin and misery hangs over the whole place. The very shadows are a crushing weight.

Newgate stands for "the abomination of desolation."

CHAPTER XII.

THE THREE TOWNS.

Plymouth, March 30th.

We have been six weeks in Plymouth and leave to-morrow on "The Flying Dutchman" for London, going *via* Bath, Bristol and Exeter.

It is quite warm here. The air has an indefinable softness but withal an inebriating effect. It may be that we miss the bracing Canadian climate, for there has been no snow all winter. The weather has been such as we have at home in the latter part of October. The English know little, if anything, of the ugly moods and wild caprices of nature. Their climate does not inconvenience them, nor do sudden changes of temperature make the exhausting demands that we must perforce meet in Canada.

Plymouth is divided into three parts: Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport. Its population is 350,000, but it is only a "town," for there is no cathedral here. The streets are nearly all up-climbing. On the steep acclivities the terraces of houses present a curious, half-tipped appearance, as if resting on one knee.

The park that stands on the height of land, is called "Freedom Field." The soil thereabouts is rich in blood, for in 1648, after a four years' siege, the Plymouth Roundheads made their final and victorious stand against the Cavaliers who were commanded by Prince Maurice. This is recorded as "The Great Deliverance." It might be called "Freedom Field" too, because it is open at night and is a trysting place of questionable or rather unquestionable character, for the soldiers, marines, and girls of the lowest stratum of society. The morals of this quarter are notoriously lax and will not bear microscopic examination. It is said that among the servant girls such a thing as virtue is almost unknown, and as for the soldiers and sailors, while they enjoy a reputation for bravery, they do not for morality.

We spent a morning in the dockyards at Devonport and had to give our names at the receipt of customs and have it vouched by a well-known citizen that we were not dangerous people sent to spy out the land.

The dockyards are being enlarged and

when completed will be the finest in the world. Six thousand men are employed on the works and the annual wages paid amount to $2,500,000.

Under the care of a policeman, we went through *The Ocean,* which was launched last year by the Princess Louise, and is now being fitted with machinery. It is the flagship and the narrow gallery which runs around the bow is the Admiral's coign of vantage from whence he directs the battle. The vessel is heavily armour-plated over the boilers and magazines, but the bow and stern are mere shells, so that if a ball struck at either end, it would go through the vessel and do less harm than if it exploded inside. *The Ocean's* largest guns, which do good work at fifteen miles, are of forty-six ton weight and are made of wire so that they expand in quick-firing. She also carries some twelve-pound Hotchkiss guns. The naval authorities believe with Tacitus that the gods are on the side of the strongest. Other ships were being built, too: "Titanic forces taking birth" that one day will carry mutilation and death in their brazen throats.

All the iron and steel required for ship-building are cast in the smithies on the dock, and here, too, the machinery is made. The lighting plants are manufactured and dynamos tested in the electrical shops. The cordage, with its one strand of colored thread, is chiefly the handiwork of women and girls. A large department of the work is the manufacture and repair of buoys, each one being given an appropriate name, such as *The Knight Errant.*

The Phoebe, a trim snow-white cruiser, had just arrived from the West Coast of Africa. As the clock struck twelve, the sailors poured out of the vessel on the "noon leave." Each man carried a bag containing curios, which our guide told us they would sell to dealers. Jack ashore is a queer fish out of water. He earns his money like a horse, and spends it like an ass. All attempts to indue him with self-restraint seem to be abortive—even chains and bad health do not purge his bad soul.

A few days after our first visit we saw *The Implacable,* a first-class battleship, launched from its slip in these yards by Lady Edgecumbe. Great interest was centred on the vessel—this modern Prometheus chained upon the rock. Sooty-faced, hard-handed workmen stood with the gathered thousands to see the child of their rearing take its first steps. When the moment came for the props to fall, we all held our breath: there was a dead silence followed by a deafening acclaim, for at last "she walks the water like a thing of life." The new battleship has a displacement of 15,000 tons and 15,000 indicated horse-power. She will have a speed of 18 knots, an armament of 40 guns and a complement of 750 men.

There are four regiments stationed at Devonport. Passing the Raglan Barracks one day, we were seized with a desire to go inside and see where the awkward squad were beaten into shape. We endeavored to secure an entrance at one gate but the sentry gave us a decided refusal. It was rather dampening to our feelings, but by dint of bribery and corruption we were more successful at the next. Once inside, we expected to be arrested as trespassers or "catch it" in some way or other, but with quakings and knee-shakings, we pushed on and addressed ourselves to some important person of the Falstaffian order, who asked no troublesome questions, but called a private and told him to bring us to Corporal S——, of Company G, and tell him to show us whatever we desired.

A rattling game of football was being played with more vigor than science. The contestants were burly, strongly-knit fellows "wanton as youthful goats and wild as young bulls." It is a fit pastime for those whose business it is to kill men.

Corporal S—— was a milky-complex-

ioned chap, and by no means a mine of information, but by extraordinary diplomacy, we managed to secure some little information. We thoroughly "did" the barracks of Company O. The recreation room is large, contains papers, a billiard table, and games in plenty. Most of the books read appeared to be of the "penny-dreadful" variety. The canteen is at one end of the room. In the bed-rooms soldiers were furbishing up their accoutrements and pipe-claying their leathers. Each soldier sleeps in an iron cot, which folds up and consists of "three biscuits"—a military term for one pillow and two blankets. His meals are served in the room where he sleeps. It is an old saying, that an army marches on its stomach. This being the case, Thomas Atkins should be a good walker, for his *regimen* is decidedly "halesome farin'." That day for dinner his rations consisted of meat, bread, potatoes and vegetables in generous quantity.

The kitchen was scrupulously clean, and the smell of the food was appetizing. The white linened soldier chef who makes "things to eat," is trained at the Aldershot school of cookery, and can perform culinary feats that would drive an ordinary cook crazy. A one-hundred-pound meat pie does not stagger him. He can tell you off-hand to the very ounce how much flour, pepper, salt and meat are required. He can cook in-doors and out-doors, with or without a stove, or on any kind of a stove used in the British Army. He is so well-trained in domestic economy and in the science of utilizing "truck 'ats just a-going to waste" that he could almost make buckle and strap meet on a country clergyman's income. For his skilled service the cook gets 84 cents a week extra for three years; afterwards, his pay is raised to $1.37 a week, which is an El Dorado of treasure for a private.

Half a dozen merry roisterers were doing twenty-four hours in the guard house, under the charge of an armed sentry. A closer acquaintance with the average private does not tend to enhance your ideas of him. He is much glorified by his military outfit, and could not be better described than in scriptural language, as "Butter in a lordly dish."

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The streets leading to the Barbican docks pass through a congested district of disease-breeding rookeries, and noisome courts, mostly inhabited by seafaring people, the men who have "little to earn and many to keep." The docks are a Babel of odors, sights, and sounds.

Fishing sloops, three and four deep, hundreds of them, form into "a line of black that bends and floats on the rising tide." The innumerable spars recall to the mind's eye the burnt pines of our own forests.

An eager, struggling crowd bidded, jabbered, and jostled around the big hauls of fish, that lay on the greasy flags. Slimy, tar-grimed old "sea-dogs" emptied great baskets at our feet. Mackerels, pilchards, John Dories, soles, turbots, lobsters and other queer fish, till there seemed a sufficiency to supply the Kingdom.

It was from this Barbican that *The Mayflower* sailed. Under the chaperonage of a shock-headed laddie, I set out to find the identical spot of embarkation. It was marked by a plain slab bearing the figures 1620. The quay has been built out a stone's cast, but this was the old dock-edge. I have heard it said in England, that the way of the transgressor was the shortest way to America. It was not so in those days. With all their failings, the Pilgrims were the right stock to create a new nation whose people should be lovers of civil liberty.

Near the docks, and facing the sea, is the promenade called *The Hoe,* on which a monument has been erected in memory of the deliverance from the Armada of Spain. It bears the text *Flavit est dissipati sunt.* It was while playing boles

here, that Drake sighted the Armada, and said, "There is time enough to play the game out and thrash the Spaniards afterwards."

On the Hoe stands the old Eddystone lighthouse, known as Smeaton's Tower. It stood on the Eddystone Point for one hundred and twenty years, when the rock began to give way beneath it. I ascended by stairs, above which is the living-apartment, with a coffin-like bed, and around the walls the words, "Except the Lord build the house, their labor is vain that build it." The topmost room was where the lanterns hung. It is surrounded by a gallery railed in with iron. The view from this point is rhapsody-inspiring and is said to be unequalled for beauty by anything in England, taking in as it does a radius of one hundred miles. In a distance of magnificent sublimity, the veiled mountains of Cornwall, loomed vaguely, and waved a tempting invitation to speed thitherwards. Sixteen miles out, stands the new Eddystone lighthouse, and closer still is Rennie's wall. The weight of stone in this huge breakwater is equal that of the great Pyramid of Egypt. It is one mile long, 360 feet wide, 50 feet high, and cost $10,000,000. It hurls back the heavy seas that used to beat in from the south, bringing so many wreckages that the Sound was called "Dead Man's Bay."

Close to the tower is the wonderful Saltash Bridge built by Brunel, and near too, is Drake's Island, a cubical mass of rock, heavily fortified. Flanking the town rises Mount Edgecumbe with its long, dark belt of wood, and beneath in the offing, lie foreign merchantmen, fishing smacks, yachts, and great battleships. The sun is bending westward, and the shadows are lengthening, when I reluctantly tear myself from these scenes whose wondrous beauties I cannot translate into words.

Some friends took us one Saturday to Princetown, the highest point of any importance in the Kingdom. It was an hour's "run" from Plymouth. We passed through the Laira Estuary, across which are the Woods of Saltash, skirted the beautiful vale of Bickleigh and out into the Dartmoor, where the granite tors rise in whimsical, erratic shapes. These queer freaks of nature are not connected with each other, but rise at intervals from the weather-beaten braesides.

Our train climbed 1,380 feet in twenty-one miles, its heavy stertorous breathing, giving evidence of the steepness of the grade. We zigzaged round the towering summit, always upward, straining through desolate wolds, great boulders of granite, and sodden quagmires. The scape was a monotonous study of dead-brown bracken, gorse, heather, and reeds. Wiry polo-ponies, shaggy and unkempt, browsed on the scrub-grass.

We reached Princetown with sharp edges to our appetites and made a substantial lunch of beef-pie, treacle-pasties, scones, "Hovis" bread, apricot jam, cherry cakes and tea. Resuming our pilgrim staves, we walked out to the great prison, which was built in 1809 for the accommodation of French prisoners. The prisoners cultivate the land thereabouts, and although comparatively unguarded, an escape is rare, for there is no covering wherein to hide, and if a break were made during a fog, the men would soon come to grief in the bogs and sluggish morasses which in many places would swallow up a form as light as a bird.

The Moor is the fountain-head of nearly all the Devonshire streams, for here rise the Plym, Tavy, Taw, Teign, Yealm, Okement, Erme, and Avon. The hut circles and avenues that our forefathers built on the moors three thousand years ago with boulders of "eternal granite," stand to-day hiding a story from the ken of the acutest historian. We dawdled about doing amateur botany and geology till the fresh live air made us all sleepy and glad to hie homewards.

One day Prebendary H——, of Exeter Cathedral, who is Rural-Dean of Plymouth, took me for a drive into the country to visit some of the churches in his jurisdiction. His office demands that once a year he shall examine the repair of the churches and vicarages, the register, plate, and other church property. He meets the clergy and wardens, and inquires into the conduct and affairs of the parish and reports his findings to the Archdeacon.

The Office of Rural-Dean is not merely titular as in Canada, although they have some idle dignitaries in England too, for Bishop Wilberforce once congratulating a Rural-Dean upon his zeal and success, received this reply, "Well, my Lord, I believe some people are under the impression that I am mad." "All I can say, then," neatly answered the Bishop, "is I wish you would *bite* all my Rural-Deans."

While the Prebendary put the Clergy of St. Pancras church through their facings, I wandered about the cemetery plucking flowers, reading epitaphic literature, and listening to the tattling of the rooks, who seemed somewhat perturbed by my intrusion. Here in their last quiet bivouac, lie English officers who fought in their country's battles. Many of the dead are as forgotten as the roses that fade year by year over their mould, but not all, for the inscription over the grave of an old man of eighty-one, records that he was buried in the dust of his betrothed wife, who died sixty years before, at the age of eighteen. The Church of St. Pancras is interesting too. It looks so spick and span, and yet part of it dates back to the days of King Stephen.

Driving to the church of St. Budeaux, we heard "the steady tramp of armed men" and presently a company of soldiers swung into sight. They looked dusty and tired, and no wonder, for each man carried a knapsack, and was doing his daily constitutional of sixteen miles. Every soldier has to take this march for one month each year in order to inure him to the prolonged marches of a campaign.

It was raining when we reached St. Budeaux, and the Vicar told us in real Devonshire parlance, to "come in out of the weather." A snug fire burned in the Vestry, at which we warmed our benumbed fingers.

The Vicar roundly rated the verger because his hands were dirty. I thought the poor old fellow would be very much hurt at being reprimanded so openly, but such was not the case, for when we were left alone, he assured me that the Vicar was of the right sort—a blood of the first degree. He also told me that he had held the office of verger for thirty years, and had succeeded his father and grandfather. These English have no jealousy of social disparity. On the contrary, they are proud of "the quality." The lower classes confine themselves to their caste and do not aim at imitating the manners of their betters, but when these same classes come to Canada, they at once affect an officious air and familiarity that are most objectionable.

We had afternoon tea at the Vicarage. I like these doll's tea parties, where you sip the tea from dainty china, and nibble at sweetmeats. Miss fondles her Persian kitten, papa drops *The Times,* mamma her tatting, and the conversation turns on airy nothings. On this occasion papa brought out the old Parish Records, to show me the registration of the marriage of Sir Francis Drake to Mary Newman, in 1569, and the burial of Sir Fernando Gorges, the first Governor of the State of Maine, who died in 1635.

Then the conversation became more personal, for they discussed my Canadian idioms and colloquial peculiarities. I could not defend the pleonastic use of "right" (e.g., "right there") nor could I tell why I always "fixed" things, but I gave *Richard III.* as my authority for "I guess," and the use of "gotten" for

the past participle "got," as an heritage that had come from England with the Pilgrim Fathers. They were all under the impression that I spoke with a decided Scotch accent. So much for the second generation of Irish Canadians!

Old St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, is pregnant with historic interest. In it is interred the heart of Admiral Blake, who died as his ship sailed into Plymouth Sound in 1654. Rainbows of light, from the stained windows fall on the effigies of recumbent knights in armour, and on quaint old epitaphs "full of all the tender pathos of the here and the hereafter."

Outside, a beautiful cross seventy feet high has been erected to the parishioners of St. Andrew's, whose bodies in the last eight centuries have been buried about the church. The records show that two hundred years ago there was a heavier charge laid on coffined than shrouded bodies, the former occupying the ground much longer, and so preventing its use again. It is estimated that in it two hundred thousand people have been laid to rest—yet not to rest, for the men of to-day have violated the graves, and have laid naked hands on the bones. They have broken, and spaded, and leveled them, and all the clay we tread on here, was once human and laughed, and loved, and was ambitious.

We spent a day "out-to-doors," as they say in Devonshire, at the seat of the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe. It was one of those illusive spring days that cheat you with a deep delight of physical well-being, and of strong youth—a rare golden day, free from all anxious thought for the morrow.

We peered into the opening eyes of the cowslips, and breathed in the languid scents of the orange blossoms, or wandered along paths, fringed with eucalyptus, rhododendrons, and camellias, and on past quaint old ruins. The primrose-chequered turf was like velvet moss under our feet. Sweet-throated larks and thrushes, robins and tom-tits, careened over the bracken-covered uplands. There were magpies, jackdaws, and cormorants too, and drunken-flighted gulls "plaining discrepant between sea and sky." Herds of fallow-deer peeped at us shyly through the laurels, limes, and laccas, and then bounded off, leaping upon the mountains and skipping upon the hills.

The English are festive-minded, and seize every opportunity of lunching. We had two "spreads" this day, one beneath a cork tree that nestled under the lee of a rock, and the other at the head huntsman's cottage, in a little garden paved with round pebbles. We had plenty of Devonshire cream, for no lunch in this county is complete without clouted cream and junket. The latter is a compound of cream, spices, and spirits. Devonshire cream when spread on bread and streaked with golden syrup is locally known as "Thunder and Lightning."

The estate stretches out to Penn Lee, a distance of two miles, and while the gentlemen walked thither, the ladies rested on the bald, sinister, water-worn rocks and chatted, dozed and stored vitality.

This day, however, hardly prepared me for the next which I spent in the ramshackle houses and tortuous by-ways of the slum-district. The transition from the beautiful sunny-land of Mount Edgecumbe, to the valley of the shadow of death that crouches at its base, was painful in the extreme. We found that for sordidness and pitiable poverty, the district quite surpasses Whitechapel. It forms what Victor Hugo called "a dung-heap of souls"—a heterogeneous horde, living from hand to mouth in the midst of revolting filth, of both the quick and dead varieties.

The houses are plague-spots in the city; real human shambles, whose best visitors are the merciful angels of death and disease. It is said that the poor are the world's feet. It is high time then, that the world should look to its boots, for, like the Irishman's shoes, they need new

uppers, lowers, heels, and soles. These houses reek with festering mildew and verminous filth. They are human cesspools holding the lees of humanity.

Closely following the curate of the parish, we warily groped our way up dark staircases by the aid of ropes, through mouldering garbage and trodden-down nastiness. The municipality have compelled the landlords to place these ropes here to prevent the unfortunate tenants making headlong plunges in the dark. It began to dawn on me what "knowing the ropes" meant.

Mr. Curate pushed the doors open as he knocked and entered without waiting for an invitation. He usually said, "Good morning! I hope we are not frightening you," whereupon we would be offered chairs (if they had them), but I had been forewarned and declined the honor, indeed, as I looked at the remains of crushed vermin on the walls, and at the ashes, broken food, and fish-bones that littered the floor, I felt that the caution had been hardly a necessary one. The people lodge like peas in a pod, whole families living in promiscuity. Bishop South was not wide of the mark, when he said that the children born in the slums were not so much born into the world as damned into it. They are conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity.

Owing to the overcrowding, from their birth, they are accustomed to inconceivable vice—they are "maimed for virtue," yet the authorities, governmental and ecclesiastical, are agreed that they *have* souls. In the first room we entered, an old woman with red, teary eyes was minding "a bottle-baby" and giving it sips of gin and water. Its mother is a needlewoman, and during the day leaves the child with its grandmother. Their squalid quarters indicate the vast difference between pin and needle money.

It is in these feverish districts that child-insurance and baby-farming thrive, for there are mothers lower than brute-beasts—women who make you long for an *Ivan Ivonovitch*, some "God servant" to slay them with an axe, as he did the mother who threw her babes to the pursuing wolves.

In one court several women were washing. They boiled the clothes in a "copper," a big, black kettle set in a brick oven, with a fire underneath. It is only when they have no clothes to change that they wash in their rooms, for all the water has to be carried up and down stairs. The renting of an upstairs room generally carries the right of the use of the copper. The women spread the wet clothes on a plain board and rubbed them with scrubbing brushes. I explained how we washed in Canada with metal wash-boards, wringers and washing machines, but I fear they did not think much of our housewifely accomplishments. One girl accompanied her efforts with a song that ran something like this:

"For its thump! thump! souse! souse!
Scrub! scrub away!
There's nowt but glumpin' in the 'ouse,
Upon a washen' day."

The facilities for cleanliness are not such as to encourage "the great unwashed," for a bath-room is an unknown thing to them.

Loud-voiced, bold-looking jades lounged in the doorways and eyed us sharply as we passed. In an alleyway, a drunken woman lay prostrate on the ground. Her hair was hopelessly matted. A sack tied round her body alone covered her nakedness. She was loathsome with disease and unmentionable filth. So awful an object was she, that I could hardly believe her human.

In one room a fine-looking, intelligent man sat up in bed. His foot had been crushed four years ago, and he had not walked since. He was childless: his wife was deaf, he could not read. He was rebellious, and why not, for his hours were days; his head ached with wonder, and his heart with pain. Outside, the slum-babies, "Satan's Godchildren," were dancing to the strains of a grind-organ,

and seemed the only happy things in the district. True! the little girls are bound in slavery to the ever-recurring infant of the household, but they seem to accept this as inevitable. In appearance they reminded me of Phil. Robinson's description of the low-caste Indian children: "Images of God, cast in mud and never baked."

Some few of the rooms were clean and well-kept, and in one an old woman lay dying. It seemed as if even her minutes were numbered. Our slumming suddenly became an impertinent intrusion, an ugly curiosity. We were looking at these people as we would fossilized toads in a museum. The Padre knelt beside her bed and committed the passing soul to its Creator. He said, as we groped our way down stairs, that we were Levites passing by on the other side. The dark distress, ugliness, and pain perplexed and hurt us. We were not so confident about our age after all. Why should these people go down in sight of land? If flesh and blood cannot enter heaven, surely something of heaven can enter flesh and blood? "Christ has come, but when cometh salvation?"

The Curate said that they rarely go to a place of worship, but that *he left a tract in their rooms once a year.* He assured us that it did not do to get too familiar with them. We had the honor once of being the guests of the Bishop of Stepney, the apostle of the slums, and he told us on that occasion that only one per cent. of the inhabitants of the slums ever went to a church—except to get married.

On the whole, the Church seems to handle the slums with dainty finger-tips. She is content to touch the mere fringes of the work. She dwells too much upon her efforts of the past, while her present efforts are terribly inadequate. Needs grow infinitely faster than the Church's endeavors. She has practically no influence upon "the lapsed masses." They are blankly indifferent, and faith is sick—very sick.

There is not much use either in preaching to people whose spirits are deadened by hardships and starvation, and who are struggling to keep their footing in a quicksand. Some of them are crying ominously in the night. The working brutes in England's back-yard are growling, and it would not be strange if one day they broke their chains. It is a pressing and depressing question. The whole matter is not of to-day only: it casts a lurid darkness over the future.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOY BELLS.

London, April 2nd, Easter Day.

Unless you spend the Easter Festival in London, you can have but slight appreciation of how generally it is observed. The sonorous joy-bells rang out sharply from every spire and cathedral tower. A sun-drenched atmosphere dispelled the mists and glooms that are wont to hang over the city. "Christ is risen," was the inspiring theme on every tongue, and one must indeed be dull of soul in whose heart the words awoke no glad response.

I was not a little embarrassed in making a choice of where to attend church, but finally decided on Christ Church, Westminster Road, where the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., the eminent Baptist divine, is the pastor. Mr. Meyer uses the Liturgy of the Established Church with some slight modifications. Both infants and adults are baptized here, and can be either sprinkled or immersed. I was early for service, and on entering met Mr. Meyer who had just returned from India and whom I recognized by his portraits. He told me to go to the front and take any seat I wished. In personnel, Mr. Meyer is a spare man with a pale, clean-shaven face, and delicately-cut features. His mouth is slightly indrawn, and under overhanging brows are eyes that at once attract your attention. They are keen eyes, kind eyes, honest eyes, laughing eyes, the eyes of one who sees life steadily and sees it whole. His manner is quiet

and dignified. In speaking you cannot but notice his long, thin, artistic fingers that somewhat suggest nervousness and power.

The church is octagonal in form, and the architecture is characterized by elegance rather than grandeur. Palms and lilies were banked about the communion table. It being the first Sunday in the month, the morning prayer was dispensed with, and the service opened with the singing of "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us." The Communion service followed, the congregation singing the *Kyrie* to *Tallis* in A.

Mr. Meyer speaks with great deliberation, but still holds one's interest from exordium to finish without break or waver. He addressed us upon the words, "And they told what things were done in the way and how He was know to them in the breaking of bread." "This," said the preacher, "is an idyll of the resurrection: it is an idyll of our king." He gave a vivid and realistic description of the two disciples walking to Emmaus, and of the Sabbatic quiet that rested over the land for the people had gone up to the Pascal Feast. These two men "communed together and reasoned" of all "the things which had happened," when a stranger joined them from the rear. He probably entered into their ordinary conversation, but suddenly startled them with the words: "What manner of communications are these ye have one to another, as ye walk and are sad?"

Mr. Meyer's description of their unfolding the tragedy of the One "who should have redeemed Israel" showed masterly narrative talent, and a powerful imagination under the control of good judgment. "These men," he said, "wept as patriots. They looked for this Jesus to establish a Kingdom, and to drive back the Roman dogs into the sea from whence they came." He pithily grouped the subject under three phases of experience: Darkness, Sunrise, Daylight, or in a more alliterative way, Hearts that break; Hearts that burn; Hearts that believe; or, again, Christ neither seen nor felt; Christ felt but not seen; Christ both felt and seen.

Hearts that break! Desolate hearts! Why are ye sad? It is Easter day. On the resurrection day a tidal wave swept around the Church and lifted it to a higher plane. It was a tidal wave of the warm gulf-stream that should melt ice-bound hearts. The sailors on the Aegean Sea cried out on Easter Day: "Pan is dead!" Why are ye sad when idols are being cast to the moles and bats? Why are ye sad when Heaven rings with the song of angels? Why are ye sad when the women say, "He is risen"?

Christ told his disciples they were slow of heart. Their hearts were clean, regenerate, true, but still *so slow*. In describing the slow hearts of humanity, their intellectual doubts and misgivings, the speaker used keen, penetrative phrases that cut like a scalpel. All hearts were bowed and hushed before him, and one could not be other than deeply impressed. He then changed his style of utterance, and with sweet, subtle words that showed him to have a tremulous sense of pity, and a more than womanly tenderness, he said, "Have I a child who is weak of intellect, dull of understanding, slow of heart, his eyes are holden, he does not answer my suggestions like the others—do I love him the less? Ah! I sit me down, and taking him in my arms, I teach him gently, I give him gifts and whisper, 'Little one this is for thee.'" The conclusion was a quiet recitative which was most effective.

Mr. Meyer is not a believer in close communion for "all who love the Lord Jesus" were invited to be partakers of the sacrament.

In the afternoon I wandered out to the Kensal Green Cemetery. This great necropolis is a mile and a half wide, and laid out like a miniature city, with avenues, streets, and paths. It contains seventy thousand graves, and is divided into consecrated and unconsecrated por-

tions, the latter being for the Dissenters. Sauntering idly through the labyrinth of tombs, some familiar names began to claim my interest. Here lie Tietjens the great singer, and Brunel the engineer. Further on are Birkbeck, the founder of the Mechanics Institute, Anthony Trollope, Harrison Ainsworth, and Shirley Brooks. W. M. Thackeray's grave is marked by a plain grey slab. Here, too, sleep Sidney Smith, Allan Cunningham, and Cardinal Manning. Tom Hood's monument, which was erected by public subscription, is the most artistic in the cemetery, and bears the words, "He sang the song of the shirt." The headstone of a chorister of Westminster Abbey is headed with two bars of "O Rest in the Lord." One grey monument is in the shape of a huge hour glass.

Many stones were marked with the words, "The family grave of ———," which mean that all the family are buried in one grave. By counting the names, you can coldly calculate how many feet deep of bodies there are in it. This great cemetery is a quiet place for the living, one of "unfathomed rest" for the dead.

> "The stones with weed and lichen bound enclose
> No active grief, no uncompleted woes
> But only finished work and harbored ques·
> And balm for ills."

London, April.

It was the evening of April 12th, in London, a gray night upon which a heavy fog had settled down like a stifling pall upon the city. A stranger within the gates, a tired Canadian halted at St. Paul's churchyard and bethought her of a quiet spot to take tea, for it was now five o'clock, and the eve of the great praise meeting of the Church Missionary Society, the eve they would celebrate their one hundredth anniversary.

But where to go, and the fog was stifling and hurt one's eyes. It came like an inspiration—*The Castle and Falcon,* and it was within sight. True, it is not a fashionable Inn now, as on the 12th of April, 1799, just a hundred years ago to-night, when sixteen clergymen and nine laymen met to establish a society whose object should be the promotion of the Gospel among the heathen. It was the day of small things, but these men with large-eyed hope looked out into the future knowing that the oak-tree is wrapppd up in the acorn, and that the first man represented all humanity: Who, then, could prophecy how God should use their grain of mustard-seed?

It was a quaint old room, and as I sipped my tea by the light of the open fire, my thoughts leapt across the gulf of the century to the meeting held in this very spot. John Venn is in the chair. The officers are elected. Mr. Wilberforce declines the presidency. He feels it too important a position, and so the society must perforce start without one. Strange, too! the fathers of this baby society quite forgot to give it name, and it is not until six weeks later that it is called, "The Society for Missions to Africa and the East." They are busily engaged in drafting the constitution and have just decided to send a copy of it with a respectful letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. His Grace, however, took no notice of the new Society, although they waited for a whole year, when he was verbally interviewed.

We long to tell these kindly ghosts we have resurrected, the story of how the leaves of this tree of their planting has been for the healing of the nations—how it has been a balm in Gilead, but alas! they have faded away into the dull, cold land of the dead.

I have barely time to reach the great Albert Hall, for it is an hour's journey hence. This hall, built in memory of the late Prince Consort, is a vast elliptical building of red brick, constructed in Italian Renaissance style.

Arrived at South Kensington, swarms of men insisted on our taking sample copies of *The Christian, The Life of Faith,* and pamphlets discussing the church crisis from all standpoints—the high, low, slow, broad, and fast, for Eng-

land is now, as in the days of the Reformation, "a land of hearts that burn, and brains that seethe."

Only ticket-holders were allowed to enter, and hundreds were turned away. As I watched the disappointed ones fall back, I thought of the story Mr. Eugene Stock tells of the mother of Mr. Cates, a C. M. S. Missionary, who died of fever in Sierra Leone. She went to the annual meeting of the society at Freemason's Hall. To prevent overcrowding only members were admitted. "Are you a subscriber?" she was asked. "No," said the poor woman, as she sadly turned away. Suddenly she re-appeared. "Yes," she exclaimed, "I am a subscriber; *I have given an only son.*"

The vast amphitheatre was densely crowded with twelve thousand men and women. Galleries, floors, and boxes were packed to overflowing with people, their faces showing like a white fringe of surf above a dark wave.

A voluntary choir of six hundred voices was singing as we were seated. One word as to the great organ that was to accompany the praises that night. It is the largest in Great Britain. It has eight thousand pipes, and its motive power is supplied by two large steam engines. It has one hundred and sixty-five stops, and five manuals, and takes three men to manipulate it. Oh! to-night everything that hath breath will praise the Lord. Across the hall was stretched a canvas proclaiming, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

Before one realized that the meeting had opened, I had risen and was singing with the great company, "All people who on earth do dwell." What a Niagara of song! Then, as we knelt in the confession and prayer for devotion, all hearts were hushed in a profound and unaffected worship. Who could forget the words? "For all the lost opportunities of our lives, for privileges neglected and grace unused, we beseech Thee to pardon us. For our sloth and selfishness, for our dull ears and cold hearts, for our slow feet and closed hands, we implore Thy forgiveness. O Thou who didst not spare Thine own Son for our sakes, give us willingness to give ourselves." The prayer of contrition was followed by an outburst of joy—the glad singing of the 98th Psalm.

The Right Hon. Sir J. H. Kennaway, the beloved and venerable President of the Church Missionary Society, told how that day the Kings and great ones of the earth had sent their greetings of sympathy with the joy of the occasion, and he told us again how Christendom had poured out her unstinted treasure in the Centenary Fund, as a great thank-offering to be presented at this praise meeting.

Again we rose to sing out our thanksgiving for extension at home and abroad, and anon, were bowed in a profoundly impressive litany. Other speakers followed: Archdeacon Eyre, with his impassioned eloquence, the Bishop of Sierra Leone, and Mr. H. E. Thornton, but the great ovation of the evening was given to Mr. Sidney Gedge, M.P., who only the day before, was the mover in the House of Commons of the motion of severe censure on the four thousand Clergy of the Established Church who were members of the English Church Union, and which motion was carried by a vote of two hundred to fourteen. Again and again, the deep-seated Protestantism of the people gave vent to itself in prolonged cheers. It was an enthusiasm which fired the blood, stirred the pulses, and lit the eyes of that vast assembly.

Protestantism has not forgotten her baptism of fire and blood, and when the suffering and memory of her martyrs shall no longer be objects of deepest veneration, surely "it requires no spirit of prophecy to foretell that English liberty will be fast approaching to its final consummation."

LITERATURE

THE BUILDING OF CHARACTER: By Booker T. Washington

THE book consists of a number of short informal essays that were originally given as Sunday evening "talks" to the students of the Tuskegee Institute.

They are not remarkable for grace or literary finish, but are practical, exceedingly practical, dealing as they do with the vital questions of every-day routine and of how a man or woman may make the most out of life. They give evidence of independent and vigorous thought, and are rich in the stimulus which inspires with high resolve.

Booker Washington, a mulatto, is one of the first orators in America, and is alive to the needs and characteristics of the world of men, particularly to those that relate to the education, elevation, and betterment of his own race.

We marked paragraphs for quotations as we read his book, and when we came to the end we found about half the book had been so marked. We are persuaded it will be widely read—at least, it deserves to be.

William Briggs, Toronto.

STILLMAN GOTT: By Edwin Day Sibley.

STILLMAN GOTT is not a copy of *David Harum,* as some have said, although more of the latter would not be unacceptable, but a distinct character. The type does not die out, but is constantly reappearing. It is a type that makes the reader imitate *Oliver Twist,* and ask for more.

Stillman Gott is a New England farmer-fisherman, quick-witted, shrewd, and overflowing with dry humor and bonhommie. He is a sure cure for the blues. Nurture had not done much for him, but Nature turned him out a true, hale-hearted gentleman. He is a wholesome, out-of-doors character—a make-up of oak and rock, but also of vine and flower.

The author knows the types, and what is more, he can draw them. He is a keenly sympathetic observer of life. His people are not dummies whereon to hang the manners and quaint speeches of the villagers, but each is very much alive with his or her own individuality.

The story, which is uncommonly readable strikes a strong, healthy, buoyant note, and it would be impossible in a review to convey its charm, its spontaneousness and vitality. The author carries through from the first the thread of a charming love-story, woven with such delicacy as to give the book its crowning interest.

Perhaps the best chapter is the thirteenth, in which Stillman Gott is put on trial on a charge of incendiarism and elects to act as his own counsel. *Rhoderick Friend,* the plaintiff, is well sketched, and those of us who have lived in smaller towns are familiar with the type—a hard-as-nails curmudgeon, a mangy money-lender who lives solely on the life-blood of the poor. He is what Cecil Rhodes calls "a safe key in breeches."

Stillman Gott had the right idea of how to get on in life. Speaking to an ambitious young man, he said: "Go up to Boston and try yer luck, an' when I say ter try yer luck, I don't mean ter sit down waitin' fer good luck ter hunt yer up. Doin' that is a good deal like settin' down in a fifty-acre lot waitin' fer er cow ter back up ter yer ter get milked. She won't do it, and while yer waitin' some other feller hez hunted her up and filled his pail."

Stillman had a record piece of ground on his farm. The description of it would fit Muskoka. "There's er piece uv land up back uv my house where I hev ter whittle pertaters down to er sharp p'int

ter get 'em inter ther ground 'tween ther rocks, and yet they keep on er teachin' school ter sing 'er farmer's life is ther life fer me."

William Briggs, Toronto.

MUSINGS BY CAMPFIRE AND WAYSIDE: By W. C. Gray.

A MOST noticeable feature of the present-day literature is the number of Nature writers. The catalogue of their works grows apace. A growing study of Nature is everywhere evident, but each writer studies from a different standpoint, for after all, every interpretation of Nature depends upon the medium through which it comes. We *look* physically, but *see* mentally.

And it is no small debt we owe to these students. It is but a minute portion of the universe we can turn into clothes or food, or for the gratification of the body, but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. The universe is the temple of beauty, but most of us are blind in the midst of it, as blind as if we were tenants of a dungeon. We have eyes but see not, and ears but hear not.

Willam Cunnigham Gray, the author of the work before us, was for many years the Editor of *The Interior*. Too often the gall of the ink-pot gets into editorial blood. Indeed, it was said of a certain editor, "He vomits bile and calls it a newspaper." But no such scathing charge can be laid at Mr. Gray's door. His rich intellectuality and fine poetic sensibility are warmed by a broad reach of humanity. His "Musings" have the freshness and wholesomeness of the big woods, and contain every touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin. The reader feels the undulating, whispering music of the forest, the power of the shady silences, the dignity of the beasts who live closest to the heart of the woods. Whether we listen to the lonesome cry of a loon calling to his mate, or watch the swift flight of the arrowy-winged wild duck, it is always through the medium of one who has a sensitive perception and remarkable insight into Nature's moods. He individualizes each scene and object and studies it as a picture.

His chapters on "What Adam Did in Eden" are perhaps the best, and the thoughts are strikingly original. He compares "Milton's noble absurdities" with the Paradise of Moses, which from the standpoint of art is immeasurably superior to Milton's. The latter's conception of Adam was that of an opulent English gentleman dwelling in a highly artificial English park in fine weather. His Eden was not a very congruous combination of Oriental and English landscape, but the Paradise of Moses was a broad country diversified by mountains and plains, in which great rivers rose and flowed to the sea. It was an Eden that makes us sympathize with Eve as she looked back upon the circling sword of fire and cried in pathetic lament, "Must I thus leave thee, Paradise!"

The author also shows us thirteen points of description with which anthropological science identifies and describes the primitive man, not one of whch is omitted by Moses, thus giving Moses a wonderfully specific, particular, and thorough vindication.

The Primitive Man:	The Adam of Moses:
1. Wears no clothing, and is unconscious of any physical or moral need of it.	1. Wore no clothing. "He was naked and not ashamed."
2. Subsists on the spontaneous products of nature, primarily and chiefly, as his dentition shows, upon fruit, seeds, and nuts.	2. Subsisted upon the spontaneous products of the garden. "I give you," said Elohim, "every plant bearing seed and every tree producing fruit. That shall be food for you."
3. The primitive man is devoid of moral perceptions. He does not know the difference between good and evil.	3. Adam did not know the difference between good and evil.
4. His intellectual powers are undeveloped. He has but little knowledge.	4. Adam had not eaten of the tree of knowledge.

5. He builds no home, but lives in caves and in the rudest shelters.	5. Adam built no home. Milton says he slept under a bower of roses.
6. He has but a few rude tools, and they cutting instruments of flint or chert.	6. Moses implies that Adam had cutting implements. "He dressed the trees."
7. He plans nothing; does not till the soil.	7. "There was not a man to till the ground."
8. His first speech is in giving names to the animals around him. He must be able to communicate concerning the animals he would eat, and those that would eat him.	8. Adam's first recorded utterance was in giving names to animals.
9. He has a religion. He believes in mysterious personal powers superior to himself, to which he is subject.	9. Adam recognized the existence of God, a being superior to himself, to whom he was subject.
10. His religion is anthropomorphic. His gods are powerful men.	10. He conceived of God as a powerful man, who was accustomed to avoid the tropical heat, and walk in the garden in the cool of the day.
11. The first moral sentiment to appear in primitive man is modesty. He makes a covering at first of leaves.	11. Adam's first act of moral consciousness was prompted by modesty. He made himself an apron of leaves.
12. His first permanent clothing was the skins of animals.	12. Adam's first permanent clothing was of the skins of animals. "Unto Adam and his wife did Elohim make coats of skins and clothed them."
13. Primitive man is an arboreal animal. He finds his habitat, food and refuge in or among the trees.	13. Adam was an arboreal individual, finding his habitat and food in and among the trees of the garden.

The author points out that Adam's first great discovery was the use of fire, and it remains until now the master discovery of time. He learned to turn loose in fury the fire-god upon his enemies, or to domicile it tamely in his cave. As he slept, it kept his enemies at bay. He could create summer in winter and thus master the elements. Held in check by water, it hollowed out the trunk of a tree and gave him his first boat. It lit his torch so that he might peer into the blackness of the waters and send his stinging spear deep into the finny prey. By laying one log across the other, the fire-god would cut them squarely in two, and thus enable him to use them as building material. It taught him to compel iron out of tawny dust and fashion it into tools and weapons. And now with wings of fire, man flies across the continent. With his hammer of fire he crushes the heart of the mountains; with his hands of fire he hurls death upon his enemies miles away. Fire is his sword, his servant, his steed.

Adam's strength came from his weakness, his self-reliance out of his dependence, his safety out of danger, his love out of hatred. Had he been armed with fangs and claws like a tiger, he would never have risen above the tiger, but forced by nature to rely upon reason and inteligence, these faculties set him on top of the scale of life.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the last chapter of these "Musings" should be entitled, "Expiring Embers—a Study of Death," for the author died before his work had yet gone to print. His closing words were prophetic: "It seems to me that I hear the sound of the coming ship more distinctly as it approaches. She is past due, and cannot delay much longer. Already I see her plumes of smoke, and hear the plash of her wheels and I step upon her decks for a journey into the Unknown, from which there is no return."

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

SPECULATION is rife as to the unknown and pseudonymous author of this book. It began its career as a serial in *The Century,* and its unusual theme, freshness, cleverness, literary reticence and originality at once attracted great attention. It is a book that is very much worth while. We opened it somewhat latish the other evening, and it was almost sun-up before the *finis.* One can hardly feel that the "Confessions" have been written for the public, and you feel almost guilty in reading them. They are the inmost sacred longings, shrinkings, and awakenings of a young and wholly innocent girl.

Marná is as delicate and poetic a creature as any novelist has given us for a long time. Someway or other she wins her way into our hearts till we feel that we own her, and a sense of rage possesses us as the terrible story is unfolded, and we follow her through the blood-tracked paths of anguish.

On the night of her engagement to *Dana,* she writes a letter to her mother: "Mother! My dear, dead mother, out somewhere in the wide summer night, I write a note to you. Did any girl ever write a letter to her dead mother before? Oh, I don't know; but mother, I *must!* I am such a lonely girl! I have nobody to speak to—I cannot talk to the girls I know, and there isn't any older woman who has ever shown a mother-heart to me that I could care, for to turn to now. Mother, don't forget me in your grand heaven! I never needed you so much, when I was a little crying baby on your heart—a little black-faced baby holding its breath till it almost died because it couldn't get what it wanted, the way they tell me I used to do—I never needed you so much when I wore pink socks and little crocheted sacks, as I do to-day. I wonder if you remember about the socks and sacks, up there in your great silence? Have the angels driven baby-clothes out of your heart? I don't believe it. . . . Sacred mother's tears! Flow for me to-day. My mother's face! Lean down to mine a little out of heaven, if you can.

"Kiss me, mother—if they will let you. I have told him I would wear his ruby ring."

You are not acquainted with the best in womanhood till you have read this book.

The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

THE HOME

BY JANEY CANUCK

The Beauty of Good Manners

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

IT has been wisely said that the art of pleasing is the art of rising, for gruffness and boorishness always go down under grace and suavity of manner. A young man or woman who has failed to cultivate good manners is handicapped for success. Courtesy is the "open sesame" everywhere, the passport to all hearts. "Give a boy address and accomplishments," said a knowing American, "and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes. He has not the trouble of entering and owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess." There is scarcely a moment in our lives when our value may not be materially increased by good manners.

We give our children a complete curriculum at school, and too often send them out "certificated barbarians." Not that we should expect the school to be the beginning and end-all of education. The home is the proper school for courtesy. The mother who asks her child's pardon is teaching it an unforgettable lesson in manners. She should explain to it that a slovenly, dirty person, is rude and uncivil under another form, that boasting of one's attainments and possessions, whispering about people that pass them on the street, or joking at a friend's expense, are vulgarities. "Sinful?" said the mother in *Punch's* story: "My son, it is worse than sinful—it is vulgar."

No matter how pressed by work, or hindered by interruptions, the parent,

teacher, or employer ought to be sufficiently poised to greet or dismiss with a smile, a nod, or a pleasant word. It not only oils the bearings of life, but in the commerce of life, these small coins of civility will prove to be more profitable than minted gold.

What Are Good Manners?

They have been defined as the shadows of virtues. Good manners are not merely skin-deep, but have their foundations in a good heart. They do not consist of idle formalities nor a polished veneer made up of bows and grimaces. Such superficiality has been rightly styled "the candied peel of courtesy." Artificial rules are of little value. "Etiquette" is often the essence of untruthfulness.

Nor do they consist in mere impulses spasmodic and intermittent, depending on the feeling of the moment, and changing with the ever-changing sensibility. To a large extent, good manners are the exponents of our inner nature. Their root is to be found only in unselfishness, so that to be really polite one must cultivate the affections. It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who *never* inflicts pain. He carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast.

Bobby Burns, the ploughman poet, was said to be the most thorough gentleman in Europe. He was never rude, for he loved everything, even to the timid mouse and the field daisy.

Benjamin Franklin, when a laborer, reformed the habits of an entire workshop.

When Prince Henry of Prussia was in the United States, a prominent public man thus described him: "He is such a true gentleman that he can meet a Prince without himself being embarrassed, and can meet a poor man without embarrassing the poor man." And this was a good standard wherewith to judge him. As a rule, it is not difficult for a person to be courteous to individuals who are classed in the same social scale, but the truest test comes when that individual is brought into contact with some one who is considered beneath him in wealth and influence.

Too many people put on courtesy as they do a dress for company and make up for it at home by being rough, selfish, coarse, or even brutal. Yet they deceive few, for their thoughts and feelings are put down, added up, brought forward, and registered on the living page of the face. Plenty of women whose lips are modelled on classic pattern, with complexion that challenges comparison with lilies and roses, are nothing but ugly, unattractive jades because they are cross-grained and rude. There never can be a handsome idiot, nor can there be a comely boor.

We must not, however, quite overlook those unfortunate people who are often thought to be stiff and reserved when they are only shy. The late Prince Consort was not a favorite in England until the people understood that a big, warm, every-day soul lay very close under his handsome but cold exterior. Another of this ilk was Sir Isaac Newton, who was so shy, and had such a keen dread of notoriety, that they kept his discovery of the Law of Gravitation a secret for years.

To overcome this shyness, one should endeavor to think only of others, and never of oneself. The perfection of manner is ease, and nothing will prevent your being natural so much as the desire of appearing so, whereas a genuine wish to be thoughtful for others will enable you to conquer embarrassment.

It will also teach you the happy way of doing things. Two people may do the same thing for us, and one cause us pleasure and the other vexations. The refusal of some people is preferable to the acceptance of others. Therefore, practice benevolence and unselfishness. They will bring you happiness, grace of person, and success in life. What greater gifts could the Fates bestow?

1902-1903

TWO men stood on the top of the Alps. One of them raising his hat towards Rome exclaimed, "Glories of the past, I salute you!" The other, lifting his hat and looking towards Germany, said, "Glories of the future, I greet you!" To-day, we stand on the Alpine-top of experience, from whence we can look upon the victories of the past and future, and salute both.

January takes its name from Janus, to whom the Romans dedicated this season. They represented him with two faces—one that of an old man looking back upon the past; the other that of a young man looking forward to the future. He had a key in one hand and a staff in the other—the symbol of his opening and governing the year.

The key! what has it opened for us in this year? Every day has shown us, framed in brightness, an open door. Life is full of illustrations. We are continually coming up to doors which stand open for a little while, and then are shut. An artist tried to teach this in a picture. Father Time is there with inverted hour-glass. A youth is lying on a luxurious couch, while beside is spread a table with costly viands. Passing by him towards an open door are certain figures, which are opportunities; they invite him to come to nobleness, manliness, usefulness, worth.

First is a rugged, sun-browned form carrying a flail. This is labor. He invites the youth to toil. He has already passed far by unheeded. Next is a philosopher with an open book inviting the young man to thought, that he may master the secrets of the mystic volume. But this opportunity, too, is disregarded. Close behind the philosopher comes a woman with a bowed form, carrying a child. Her dress betokens widowhood and poverty. Her hand is stretched out appealingly for aid. Looking closely at the picture, we see that the youth holds money in his hand, but he is clasping it tightly and her appeal is in vain. Still another figure passes, endeavoring to woo and lure him from his idle ease. It is the form of a beautiful woman who seeks by love to awaken in him noble purposes, and to inspire him to ambitious efforts. One by one these opportunities have passed, with their calls and invitations. At last he is arousing to seize them, but it is too late; they are vanishing from sight and the door is closing.

This is a true picture of what is going on all the time in the world. Offers and solicitations are rejected one by one, and pass by to return no more. Door after door is shut in our faces while we languidly loiter outside, till at last the sound of shutting bolts falls on our ears as the knell of hopeless exclusion, and so we stand with beggared lives, having missed all the enrichment from the passing days.

He is a genius at stupidity who does not think now. Will the coming months mark the advent of new energy, or witness the continuance of old indolence? The new way will have new scenery, new possessions, new joys, and should have new songs. It should be a better year than the last, or we have missed our lesson. The life of Jane Seymour, the English Queen, departed when that of her son Edward VI. dawned. The Queen died, a King was born. The grave was on one side, the cradle on the other. It should be the history of the years.

To all of us the paths of 1903 will be new. "You have not passed this way heretofore." What shall come, we cannot tell. A thousand ships may sail over the same sea, but to each the voyage is new and unfamiliar. The keel leaves no trace in the sea to guide others. So human lives beat no paths across the world. No one who has gone before us had precisely the same experiences that we shall have. We are getting ready to climb this Matterhorn of a New Year, which springs from the base, where we are standing, up and up into the silent blue. We are seeing if there is meat and drink in our wallets, against the biting hunger of that

upper air; if our staves are well shod with iron, against that slanting sea of glass up whose billows of ice we shall have to climb, and if our guide-ropes are all stout and ready. Before us lies uncertainty. There are places yonder where no inexperienced head can bear the dizziness, and no faint heart surmount the terror. Will our feet miss the narrow notch hacked for a footing in the ice, and shall the shepherds in the springtime find the wreck a thousand feet below? There is the peril of the avalanche, the peril of the altitude, and the silent, stupifying frost deadening the brain as with opiates, relaxing the limbs, paralyzing the will. We need above all things—

"The courage that fails not, nor loses its breath
In the stress of the battle, but smilingly saith,
I'll measure my strength with disaster and death!"

The New Year is a time for good resolutions. We are vine-dressers pleading for the barren fig-tree. "This year also, till I dig about it." And resolves are well enough, but unless they are gotten into the life as well as in big lines on paper, they have no practical worth. Rainbows are splendid pictures as they arch over the fields, but they vanish as we gaze at them. No hand is alert enough to grasp them and hold them down upon earth. Lovely visions of excellence glow before us in our better moments, and unless we set ourselves to work them into life, they will vanish into air. But once captured, they will be the wonderful lamp that Goethe tells us of, which placed in a fisherman's hut changed it all to silver.

The trouble with most resolutions are that they are made for some future time, and so amount to nothing. Someday is no day. Resolves postponed are lies. Before the iron cools, it is good striking; while the wax is pliable, it is good setting on the seal.

At the end of this year we can do nothing better than rouse ourselves to honest inquiry concerning our aim in living. What are we striving to make out of our life? Are we master or only slave of circumstances? Is there a master-passion dominating our acting and thinking? We shall never begin to live forcefully or even effectively until we come under the sway of a great purpose.

Some Things a Woman Can Do

She can look pleasant while she is getting the drippings from an unbrella.

She can put love in her voice long after it is dead, and there is no son of Adam can do that.

She can sharpen a lead-pencil, if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can thread fifty needles while a man is getting one under his thumb-nail.

She can practise economy while her husband preaches it.

She can give a dollar to the missionary cause and not grudge it.

She can say "no" in such a manner that it means "yes."

She can hang a picture without calling all the household to aid in the task.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a baseball pitcher.

She can come to a conclusion without the bother of reasoning on it.

She can "rake in" thirty-seven "bargains" with $4.99, and tell how much each article cost.

She can walk all night with a crying baby and not publish it to the street-car next day.

She can send a man insane, and bring him back to Paradise in half a minute.

She can dance till morning in a tight pair of shoes and enjoy every minute of the time.

FINANCE

THE INVESTMENT OF MONEY.

THE different ways of investing money are very numerous. However, the principal ones are in the manufacture of useful commodities; the buying and selling of goods so manufactured; the raising, purchase, and sale of agricultural products; the mining of minerals and metals; the transportation of persons and property; and the loaning of money with either personal or real estate pledged as security for its repayment with interest.

In almost every avenue of life immense sums of money have been made and lost. The waters of the sea are forever surging, moving, changing. And so are men in their possessions. Men are rich to-day, but poor to-morrow. President Schwab of the billion dollar steel company carried a dinner pail at a dollar per day less than twenty years ago. The poor of to-day will on an average be better off to-morrow. Why such rapid changes go on will be the theme of this short paper.

Each generation has its favorite new investment for money. In our day it appears to be electric railroads. A generation ago it was steam railroads. Before that it was canals, plank roads, and stage coaches. What it may be in the next generation is now, of course, speculation. It may be compressed air, it may be airships, it may be liquid air, it may be something else, we do not know. One thing, however, seems certain, and that is, changes will come as surely as night follows day.

Two or three generations ago there were no railroads, and stage coach companies were the order of the day. Large sums of money were invested in coaches, horses, plank roads, bridges, toll-gates, taverns, etc. Their owners, or some of them at least, made great fortunes for that day out of these investments. But railroads came and the stage coach went. In the fall of the stage coach and wayside inn many people lost heavily, but who will doubt for a minute that the change was not a benefit to the people as a whole? Or who would now be willing to go back to the day of the stage coach to live?

A few years ago carriage manufacturers were reaping a great harvest. The country was prosperous, people wanted fine carriages, commerce needed waggons and buggies, and carriage and waggon factories grew to immense proportions all over the country. People freely invested their money in carriage manufacture, and for a time drew large dividends therefrom. But electricity came, and with it electric cars, and many people were willing to take a fine ride on the cars in preference to the care and great expense of a horse and carriage. Hard times assisted in bringing about this feeling also. In addition bicycles came and proved much better for many purposes than a horse and buggy, and these facts combined proved disastrous to carriage companies, and the losses to people owning stock in these companies and claims against them would amount to millions of dollars.

Gas stocks were once very high, but electric lights checked their advance. Acetylene gas now threatens to displace both. Constant improvements are going on, and new contrivances for lighting are continually being discovered, so that it is difficult to say how safely permanent investment in stocks of this character may be. A self-binder that is in demand among farmers to-day is discarded by them to-morrow by reason of a newer, lighter, and better machine. Electric railway lines as now constructed will, in all probability, be succeeded by compressed air lines, and the vast amount of capital required for electric power houses, poles, and overhead wire will no longer be required. So rapidly have improvements

come that the stock of a hardware store five or six years ago would be practically without value to-day. This same fact is true in almost all other lines of business. The machinery that runs a newspaper office to-day is vastly different from what it was only twenty years ago—yes, ten years ago.

All these well-known facts, and many others which might be cited, prove the instability, generally, of stocks for permanent investment purposes. Municipal or county bonds are better, for the reason that the real estate of the city or county can be subjected ordinarily to their payment.

Investments of money in real estate remain to be considered. Without a question, investments made carefully in real estate are the safest and most enduring. It is true, of course, that immense sums of money have been lost by investment in real estate, but this fact is the result of improper judgment on the part of the persons investing rather than the real estate itself.

So long as people must have homes and places in which to transact business, so long will there be a demand for real estate. The most desirable ordinary real estate to own will always be commonly styled homes, outlying farms, and business blocks in the centre of any town or city. Good farm lands always have an intrinsic value. The great west, having become somewhat fairly settled, this value will hardly decrease in the future. On the contrary, it is quite probable that farm lands will steadily gain in value for many years to come.

As before stated, people must have houses in which to live. Of the cost of a house about ninety per cent. is labor and ten per cent. raw material. The cost of labor remains about the same year after year. Prices of labor change very gradually and very slowly. It will thus be seen that the cost of houses remains about the same from one decade to another. As the population is constantly increasing, there will always be a demand for houses built agreeably to the neighborhood in which they are located, provided they are also built in the ordinary way, with ordinary material. One is almost sure to get a fair interest from the rental of such houses so located and so constructed.

The most central property in almost any village, county seat, or city, is safe to purchase at a fair price. There is always a demand for the "best corner," always someone both ready, willing, and able to take off your hands.

From the foregoing it is seen that investments in real estate property made are the safest investments it is possible to get. It is also seen that investments in real estate require care, study, and experience. Loaning money by way of mortgage on real estate requires an equal degree of the same care, study and experience, and people ought readily and willingly to pay something for expert counsel in investment of this character.

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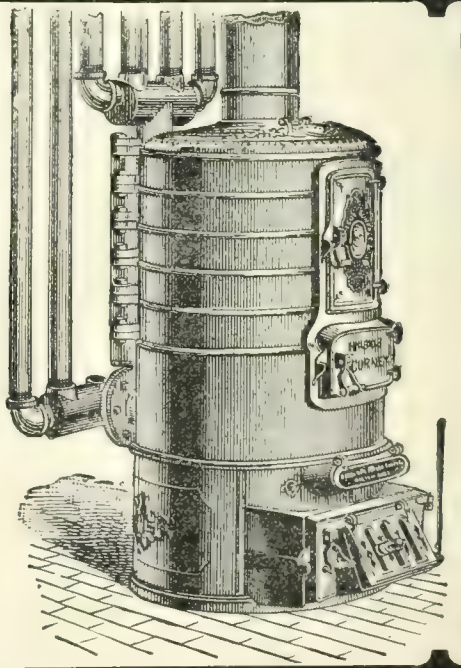

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